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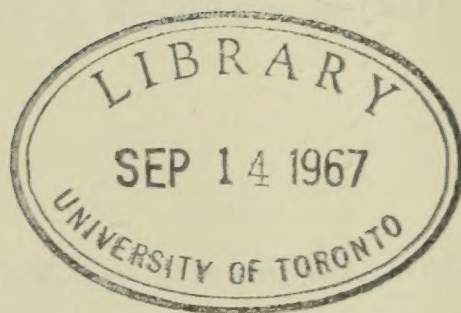
"All cannot love two great names; yet some do."

Robert Browning.—"Balaustion's Adventure."

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Abbreviations: (*Lib.*) Library; (*N.*) Notes and News; (*Soc.*) Societies;
(*Sta.*) Stage; (*Stu.*) Study.

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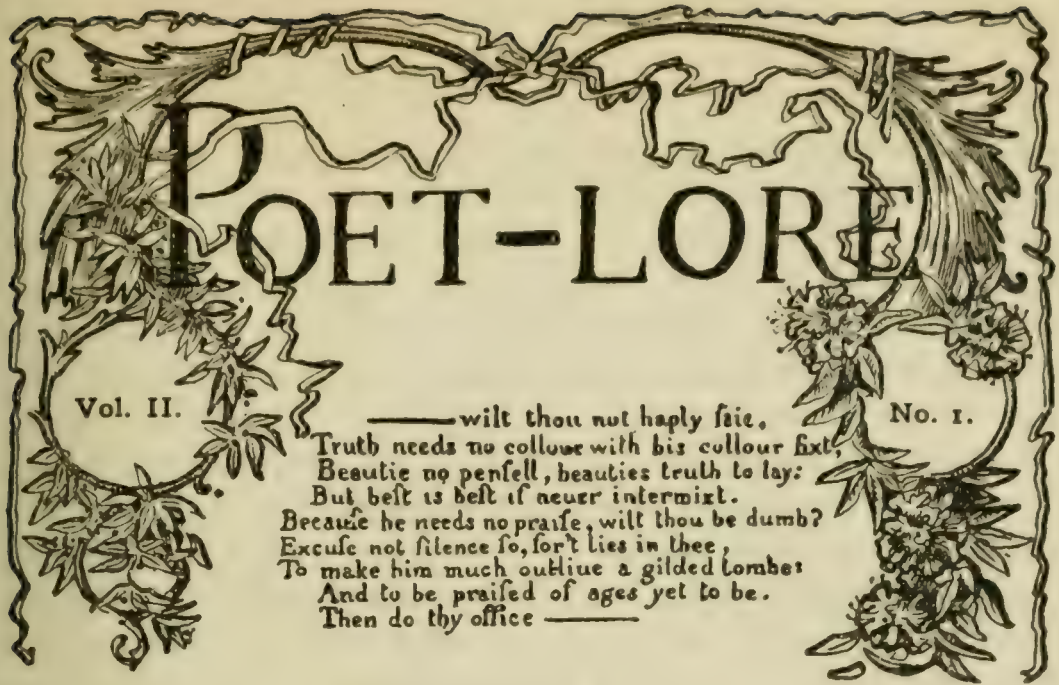
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SHAKESPEARE AS CITIZEN.

INTRODUCTION.



IN the course of an historical study of the land question, I found, about six years ago,—in the spring of 1883,—that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, relying on a passage in the manuscript Diary of the town clerk of Stratford-on-Avon, had, in his folio “Life of Shakespeare,” published in 1853, expressed the opinion that Shakespeare had taken the side of the Commoners in the land question that was then agitating his native town, as more or less all England; and that the same eminent Shakespearian had, in his “Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare,” published in 1883, expressed with equal decisiveness a diametrically opposite opinion with respect to the side taken by Shakespeare. It seemed to me that, not only in relation to the history of the land question, but for the sake more particularly of the light that might be thrown both on the personal character of Shakespeare and on many passages of his plays, what the true reading was of the Diarist’s entry about Shakespeare was a question far too important to be left thus in doubt, if there were any possibility of clearing it up. So the first thing, of course, to be done was carefully to examine the manuscript. I therefore urged the importance of the question on my friend, the

late Dr. Ingleby, and in September of that year, 1883, we went down together to Stratford-on-Avon. The results were, first, that the manuscript was found to be unquestionably genuine; secondly, that there occurred in it no fewer than six Shakespeare entries; and, thirdly, that Dr. Ingleby munificently resolved to have the manuscript autotyped, transcribed, and printed, as it at length was in 1885, with an Introduction and Notes. The work is entitled, "Shakespeare and the Enclosure of Common Fields at Welcombe, being a Fragment of the Private Diary of Thomas Greene, Town Clerk of Stratford-upon-Avon, 1614-1617." In order to reproduce the autotyped manuscript pages in their exact size and shape, the book is in folio form. But the expense was so great that the edition was limited to fifty numbered copies, sold at four guineas each, with five copies for presentation, of which last I rejoice in being the possessor of one.

For the reasons which I shall presently state, I came to the conclusion that the first opinion expressed by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps was the correct one, and on the assumption that in this Diary we have proof that Shakespeare took the side of the Commoners in the enclosure dispute at Stratford-on-Avon, I proceeded to work out the results both with respect to Shakespeare's own character, and the interpretation now to be put on many passages in his plays. Some of these results I stated in articles in the *Contemporary Review* and in the *Athenæum* of June, 1885, as also in lectures delivered in 1886; and I prepared for a complete treatment of the whole subject in a projected book on "Shakespeare as Citizen." My friend, Dr. Furnivall, however, questioned the reading of that Shakespeare entry on which my fine superstructure was based. Let it all, I replied, . . . "like the baseless fabric of a vision, . . . dissolve, nor leave a wrack behind," if the foundation of it will not stand the test of strict and impartial investigation. So Dr. Furnivall, having kindly offered me half an hour to make the best of my case before the experts of the New Shakspeare Society, though not a member, I gladly availed myself of the chance of gaining fresh light on the subject from the criticisms that might be offered. And accordingly, Dr. Furnivall having then the chair, at a March meeting of the society in 1886, I read the paper now published for the first time.

ERRATA.

— MR. J. S. STUART GLENNIE kindly sends us, at our request, the following list of printers' errors in his article in our issue of January 15 :

" P. 2, last line but one—' having *then* the chair'—instead of ' having *taken* the chair.'

" P. 3, seventh line from top—' *demonstrable*'—for *demonstrably*.

" P. 4, I., eighth line—' *scribed*'—for *transcribed*.

" P. 6, line twenty-two, ' See his *Codes*'—for *Order*—[given in Dr. Ingleby's Introduction].

" P. 6, line thirty-one—' *perfectly*'—for *forcefully*.

" P. 6, lines thirty-two to thirty-three—' I *think*'—deleted in MS.

" P. 12, line fifteen, ' for *there* might be words'—instead of—for *these*, etc.

" I may add, that, though you are right, as the MS. stands, in printing (p. 16) ' Half a hundred *of these* passages,' etc., I should have been more strictly accurate if I had written ' Half a hundred *such* passages;' and so, also (p. 17), in writing ' half a hundred' instead of ' a hundred.' "

but extracts from George Chapman's *Drum Beggar of Alexandria*. Despairing, therefore, now, of further conclusive evidence on the subject,* I venture at length to submit to American Shakespearians the arguments laid before the New Shakspere Society. And if the statement of these arguments should seem dull and tedious, I trust that it will be remembered that we are dealing with the single passage in all literature which may give us authentic contemporary evidence as to Shakespeare's feelings and conduct in his private capacity as a citizen, and that our conclusion with respect to this

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The discussion that followed was animated, and the conclusion reached seemed to me of the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum*, if the view for which I contended were *not* accepted. As will be seen, the whole question turns on whether what is certainly *I* in the manuscript should not be read *he*. For the reasons presently to be submitted to readers, I maintained that *I* was, in this case, as demonstrable in other cases, a misscript for *he*; and that if, on the contrary, it were maintained that *I* is *not* a misscript for *he*, then it must also be maintained that Shakespeare was, in private life, a gull and a snob. Literalists stick at nothing, and the *Is* accepted this *reductio ad absurdum*, as to me it seemed. Not satisfied, however, with this, I have done everything in my power to get further researches instituted at Stratford-on-Avon, and have patiently waited the result before publishing the paper read in 1886 at the New Shakspeare Society. At length, in the spring of 1888, there was a report of a great find of "thousands of documents dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries" in the Guildhall adjoining the site of Shakespeare's house, New Place. But the only thing of importance discovered was published last autumn by Mr. Savage, the Librarian of the Birthplace, under the title "Shakespearean Extracts from Edward Pudsey's Booke, *temp* Queen Elizabeth and King James." And, alas! the "six extracts from a hitherto unknown play of Shakespeare's, *Irus* by name," turned out to be but extracts from George Chapman's "Blind Beggar of Alexandria." Despairing, therefore, now, of further conclusive evidence on the subject,* I venture at length to submit to American Shakespearians the arguments laid before the New Shakspeare Society. And if the statement of these arguments should seem dull and tedious, I trust that it will be remembered that we are dealing with the single passage in all literature which may give us authentic contemporary evidence as to Shakespeare's feelings and conduct in his private capacity as a citizen, and that our conclusion with respect to this

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contested entry in a private diary may throw the most interesting new light on numberless passages in Shakespeare's plays.

I.—THE EVIDENCES, IN THE DIARY, OF GREENE'S SENTIMENTS.

All fruitful discussion must start from something admitted on both sides. Let me say at once, then, that there is no difference of opinion between Dr. Furnivall and myself as to the reading of the most important of the Shakespeare entries in this Diary, if it is read simply as it stands, and without reference to what we may gather from the rest of the Diary. The passage in question is on the seventh of the autotype leaves, and I agree with Dr. Furnivall that, taking it simply as it stands, it is to be read, as it is, indeed, scribed by Mr. E. Scott, of the British Museum (p. 11), as follows: "Sep. W. Shakspeare tellyng J. Greene that I was not able to beare the enclosyng of Welcombe." This, then, is the point of agreement from which we start. If the passage is to be read thus isolatedly, I agree with Dr. Furnivall that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps was wrong in his first, and right in his last, reading of it. The *I* is an *I*. And I admit that the *I* cannot be justifiably read as a mistake for *he*, save a very strong case indeed is made out against what clearly, in the manuscript, is an *I*.

But now begins our disagreement,—though not, perhaps, quite yet. For even Dr. Furnivall will, I suppose, admit that this entry is a little odd, and such as reasonably to suggest questioning. Why on earth should the Diarist make a special note of Shakespeare's having told J. Greene that he, the Diarist, could not bear the enclosing of Welcombe? Even Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, when maintaining on second thought that we should read the *I* as an *I*, cannot help remarking, "Why this observation should have been chronicled is a mystery." I venture to think that the more it is considered, the more incredibly mysterious the chronicling of such an observation will appear, and for this reason: a careful reading of the Diary will show that such an observation would have been either a truism or a falsehood. To say that the Diarist "could not bear [or promote] the enclosing of

Welcombe" in his official capacity as town clerk, bound as steward of the corporation to resist the enclosure, would have been a notorious truism; and to say that the Diarist in his private capacity "could not bear" it, generally suspected, as he was, of double-dealing, and believed to be strongly inclined, for his own interests, to promote the enclosure, as, in fact, judging from the entries in this Diary, he was,—to say this would have been so notorious a falsehood that it seems incredible either that Shakespeare should have made such a statement to the Diarist's brother, or that the Diarist should have recorded it if made, save, perhaps, to chuckle over it as showing how ignorant the great Shakespeare was of all that was passing around him, and of how egregiously he had been gulled with respect to the Diarist in particular! This may appear strong language. I beg, therefore, to refer you, in support of it, to the following entries by the Diarist with respect to his own conduct and sentiments in the matter:

"12 Decr. 1614. After some dispute of my consultancye, I, at their instance, did write that I declare my provins to be by all lawefull and reasonable meanes to assist them as their Steward and Counsellor, to withstand the enclosure, and howe I had given my word for it, and then Mr. Walford challenging," etc. Thus in the December previous to the September in which, as the manuscript naturally reads, Shakespeare said to the Diarist's brother that he (the Diarist) "was not able to bear the enclosing," the Diarist was so strongly suspected by the corporation of a desire to promote the enclosing that they actually required him to make a written declaration that he would assist them in withstanding it, and this written declaration he himself expressly limits to assisting them only in his official capacity "as their Steward and Counsellor." This entry might alone, I think, suffice to settle the question. But it does not stand alone. The Diary is, indeed, full of entries relating to the Diarist's traffickings with the chief promoters of the enclosures. The very first entry, 15 November, 1614, records his asking Mr. Manneryng, the chief personage in the business, "how they did meane to deale with me about my interest of tythes where they meant to enclose," etc. Again, on December 3, he notes his having told Mr. Barns that

he "would have the Lands seene that he may knowe how to make reasonable demands of Mr. Manneryng." In a conversation, on the 20th of the same month, with Mr. Combe, he expresses himself as most anxious that no words between them may "prejudice him with Mr. Manneryng." To Mr. Replingham, another of the promoters of the enclosure, he expressly says that, so far as he opposed it, he "did it accordyng to the trust in him reposed by the Bayliff, &c., and howe he was tyed to them," etc., and adds that "as for his owne particular interest, he would not vary from what he had said before." How he manages about his "owne particular interest" we see in the delightful bribery scene recorded under date of January, 1614, in which he sets down that, for "£10 to buy a gelding," he undertook to "propound a peace" and bring about a "friendly suit,"—that is to say, collusive legal proceedings, as the result of which the promoters of the enclosure schemes would gain their ends. We also find Mr. Greene throughout the Diary on the friendliest terms with all the promoters of the enclosing of Welcombe,—Mr. Replingham, for instance, sups with him on the 12th of January, 1614, etc. And on the other hand, his opposition to the Commoners is very bitterly and practically manifested. As the enclosing was clearly beyond the legal right of the squire,—as was afterwards declared both by Chief-Justice Coke (see his Codes, p. x. of the Introduction) and by the Privy Council during the chancellorship of Lord Bacon,—the Commoners were within their legal right in filling up the ditches by which the enclosures were made. And yet we find the bribe-taking Puritan sanctimoniously noting, "I heartily thanke Almighty God I never gave the least allowance to any tumultuous courses, but protested against it." And again he notes his having told Mr. Replingham that "the Lawe should by myne advise be executed upon them," that is to say, upon the poor women and children who had filled up the ditches by which the common fields had been perfectly enclosed and robbed from the people. Such, then, are the facts, I think, as to the Diarist's conduct and sentiments when acting in his private capacity.

Nor are there any facts to be set on the other side save those of his official opposition to the enclosures. It is true that, on the 23d

of December, 1614, we find this note: "A. Hall. Lettres wryten, one to Mr. Manneryng, another to Mr. Shakspeare with almost all the Companyes hands to eyther. I alsoe wrytte of myself to my cosen Shakspeare the coppies of all our oathes made, then alsoe a not of the Inconvenyances wold grow by the Inclosure." But I submit that this cannot be fairly taken as evidence of the Diarist's personal desire to withstand the enclosures, and thus as counter-vailing the evidence just cited that he was personally in favor of the enclosures. And for these two reasons: in the first place, as we all know, nothing is more usual than for the executive of a company or corporation to ask their solicitor to send, along with a formal official document signed by the executive, a note from himself, setting out the case more fully; and the probability, therefore, is that this "not of the Inconvenyances" was merely what the corporation had asked him to send along with the letter "with almost all the Companyes hands." And, secondly, we must note that this occurred within ten days of the corporation's having required him to make a written declaration that it was his "provins by all lawefull and reasonable meanes to assist them to withstand the enclosure." There was a very good reason, therefore, for this note. For his appointments as steward and town clerk, with the House of St. Mary on the banks of the Avon (a house afterwards occupied by Lord Middleton), were very comfortable places. And it was as much as these places were worth to be more vehemently suspected than he already was of being only too "able to bear the enclosing."

I ventured to say that the more this remarkable entry was considered the more difficult it would be to believe that what I admit to be its natural is its true reading. And I trust that the foregoing extract from, and remarks on, the contents of the Diary have enabled me to carry you, in some degree, with me. For suppose we had found that the Diarist had been a poor misrepresented man, genuinely unable to bear the enclosures, yet somehow suspected of being, on the contrary, in favor of them, there would then have been an evident reason for his making this note. Ah, "W. Shakspeare" at least understood me, and told my brother that he was persuaded that I could really "not bear the enclosing." But I submit that not only

is there not in the Diary a single passage that will support a supposition of such misrepresentation, but that it is full of passages that go directly in the teeth of such a supposition, and directly in the teeth, therefore, of our accepting the apparently natural as the true reading of this entry. The whole Diary is, in fact, a record of the difficulties encountered, and the efforts made by a Puritanical Mr. Facingbothways in withstanding the enclosures in his official capacity, and so keeping two very comfortable berths; and yet, in his private capacity, maintaining the best possible relations with the enclosers, and thus securing that, in the enclosing, he himself shall be "well dealt withal." But incredible as it may, under the circumstances, appear that Shakespeare should have remarked to J. Greene that his brother, the Diarist, was "unable to bear the enclosing," still more incredible that J. Greene should have thought it worth while repeating this remark to his brother, and most incredible of all that the Diarist should have made a special note of the remark; yet so it actually stands.

II.—SOME RELEVANT PECULIARITIES OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

This brings me to the second division of my argument, in which I would urge consideration of some relevant peculiarities of the manuscript. And here again we shall start from a point of common agreement. Dr. Furnivall, in his first letter to me on this question, wrote: "The rule of interpretation is, 'Support your manuscript, unless in case of clear mistake.'" Well, I accept this rule. And my endeavor simply is to show that, in the manuscript note now under discussion, there is a "clear mistake." I will not say that I have as yet shown that there is a "clear mistake;" but I venture to think that I have pointed out facts which make a mistake probable, at least, if not "clear." This probability arises from the improbable character of the note as it stands. Let us see whether a further probability of mistake may not arise from what we may find to be, with the Diarist, a usual misscript. For the rule of supporting a manuscript must, of course, be limited in its application by the laws

of error in manuscript. These laws have not, as yet, so far as I am aware, been definitely stated, though the subject is one of great psychological as well as literary interest. But enough has been done in this direction by Dr. Ingleby and others to make it clear that there are such laws,—both general laws of manuscript error, indicating the mistakes to which great numbers are more or less liable, and special laws, or laws indicating the errors in writing to which particular individuals are liable. And the consideration of these laws of error in reading a manuscript is precisely similar to what mathematicians call the “personal equation,”—the correction made for errors of personal observation.

We inquire, therefore, whether there is any reason to believe that the Diarist either occasionally or habitually made the mistake of writing *I* for *he*, or *he* for *I*? To this question, at least, we get a clear answer. We find that this was not only one of the commonest mistakes made both by writers and printers of that time, but that it was an error which the Diarist was peculiarly liable to make, and that even in these few pages it frequently occurs, sometimes corrected and sometimes not corrected. The facts are these: once *he* is written for and corrected to *I*; once *I* is written for and corrected to *he*; once *I* is unquestionably written for though it is *not* corrected to *he*; and once—namely, in the passage under discussion—*I* is questionably written for *he*. Now, I submit that, as our support of a manuscript must be conditioned by what we find to be the common errors of the writer, we cannot say here that we ought unquestionably to read the *I* as an *I*. It may have been meant for an *I* or it may not. But, in the first place, *he* was certainly running in the writer’s head. For though he does not, as elsewhere, correct the *I* immediately to a *he*, yet three or four monosyllables further on, *he* is written, though erased. The note really runs thus: “That I was not able to *he* beare.” It was the rapid entry of a busy man, and any of us who keep diaries must know how very common is the mistake of putting *I* for *he* when writing what another person said of himself. And very naturally, for, as a matter of fact, the other person did say *I*, and not *he*. Then, having made the mistake, we feel something is wrong and dash down *he*—but the *he* is in the wrong place, and is scored

out—and the sentence is finished, and the book shut up without any clear correction of the mistake. So, as we have it, it is unquestionably *I*. But considering how improbable we have found the note to be with this *I*, and considering how common we have now found the mistake to be with our Diarist of writing *I* for *he* and *he* for *I*, surely an additional probability is added to the supposition that what would, at first sight, appear to be the natural reading of this entry is not the true reading.

But before we leave the manuscript another remark must be made. On the seventh autotype leaf, it will be observed that this, the most important of all the Shakespeare entries, is not made in the regular diurnal order of the Diary, but is jotted down on what happened to be a blank space after the completion of the page; nor has the entry other than the general date September (1615). Now Shakespeare died on the 23d April, O. S. (May), 1616—the year then (and up to 1753) beginning on the 25th March, the supposed day of the Immaculate Conception. This statement by Shakespeare was thus made but a few months before his death, and was probably recorded after that event, when the exact day could not be remembered. And an indication of the *post-mortem* jotting down of this entry may be found in the curious circumstance that here, for the only time in the course of the Diary, Shakespeare is designated briefly “W” Shakespeare, instead of, as in three other entries, “my cosen” Shakespeare, and, as in two other entries, “Mr.” Shakespeare. The natural inference from this long keeping in mind and late recording of this statement by Shakespeare seems to be that it was held to be one of considerable importance, and one that, perhaps, appeared to be of more importance after Shakespeare’s death than it may have seemed in his lifetime. And thus a still further improbability confronts the hypotheses that the apparent is the true reading of this entry, and that we are to find in this long-remembered and late-recorded remark a false statement by Shakespeare about the Diarist’s sentiments, rather than a true statement by Shakespeare about his own sentiments.

III.—THE EVIDENCES IN THE DIARY OF SHAKESPEARE'S SENTIMENTS.

But it is, perhaps, conceivable that it might be more improbable that Shakespeare should say of himself, that he "was not able to bear the enclosing" than that he should say of the Diarist—what was certainly not true—that "he was not able to bear the enclosing." This then is the probability which we have now to consider. But let me first note that, if the entry is to be read as referring to Shakespeare, there is an evident reason, which there does not appear to be in the other cases, for inserting this entry after Shakespeare's death, as seems to have been done. During his life it might very well not have been thought worth while to make this entry, but after his death, and with reference to dealing with Shakespeare's property under his will, it would certainly be worth while to note that in a conversation with the Diarist's brother, a few months before his death, Shakespeare had said that he "was not able to bear the enclosing."

And now as to the probability of his having made such a remark. I submit that, under the circumstances, the compensation deed cannot fairly be considered evidence that Shakespeare was a promoter of the enclosures. I admit that this might have been a not improbable inference from such a deed, if the chief mover in the matter had been only the local squire. But it was not so. Dr. Ingleby has shown that the real promoter of the enclosure scheme was the Lord Chancellor of England as Steward of the Crown Manors. Shakespeare, therefore, may well have thought that opposition would be useless,—effective as it might have been if it had been only the local squire who had to be opposed,—and hence, in view of an enclosure carried out under such powerful auspices, it was only an act of ordinary prudence to guard himself against serious pecuniary loss. I submit that considering these circumstances, and remembering that Shakespeare saw all around him evidence of triumphant enclosure, overriding Commoners' rights in the most ruthless way, there is, in his being a party to such a deed, no evidence of his being a promoter of the enclosure, but evidence only of his very reasonable belief that, say or do what one might, it would certainly be carried out.

I can, however, go further. There is in this Diary evidence that, if the opposers of the enclosure were anxious to have Shakespeare's support, the promoters of the enclosure were much afraid that they might encounter his opposition. Shakespeare's only known speech is thus recorded in the Diary under date 17 November, 1614. "My cosen Shakspeare comying yesterday to towne I went to see him how he did. He told me that they assured him they meant to enclose noe further than to Gospil Bush, and so upp straight (leaving out part of the Dyngles to the ffield) to the gate in Clopton Hedge, and to take in Salisbury's piece; and that they mean in April to survey the land, and then to give satisfaction, and not before. And he and Mr. Hall [his son-in-law, I suppose] say they think there will be nothing done at all." In reference to another similar remark the Diarist notes that he replied, "At an end?" and said, "I was the more suspicious, for there might be words used to make us careless." Now why, if Shakespeare was a promoter of the enclosures, or distinctly on the side of the promoters, were they at all this trouble to lie to him—and from other entries in the Diary we know that in thus representing the matter they did lie to him—about the proposed extent of the enclosures? Shakespeare seems to have taken no active part against the enclosures, and as an intimate personal friend of the squire's, the corporation may well have feared his taking the squire's side, and so have required their town clerk to back up their general remonstrance by a special note from himself setting forth the inconveniences that would follow from the enclosures. But it is surely evident from the fact of the projected enclosure having been so falsely minimized to Shakespeare—from the fact of his having been even given to understand that "nothing would be done at all"—it is surely evident from this that he was not only not a promoter of the scheme, but that his decided opposition was very much feared. As a result of this journey to London, he probably found, as I have said, that the scheme was really backed by the Lord Chancellor on behalf of the Crown; and then, very reasonably believing that there was no chance of withstanding it, he guarded his interests by the compensation deed. But I submit that, looking merely to the facts recorded in the Diary, there is not one that makes it improbable that

Shakespeare should have said to the Diarist's brother that he "was not able to bear the enclosing," and that, on the contrary, the expression of such a sentiment would be in entire accordance with those which the promoters of the scheme believed him to be animated by, when they lyingly minimized their project, in order, as the town clerk said, to "make him careless."

Nor among the few facts known of Shakespeare's life are there any which are inconsistent with, while most of them would render highly probable, such an expression of opinion as would be conveyed by this entry, if we read *he* for *I*. As to the inveteracy with which Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps seeks to prove that the distinguishing feature in Shakespeare's character was his sharp care for his worldly interests,—in a word, his avarice,—the feature by which not his daughter only, but also his granddaughter were most readily to be recognized as of his blood,—I shall here only say that it seems to me more amusing than formidable. But I do not wish, because I think that it is really unnecessary, to travel beyond this Diary. I propose, indeed, to say a few words in conclusion with respect to the historical circumstances of the time, but I think that, from this Diary alone, we have been able to gather sufficient evidence as to what the sentiments of the Diarist were with reference to the enclosing of Welcombe; sufficient evidence as to the errors to which he was liable in writing; and sufficient evidence as to what Shakespeare's sentiments probably were with reference to the enclosure projects.

Let me now, therefore, sum up the evidence. We are all agreed that, as it stands, the entry is to be read, "Sep. W. Shakspeare telling J. Greene that I was not able to beare the enclosing of Welcombe;" and we are further agreed that "the manuscript is to be supported, unless in case of clear mistake." But I submit, first, that, from the evidence in the Diary of Greene's sentiments, I have shown that such a remark with reference to his sentiments would have been a notorious truism if made of him in his official, and a notorious falsehood if made of him in his private, capacity. I submit, secondly, that, also from the evidence afforded by the Diary alone, I have shown that it was a peculiarly frequent error of the Diarist to write *he* for *I* and *I* for *he*. And, finally, I submit that, from the

evidence in the Diary of Shakespeare's sentiments, I have shown that the remark which, if we read *I*, and take it, therefore, as referring to the Diarist, would be altogether in discordance with the rest of the Diary, would, if we read *I* as one of the Diarist's usual mistakes for *he*, and take it, therefore, as referring to Shakespeare, be altogether in accordance with the rest of the Diary. These three sets of facts amount together, I venture to think, to proof of "clear mistake" in the manuscript. And if this is denied, it will have to be shown that, notwithstanding the demonstrable probability of *I* being a misscript for *he*, yet there is good reason for accepting a reading utterly at variance with everything else in the Diary bearing on the sentiments of the Diarist.

CONCLUSION.

Though I might rest my case simply on the evidence afforded by the Diary itself, I would say a few words in conclusion on the evidence afforded by the general facts of Shakespeare's time. For I submit that it is quite impossible to arrive at true conclusions with respect to any man's opinions without some reference to historical circumstances. And this is more especially necessary with respect to opinions entertained regarding these seventeenth century enclosure projects at Stratford-on-Avon. For the fact is this: during the previous sixteenth century, and the beginning of the seventeenth century, enclosures were carried out in England with such forceful overriding of all right and justice, and with consequences for the agricultural population of such unutterable pauperization and misery, as not only to cause an immense economic revolution (the revolution, indeed, which is the origin of our modern capitalist system), but to draw forth from almost every man of intellectual as well as social distinction in the country—from Lord Chancellor Bacon, for instance, no less than from Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas More—protests against the shameful iniquity of such tyrannical dispossession and eviction of the agricultural tenants all over England. Evidence to this effect is to be found not only in the literature of the time, but in acts of Parliament; in the prodigious number of the executions of so-called "vagabonds," who were but evicted tenants; and, above

all, by the tolerance of such a despotism as that of the Tudors—a despotism endured by those who benefited by the enclosures because it suppressed the social revolution by which, as insurrection after insurrection shows, they were justly menaced.

The bearing of all this on the question before us is most important. The question is: Is it more probable that it was said by Shakespeare of himself, or of the lawyer Diarist, that he “was not able to bear the enclosing?” Looking to the Diary only we have found it almost, if not quite, incredibly improbable that Shakespeare could have said anything of the sort of the lawyer; and very credibly probable that he said this of himself. And now, when we take a larger historical view, we find that everywhere throughout England the instruments and willing agents of these enclosures were just that lower class of lawyers to which the Diarist belonged, so that, had he been personally “not able to bear the enclosing,” he would have been altogether an exception to the general rule with respect to men of his class. And the same larger historical view shows us that everywhere throughout England men of Shakespeare’s class—of course, as to genius he stood alone, but I mean men of general intellectual and moral eminence—were truly “not able to bear the enclosing,” so that it would have been an extraordinarily exceptional thing had Shakespeare *not* been able to say of himself that he “was not able to bear the enclosing.” Shakespeare, had this not been the case, would have been of meaner mind than even “the lord” of the induction to the “Taming of the Shrew.” For, as the tinker Sly, who figures in that induction, was probably a relative of the Sly who figures in this Diary, the “lord” of the induction would seem to be not improbably identified with the Lord Carew of this Diary, and him we find mentioned in it as *opposed* to the enclosing. Shakespeare, had he *not* “not been able to bear the enclosing,” would have been of meaner mind, certainly, than our Scottish Shakespeare. For this is what Sir Walter Scott, with all his aristocratic leanings, wrote of those Highland clearances of the nineteenth century, which alone parallel the English clearances of the sixteenth century: “The Highlanders have been dispossessed by an unrelenting avarice which will be one day found to have been as shortsighted as it is unjust

and selfish." Finally, Shakespeare, had he been, as we know that the Diarist was, able, for consideration, to bear the enclosing, would have been condemned by his own writings to the lowest limbo of mellifluous charlatans. For the vivid pictures of hideous social misery which we find in so many of his plays, and in "King Lear" particularly, were no mere drafts on his imagination, but literal transcripts of scenes which he had himself only too often witnessed, and scenes which he well knew to be direct consequences of such iniquitous enclosing as that which imminently menaced the common fields of his own Stratford-on-Avon, during all the later years of his life there as a citizen.

Of the passages in Shakespeare's plays describing, or, in one way or another, expressing indignation at the sight of social wrong, and sympathy with the victims of social injustice, I have made a considerable, though not, I believe, an exhaustive collection. Half a hundred of these passages I might cite, and then ask, Is it conceivable that a man thus writing should—as, for the sake of maintaining that *I* is not, what it often is, a misscript for *he*, we are assured—have had not a word to say, as a citizen, about the wrong threatened for years to his fellow-citizens, and till, indeed, the menace of it was stopped, after his death, by a Privy Council order? But I have preferred here to make no appeal to sentiment, and to confine my argument to what I fear may have been a somewhat dry statement of facts. I may, however, conclude with an Occasional Note in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (10 December, 1887) which may possibly have been suggested by my various papers and lectures on "Shakespeare as Citizen." The note, which referred more particularly to an exclamation attributed to John Burns, in one of his Trafalgar Square speeches, ran thus: "Why do not the Socialists print Shakespeare's name on their red flag? The demand of the unemployed for 'bread or lead' is supposed to be very disreputable, yet it was exactly what Shakespeare put into Orlando's mouth. It is curious that these sixth and seventh scenes of the second act of 'As You Like It' have not been more often applied to the present discontent." I will transcribe the pith of the passage.

"Adam. Dear master, I can go no farther. Oh, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

"Orlando. Why, how now, Adam! No greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. . . .

"SCENE VII.—*A Table set out. Enter DUKE, etc.*

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

"Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first. The thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility; yet I am inland bred,

And know some nurture. But forbear, I say;

He dies, that touches any of this fruit

Till I and my affairs are answered. . . .

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table."

—"rather a different answer to the distress, this of Shakespeare's, than that of our rulers to-day!" And yet it is of a man thus writing in a hundred different passages that the New Shakspere Society, and possibly those also who seem to regard Shakespeare as a sort of mere supernatural phonograph, would have us believe that, in his private capacity as a citizen, he had not a word to say against a threatened spoliation and pauperization of his fellow-citizens, condemned by all save the plunderers interested in its perpetration!

J. S. Stuart Glennie.

AT THE WAKING OF HELGI.*

Weaving, weaving, weaving,
 What are the Weird Ones weaving,
 Now that the silent and shuttleless loom
 Measures the meshes of doom!
 Criss and cross is the film-fine floss
 Blown with the breath of the Norn,
 Over and under and back and across
 The gossamer threads are borne,
 In the weaving, weaving, weaving.

Weaving, weaving, weaving,
 Ruthless the Fates are weaving;
 Lily-cool fingers are barred with the strands
 That slip from the languorous hands!
 Strands that are spun of the sheen of the moon—
 Plaited and parted with many a rune,
 In the marvellous weaving, weaving.

* Suggested by the reference to the weaving of the Norns at the birth of Helgi, found in *Helgi and Sigrun*, I., ll. 5-16.

“Nótt varth í boét; Nornir kvómo.
 Thær-es aothlingi aldr um skópo:
 Thann baótho fylki fraogstanf vertha,
 ok buthlunga baztan thikkja.
 Snero thær af afli ærlaog-thaóttot
 burar Borghildar í Brálundi;
 thær um greiddo golliu símo,
 ok und mána-sal mithjau festo.
 Thær austr ok vestr euda faólo,†
 thar átti lofthungr land á milli.
 Brá nipt Nera á Northr-vega
 einni festi; ey bath hou halda.”

In *Corpus Poeticum Boreale* (edited by Gudbrand Vigfusson and F. York Powell), vol. i. p. 131, the above Icelandic text is given, with a characteristically fine English prose version.

[† The oe and ao in these words count as diphthongs. The printers, however, lacked type to so represent them.]

The thrums are hid in the east,
 The thrums are hid in the west,
 Helgi's land is between!
 And one is fast in the Way of the North
 (Neri's sister has carried it forth),
 While the Norns inscrutably smile and spin,
 And the woe of a warrior is woven therein,
 In the mystical weaving, weaving.

Weaving, weaving, weaving,
 Helgi's doom are they weaving;
 Gold is the woof, but the warp is grey,
 With flickers and flecks of red;
 Shot with the sungleam, but, wellaway,
 Blanched with the bale of the dead:
 Alas for the weaving, weaving!

Anna Robertson Brown.

"LURIA."—ITS STORY AND ITS MOTIVE.

PART II.—ITS MOTIVE.

READ BEFORE THE BROWNING SOCIETY OF THE NEW CENTURY CLUB.



AN outline of the story of "Luria," the last of Browning's series of dramas, can give no idea of the great wealth of thought, the fineness of characterization, the strength with which certain striking situations are handled. To the best of my knowledge, it was never put on the stage, as some of Browning's earlier plays had been, and we can hardly suppose that it would have proved successful as an acting drama. The speeches are too long, the thinking often too close to be readily followed by the average theatre-goer; the characters are few, and only calculated to throw the central figure into strong relief, while

the almost classic severity of the play is unrelieved by any love episode, or any play of humor.

The action covers one day, and the plot steadily develops, moving straight onward to its end, with nothing to loosen the increasing tension. Judged apart from the test imposed by the requirements of our modern theatre, the play of "Luria" seems to me a noble work of art, its central figure not unworthy to stand side by side in the great gallery of English poetry with that other Moorish mercenary whose portrait was painted by the genius of Shakespeare. I may not linger over the artistic merits of "Luria," although the temptation to quote certain passages is a strong one, as I am anxious to pass on to what seem to me its dominant ideas, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving an extract on this subject from an article by Mr. James Russell Lowell, which appeared as early as 1848. This great critic, writing at a time when the name of Browning was hardly known, says of "Luria:—"

"If not the best, it is certainly one of the most striking (of his dramas) in its clearness of purpose, the energetic rapidity of its movement, the harmony of its details, the natural attraction with which they all tend toward and at last end in the consummation, and in the simplicity and concentration of its tragic element."—*North American Review*, v. 66, 1848.

Putting aside any criticism of "Luria" as a dramatic poem, let us inquire, in conclusion, what lessons the poet intends to enforce in it, and how its teaching is related to that in its author's other works.

Browning has placed in this tragedy in bold contrast the man who thinks and the man who feels, and he bids us choose between them. But he does more than this. This keen master of disputation—this poet of paradoxes—leaves us in no doubt as to his own private views about the relative value, in the lives of men and women, of the head and of the heart, of logic and of love. This is the leading motive of the play; the contrasting of the intellect and the heart, the weighing in the balance of logic and of love. In Braccio, the Florentine commissary, we have the embodiment of the "Cool instructed intellect." The character is not only a natural one in itself,—it has deep historic truth. It was this very pride of pure

intellect, the deification of mind and of culture, that chilled whatever there may have been of generous ardor or of religious aspiration in the Florentine civilization.

Intoxicated by the incomparable beauty and grace of the old Greek ideals so lately revealed to them, unbalanced by the force of the reaction from the pure but narrow asceticism of the Middle Ages, captivated by the pride of the "new learning," the Florentines had fallen down and worshipped the strange gods. Mr. J. A. Symonds, in his *"Renaissance in Italy,"* writes: "Nowhere, except in Athens, has the whole population of a city been so permeated with ideas, so intellectual by nature, so keen in perception, so witty and so subtle as at Florence." Yet he adds, speaking of Macchiavelli, in words which are singularly applicable to Browning's Braccio, "we trace [in him] the spirit of an age devoid of moral sensibility,—penetration in analysis, but deficient in faith, hope, enthusiasm, and stability of character. The dry light of the intellect determined their judgment of men, as well as their theories of government." It was this city of Macchiavelli, fickle and unstable beyond precedent, shamelessly thankless and rigidly exclusive, that bought for a price a nature such as Luria's. There he stands beside the highest and most characteristic product of this Florentine civilization, the half-civilized Luria, in the integrity of his God-given manhood,

"Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."

He brings to the service of Florence all the unspoilt greatness of a primitive but noble nature; he responds to the beauty and mental stimulus of his new surroundings with the large devotion of a generous boy. He is glad to have seen these "wondrous Florentines." Yet when he sees at length the corruption beneath the surface, he cries out passionately,—

"My own East!
How nearer God we were! He glows above
With scarce an intervention, presses close
And palpitatingly, his soul o'er ours:
We *feel* him, nor by painful reason know!
The everlasting minute of creation
Is felt there; *now* it is, as it was then;

All changes at his instantaneous will,
 Not by the operation of a law
 Whose maker is elsewhere at other work.
 His soul is still engaged upon his world—
 Man's praise can forward it, man's prayer suspend,
 For is not God all-mighty?"

Luria laments that he has mistaken his mission; he should have stayed in "his East," and labored to steady its "quick and transient feeling" by the more enduring thought of the North.

But to Domizia—and here we touch the vital purpose of the play—to Domizia it seems that he has indeed fulfilled a far better mission. He has retaught to the hard, dry brain of the North the value of those deep and holy feelings which had been lost in the pride of the intellect. Her answer to Luria's lament over what seems to him his neglected mission, sums up the main thought of the play. She speaks of Luria—of one

"Who has brought fresh stuff
 For us to mould, interpret, and prove right,—
 New feelings fresh from God, which, could we know
 O' the instant, where had been our need of it?
 Whose life re-teaches us what life should be,
 What faith is, loyalty and simpleness."

I have no doubt that in this speech we have not merely the utterance of Domizia, but the deliberate conviction of the poet himself, speaking through her, for in the play, not only Puccio, Domizia, and Tiburzio are brought in admiration to Luria's feet, even Braccio, the supercilious and self-confident thinker, humbles himself before the man that he has wronged. In the play of "Luria," Browning, the master of pure, intellectual speculation, the poet of keen-edged intellect and dialectics, deliberately teaches that when we have done all, we cannot live by these things alone. Placing Braccio and Luria side by side, Browning, the thinker, assures us in plain terms, that the soul which has kept unquenched the light of its loftiest instincts, which has retained a lively sense of the immanence of God in the world, is immeasurably above the most expert and agile intellect.

I need hardly remind students of Browning that, while we

have spoken of him as the poet of the intellect, he is, in his teaching, consistently the poet of the heart. Capable of appreciating the claims of the one to the full, his verdict has an overwhelming weight when he assures us of the superiority of the other. I may not detain you with any extended remarks on the other works of Browning in which the same idea is more or less directly put forward, but apparently the poet was much occupied with it in his earlier years. "Paracelsus" deals largely with the insufficiency of mere human knowledge, acquired for the mere sake of knowledge or one's own fame, and not for others. In this Paracelsus may learn of Aprile,—

"Were man all mind, he gains
A station little enviable. From God
Down to the lowest spirit ministrant,
Intelligence exists which casts our mind
Into unmeasurable shade. No! No!
Love, hope, fear, faith, these make humanity;
These are its sign, its note and character."

And what is the reason for this superiority of love to thought, of the half-conscious aspiration, the inexplicable intuitions, to the highest achievements of sheer mind?

It is because these high instincts of the soul are the links which bind us to that other existence which is the end and goal of the life of time. As Browning says,—in reiterating this thought in "Easter Day,"—it is

"Those intuitions, grasps of guess
That pull the more into the less,
Making the finite comprehend
Infinity."

The soul that is faithful to the best that is in it—nay, even the soul which has wilfully darkened its own understanding—is vouchsafed the inspired moments—

"When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out sharply from its false ones
And apprise it, if pursuing
Or a right way or a wrong one
To its triumph or undoing."

Browning is not singular among great modern teachers in preaching this lesson to our dull ears; it is the burden of the finest spirits of nineteenth century England. Wordsworth has drawn for us in scorn the picture of one asleep in his intellectual crust,—

“One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
No form nor feeling, great or small;
A reasoning self-sufficing thing,
An Intellectual all-in-all.”

This is the very foundation of all Wordsworth's ethical teaching; it is the theme of his greatest Ode. Would we learn the secret of life, we must hold fast to those first sacred emotions that are the inner witness to things higher than the conclusions of reason, we must keep “that primal sympathy which, having been, must ever be.”

Even the colder Tennyson has taught us, in the “Palace of Art,” that beauty loved for itself is vain, and that knowledge is but barren without charity. Knowledge is

“Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons! Fiery hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.”

Side by side with this main teaching of “Luria,” there is a second obviously related to it. As soul—character—is more important than mind, so the living great man, who embodies the fresh, original impulse, is of more value than any mere civil institutions which, beside the living power of a hero, are abstractions. Braccio does not really doubt the fidelity of Luria, but to him men are as nothing beside Florence, the state.

The state is to him “a contrivance to supply a type;” she is of more value than any one man, because, while men pass away, this state, the realization of an ideal (faulty though it may be) remains. The whole position taken by Braccio is substantially that of the

school of historians of which perhaps Buckle is the first and Tolstoi the last conspicuous example, thinkers who are inclined to reduce to a minimum the value of the individual in human affairs. But to Browning, whose conception of life is not scientific but passionate, whose interest centres rather on the destiny of the single soul than on the progress of an impersonal social revolution, the inspired man is greater than institutions. Tiburzio says strongly—

"A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one,
And those who serve as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all."

It is interesting to remember that "Luria" was published in 1846, just six years after Thomas Carlyle had preached, in his "Heroes and Hero Worship," his doctrine of the value and uses of great men. In "Luria" Browning is hand in hand with Carlyle, as he also is with Wordsworth.

When we realize this similarity of spirit in these great teachers of recent England, we are led to conclude that these men have been of one mind about the disease of their century. We cannot persuade ourselves, for example, that "Luria" is merely a faithful reproduction of those evils which corrupted the fair civilization of fifteenth century Florence. True as it is to the historic fact, the fable is capable of an application much nearer home: concerning us is it written.

Is it true now, as it was true of the Florence of Macchiavelli, that we have lost that just poise of nature which is necessary to the highest living? Is it true that we are in danger of losing that "faith, loyalty, and simpleness" which Browning would have us believe is the everlasting basis of all perfect human development? Is it true that, as Carlyle says, "we have forgot the Divineness in these Laboratories of ours?" If it be indeed true of us that, on the one hand, our high spiritual perceptions are blunted, and, on the other, our native manhood is dwarfed by the disproportionate development of the insatiable intellect, then, indeed, we have in the midst of this age of reason a master of logic who tells us that the nature of man

is starved without the something more; who teaches no other doctrine than that once delivered to men by the greatest intellect among the early Christians: "And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not charity,"—the conviction of the brotherhood of men, and the sense of the Fatherhood of God,—“it profiteth me nothing.”

Henry S. Pancoast.

THE STUDY.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

(Continued.)

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.—In the “Merchant” two very old and oft-repeated stories are combined,—that of the *bond*, or the pound of flesh, and that of the *caskets*.

The bond story was traced by Warton, in 1754 (in his “Observations on the Fairy Queen”), to the ballad of “Gernutus,” which may be found in Percy’s “Reliques,” in Furness’s “New Variorum” edition of the play (288 fol.), etc. The best critics agree that the ballad is older than the play, and some have thought that Shakespeare got some hints from it; but, as Furness remarks, “the points wherein there is an agreement, such as whetting the knife, etc., are commonplace enough, and were probably found in the original story or play, which was the common source of both ballad and comedy.” Hunter (“New Illustrations,” etc., 1845, vol. i. p. 301) mentions another old ballad, “The Northern Lord,” containing incidents which bear a close resemblance to the part of this play which relates to the bond, as it contains also other incidents which are very like the part of “Cymbeline” which relates to “Posthumus, Iachimo, and Imogen.” He gives an abstract of the ballad (quoted by Furness, p. 293), but he is doubtful whether the play may not be the earlier of the two. Bishop Percy, in a note in the “Reliques,” cites a story, similar to that of the pound of flesh, from the “Life of Pope Sixtus V.,” trans-

lated from the Italian of Leti; but Douce regards the narrative as "a mere fabrication," and Halliwell-Phillipps says that it "was neither written nor printed till some time after the death of Shakespeare."

Capell has been followed by the majority of editors in assuming that the immediate source from which the dramatist derived the bond story was "Il Pecorone," a collection of tales by Giovanni Fiorentino, first published at Milan in 1558, but written in 1378. It had probably been translated into English in Shakespeare's time, though the earliest version now extant was printed in 1755. Dr. Johnson gives an epitome of this in his edition of Shakespeare, and Furness (p. 298 fol.) reproduces it with a few changes, preferring it to the literal translation in Collier's (and Hazlitt's) "Shakespeare's Library." The reader who has not access to these authorities can find an abridgment of this latter translation in the dime edition of the "Merchant" in "Cassell's National Library" (No. 30). Skottowe ("Life of Shakespeare," 1824, vol. i. p. 321) states the main points of similarity between the novel and the play thus: "In both, the money engaged for by the bond is borrowed, not for the use of the borrower, but to enable a young man to obtain the hand of a wealthy lady resident at Belmont [the name is significant]. The forfeiture of the same portion of flesh is stipulated on failure of payment, and the flesh, in both instances, is to be taken from what part of the merchant's body pleased the Jew, who in each case is offered ten times the amount of his debt by the person for whom it was contracted. The bride in both cases arrives at Venice disguised as a lawyer, and interposes the same insurmountable obstacles to the exaction of the bloody penalty. Both the fair judges refuse pecuniary recompense; both request from the fingers of their husbands rings which they themselves had given to them, and the same species of *badinage* is the consequence of compliance when the ladies resume their own characters at Belmont." Mr. Spedding, in the *Cornhill Magazine* (March, 1880, p. 282 fol.), describes the resemblance more at length, and asks, in conclusion, "What need, then, have we to seek further, either for the source of the plot, or the choice of the subject, or the manner of its treatment?" No need, surely, unless Shakespeare drew from some writer who had already drawn from Ser Giovanni.

The bond story is, however, far more ancient than the Italian novel. Tyrwhitt, in the "Variorum" of 1773, suggested that a "common *remote* origin" for both the bond and casket stories might be found in the "Gesta Romanorum," "a collection of fictitious narratives in Latin, compiled from Oriental apologues, monkish legends, classical stories, tales of chroniclers, popular traditions, and other sources." An English translation of portions of the "Gesta" was printed early in the sixteenth century, and an earlier version among the Harleian manuscripts dates back to about the year 1440. The collection was popular in the Elizabethan age, and at least six editions were published between 1577 and 1601.

Malone, in the "Variorum" of 1793, tells of a form of the bond story in a Persian manuscript, evidently very old, though its precise age could not be determined. Douce says that a similar tale is found in Gladwin's "Persian Moonsee," and the diligence of commentators has discovered about a dozen other old Oriental versions. The German Simrock nevertheless believes that the story in the "Gesta" is a Roman law-anecdote. "The East," he says, "has in many forms received reflex impressions from the West, and has taken back, in return for the fictions which it has lent, a rich return of others transplanted thence." Others, however, trace the story back to Buddhist legends long antecedent to the founding of Rome.

W. J. Rolfe.

(To be continued.)

AN "ABT VOGLER" QUERY AND ANSWER.

MR. C. P. NETTLETON, of Haywards, Cal., asks for an explanation of the musical allusions in the twelfth stanza of "Abt Vogler."

"Give me the keys: I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying a while the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found
The C major of this life: so now I will try to sleep."

These lines, stripped of their symbolic meaning, may be taken as an exact explanation of a simple harmonic modulation. Suppose Abt Vogler when he "feels for the common chord" to have struck the chord of C major in its first inversion—the third, E, in the bass, the fifth, G, at the top, now "sliding by semitones," that is, playing in succession chords with the upper note a semitone lower, he would come to the chord A, E, C, which is the (minor) tonic chord of the scale of A, the relative minor of C, and so he would thus "*sink* to the minor." Now he blunts the fifth of this chord, E, to E $\flat$, which thus becomes a minor ninth over the root D, the whole chord being D, F $\sharp$, A, C, E $\flat$, and, as he explains, he stands on alien ground because he has modulated away from the key of C, but, instead of following this dominant by its own tonic, which would be G, B, D, he treats it as if it were what is called a supertonic harmony, and so, after pausing on this chord to survey a while the heights he rolled from into the deep, he suddenly modulates back to C. He has dared and done, his resting-place is found—the C major of this life.

This is the progression:—

The musical notation is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). It illustrates a harmonic progression with the following labels and descriptions:

- common chord.**: The starting point, C major in first inversion (E in bass, G in treble).
- "Sliding by semitones."**: A bracket spanning the next two chords, indicating a semitone shift in the upper voice.
- relative minor of C.**: The chord A minor (A, C, E).
- chord of minor 9th.**: The chord D minor 9th (D, F $\sharp$, A, C, E $\flat$).
- "alien ground."**: A bracket spanning the relative minor and the minor 9th chord.
- resolution as dom. of G.**: A bracket indicating the transition from the minor 9th chord to the dominant of G (C major).
- resolution as super tonic of C.**: A bracket indicating the final resolution to the C major chord.
- "C major of this Life."**: A bracket spanning the final C major chord.

Helen A. Clarke.

— "As to Sordello's egotism, it is rampant. He is Browning's Hamlet. His impulses, magnificent as they are, 'are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' He was not content to put confidence in the power of one part of his nature: he must use it all,—and wrecked it. It is noticeable that emotion hardly exists in this poem: there is nothing in it of the passion of love." This clever comparison, which would bear further study, was made by Miss Wilson at a recent meeting of the Browning Society in London.

THE STAGE.

A MODERN RICHARD.



R. RICHARD MANSFIELD'S "Richard III.," first brought out in London in March of 1889, and now in this country, is full of emphasis, but it is emphasis put on the wrong words.

This early play shows the budding power of Shakespeare still in tutelage to the manner of his predecessors and contemporaries of the drama. The poet has not yet ventured with assured step upon that path of differentiation from their methods in which he more and more captivates the interest of the audience in the interaction of plot and character, and in which he more and more opens the way for the introduction of the impersonator. The play is crude in exactly that point of character-shaping which he afterwards perfected in "Lear," "Macbeth," and "Othello." The events are hustling and brutal. They require a rough-and-ready sort of hypocrisy and villany in the central devil of the piece. It is not a part that will bear a multiplicity of external touches; it requires a creative singleness of stroke. Uncreativity of conception is even more evident here than it would be, possibly, in a play more dependent upon subtle study of character than is "Richard III." A clever comedian, proceeding with an elaboration of artifice, cannot make a Gloster, though it is quite true that he can make an effective display which an audience can recognize at once as "acting," and probably will applaud. But it will applaud because the technique is patent and gives them a cue for clapping; not because the inward conception is worked outward in a way that irresistibly compels its tribute.

In a word, Mr. Mansfield puts his emphasis on unimportant de-

tails, on the little words that make up an insignificant part of the whole sense of an impersonation.

The play, as Mr. Mansfield has arranged it, opens with the sixth scene of the last act of "3 Henry VI.," when, in stage darkness and with much stage limping, and dreadful hankering over his sword-hilt, he comes to the bloody business of the old king's death, who, in the person of Mr. Evans, seems to fear he shall not be allowed to scream through the tirade allotted him before it will be his cue to die. The whole Clarence episode is stricken out, so the soliloquy of this scene closes with

"And this word, 'love,' which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone."

Most of the soliloquy of the second scene of the third act of "3 Henry VI." is imported into the earlier part of the play, and was most effectively given in the lines—

"Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my face with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions," etc.

On these lines Mr. Mansfield has formed his part very carefully, alternating his murdering and his smiling, as though these two little strings of his Gloster manikin were hanging down at his hand to be consciously pulled with a "Now this one!" and "Now that other!"

The scene with Anne ("Richard III.," i. 2), who enters with the funeral *cortège*, interrupts Gloster's soliloquizing. He crouches at the left of the stage behind his cloak, lifting it to conceal his face from a sidewise view, while facing the audience and getting ready to break in effectually betimes. The air he has of awaiting his chance shows off his premeditation of the purpose he has just before declared of making Anne his wife, and is here very appropriate. He speaks in an even voice of unquestionable authority when the moment comes to contradict Anne's order and strike in with "Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down," but he is neither terrible enough in the face of the bearers' possible disobedience, nor con-

vincing enough in his insinuating courtship of Anne to justify the success gained. But this is a scene which grows more and more repulsive to modern eyes. They have witnessed a development of rational and moral independence in woman, almost impossible in ruder days, which makes Anne's hoodwinking seem more and more unlikely and outrageous. No modern audience is disposed to accept this scene easily, and it would take all the masterly suavity and magnetic personality of a Booth to make it probable. Mr. Mansfield makes the mistake in it of showing the audience too plainly that he is calculating his words and actions, and watching too narrowly the progress of their effect upon his dupe. He makes us feel that Anne herself should have been undeceived by such posturing, and that, instead of making those incredibly absurd and awkward lunges and lapses of the sword at his offered breast, she must have been visited by some sudden gleam of insight, been stiffened to a Joan of Arc, and plunged the blade home.

A similar patent consciousness of the points he is making mars the undeniable cleverness of his simulation in the scene with the mayor and citizens. Antiquarianly simple gulls as these citizens are,—the citizens, like the women, having grown less easily credulous to men and kings since Shakespeare's day,—they must be blind, indeed, not to note that prolonged, quick, staccato turning over and over again of the leaves of the decoy-duck prayer-book, which Mansfield made so elaborate a feature of this scene. He adopted this stage "business" to show his secret anxiety to the audience, and his doing that was, of course, not objectionable, but his overdoing of it was.

The scenes he has selected here and there from Shakespeare are those that keep Gloster to the fore constantly, and where the other characters, which were played in a well-drilled, very creditable manner, support him as the overtopping figure. The fighting scenes were realistically physical and fierce, the play being, as a spectacle, most elaborate, as everybody knows; but even this spectacular superiority palls upon a taste above dime novels, when it is assisted by a two or three minutes scene filled with nothing whatever but noise,—artificial noise of battering and whanging of stage weapons of war.

The ghosts that visit the King on the eve of the battle of Bosworth were apparitions of the actors behind gauze at the back of the stage; the tent, where Richard lay sleeping, being placed to the right, so that there was no pretence of his seeing what the audience saw, except as in the dreams supposedly troubling him and thus represented to the audience. A rather ingenious way of dramatizing the effect sought! Richard is roused by the ghosts to an awful pother of fear, bouncing upon the boards with a thud, yet failing to raise a thrill of the subtle supernatural; the best and most real touch of emotion in the whole play being his fright at the innocent entrance of Ratcliff (Catesby, according to the stage version), changing to a collapse of shivering human dependence on a human touch and sympathy as he fell weakly in his arms, clinging to him to tell him of his "fearful dream."

If Mr. Mansfield were less of a clever melodramatician and more of an imaginative actor, he would not have overdone his emphasis, nor betrayed his mechanical assumption of his *rôle* by such a slip, for instance, as in the famous soliloquy,—“Soft, I did but dream. O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!”—when saying, “What do I fear? Myself? There’s none else by: is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am. Then fly,”—at these words he actually took a funny little run of a few paces, before recalling himself, and adding—“What, from myself?”

Such running away of himself from his own conception of himself, in his part, is the fault of Mansfield’s Richard. Of its merits of a more external kind, other critics have told the public profusely.

Charlotte Porter.

THE DISCOURAGEMENT of the drama by manager and public who nurse the sensual and spectacular at the expense of the ideal and the intellectual is unflinchingly brought out in “Our Dramatists and their Literature.” We make therefrom the following extracts:

“Mr. Irving is credited and he takes credit for having contributed to what we must call the development of artistic tastes. I confess I do not perceive very clearly how the production of such pieces as

'The Dead Heart' can advance artistic tastes. I do not deny that the taking of the Bastille is exciting, but so is a rat-hunt and a prize-fight, and concerning myself entirely with the artistic, and waiving the moral question, I should say that a rat-hunt was a less depraving sight than a performance of 'The Dead Heart.' A rat-hunt is an appeal to our animal instincts pure and simple; we enjoy it, and have done with it, but stage realism corrupts our intelligence by easy satisfactions instead of stimulating the imagination, which should create all from the words of the poet. To be sure, 'The Dead Heart' is no more than a very shocking instance of the mischief done at the Lyceum; the same censure is applicable to the mounting of all the Shakespearian plays given under the management of Mr. Irving. Mr. Irving understood better than any one the baseness of modern taste, and he has appealed to it more flagrantly than any other manager. He was, of course, well within his right in appraising and selling his goods in the largest market, but I am acting well within my right when I attempt some criticism of the value of his supposed contributions to the development of artistic taste. He dresses out his theatre as Octave in 'Au Bonheur des Dames' dressed out his shop; he has invariably appealed, though never before so outrageously, to the sensual instincts rather than to the imagination. As a shopman I admire him, as an artist I despise him; for I at least look back with yearning love to those times when theatrical audiences did not require *real* fountains and *real* trees, and I believe that our ancestors, who did not require these realities, were gifted with a sense that is wanting in us. . . . Yes, it is a fact that there is no play now being performed in London, that the very slightest analysis would not prove to be as irrational as a nursery tale. The statement may occasion some irritation, and possibly some bluster, but no one will venture to prove the contrary by the examination of the story of any of the plays under notice. ['Sweet Lavender,' Pinero's 'The Profligate,' 'A Man's Shadow' (an adaptation of Roger la Honte, now playing at the Haymarket, formerly at the Ambigu Comique), 'The Dead Heart.'] . . . We have established school-boards and striven to educate the masses, and so far as literature is concerned, with this result, applause of a *roman feuilleton* in the historic Haymarket. We shall go on striving to raise humanity and laying out the path of the future. Poor humanity! how well represented by Bouvard and Pécuchet! Those two poor fellows, always in good faith, always ardent; and invariably experience contradicts the best-established theory, the most subtle reasoning is demolished by the most simple fact.

"Many will detect in this literature a likeness to the age, and

will recognize it as being the literature of an age of smug respectability: an age interested especially in the preservation of villas and silk hats; an age most anxious for peace so long as peace does not disturb the money market,—war would be preferable to any serious decrease in the price of money; a lie-a-bed age, disgustingly absorbed in comfort; an age loathsomely anxious to live in a fool's paradise, and close its ears to the sound of danger; an age selfish beyond all preceding ages, and whose one maxim is 'Patch it up so it will last my time.'

"The dramatic literature of to-day is the legitimate result of the unhealthy state of the public mind, and reflects admirably the intellectual sloth and horrible mediocrity into which we have drifted and are drifting."

*George Moore,
In the Fortnightly Review.*

DEPARTMENT OF THE BROWNING SOCIETY OF THE NEW CENTURY CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

Abstract of Proceedings.—The first study meeting on the group of dramatic lyrics selected for consideration, was held on the evening of November 21, at the New Century Club parlors, the president, Miss Cohen, in the chair. The readings were "A Lover's Quarrel," by Judge Willson; "By the Fireside," by Mrs. Edward Wetherill; selected "Sonnets from the Portuguese," by Miss Heloise Burrough. A song, "Die Lorelei," was given by Miss Katherine Cohen. Miss Anne H. Wharton then read a paper on "Biographical facts in regard to Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

Miss Wharton said:

"The reading public knows more of the life, habits, and tastes of the author of 'Evelina' than of these two nineteenth century poets. The question whether Elizabeth Barrett was born in 1806 or 1809 at once confronts the inquirer,—Mrs. Browning herself seeming to confirm Mr. Ingram's later date, where she speaks of her 'Battle of

Marathon' having been written when she was ten, and Robert Browning himself being the authority for the earlier date. Her early taste for classic poetry and her enthusiastic study of Greek with the blind scholar, Hugh Stuart Boyd, and then Latin, 'as a help to the Greek,' on

" 'Those long mornings
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek,'

her own record is thus given in 'Wine of Cyprus.' Of her Greek translation of 'Prometheus Bound,' published in 1833 (and subsequently re-written), the *London Quarterly* said, 'A remarkable performance for a young lady,' and she herself said, 'Written in twelve days, and should have been thrown into the fire afterwards,—the only means of giving it a little warmth.' Going up from Hertfordshire to 74 Gloucester Place, London, in 1836, she met Miss Mitford, her life-long friend, who speaks of her at this time as 'of slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, a smile like a sun-beam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend that the translator of Æschylus and the author of the "Essay on Mind" was, in technical language, "out."' The look of youthfulness passed during the severe illness that followed the shock of her brother's death by drowning off Torquay in '38. Of this anguish some faint refrain reaches us in her 'De Profundis.' Meanwhile, Robert Browning, born at Camberwell, Surrey, in 1812, was studying at home, attending lectures at the University of London, and at the impressible age of twenty, travelling in Italy.

"His 'Pauline' and 'Paracelsus' appeared in '33 and '35, near in time to the 'Prometheus Bound,' and early short poems of Elizabeth Barrett. 'The Cry of the Children,' 'The Dead Pan,' 'The Duchess May,' 'A Drama of Exile,' and 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' belong to a period corresponding to that of Robert Browning's 'Sordello,' 'Pippa Passes,' 'King Victor and King Charles,' 'The Return of the Druses,' 'The Blot in the 'Scutcheon,' and the 'Dramatic Lyrics.' The allusion in 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' to his work, doubtless, had something to do with their first meeting in '46. They were married in the same year. From a darkened room, 'a sofa and silence,' she was transported to the sunshine of Italy, where, spending their winters in Rome and their summers in Florence, the two poets lived and loved and labored for nearly fifteen years, a period of happiness shadowed only by the coldness of her father, unrelenting

even on the birth, in '49, of her 'young Florentine.' At Casa Guidi were written 'The Songs for Italy' and 'Aurora Leigh,' and here were written 'Christmas Eve' and 'Easter Day,' and many of the poems of 'Men and Women.'"

The subject of the next paper, by Miss Charlotte Porter, "The difference between 'One Way of Love' and 'Another Way of Love'" was shown by an outline study of the development of the idea of love in English literature. Miss Porter said:

"The unrequited lover has been treated generally, in literature, as either a ridiculous or a pitiful figure. He is emasculated or humorously sentimentalized. Young Lochinvar's rival, 'a coward in love and a dastard in war,' is an example well reflecting the earlier feudal treatment of the unsuccessful lover. Thackeray's Major Dobbin is as noble an example as may be found of the later less merely physical and more essentially psychical representation of the hopeless wooer. From the earlier offspring in our literature of the popular notion fostered to its utmost limits in the days of 'Chivalry,' that none but the brave—that is to say, the winning—deserve the fair, a change is registered when Bassanio's irresistible and courtly way of luck descends to a George Osbourne; when the fortune-hunting of the despised suitors Nerissa and Portia poke fun at changes to the unswerving honesty of a Major Dobbin; and still further, when the awkward blushing Dobbin's faithfulness to an attachment, in itself a little blind and stupid, finds an exalted scion in the strength and heroism of the unrequited lover of 'One Way of Love.'"

Miss Porter proceeded to instance some illustrations of the feudal idea of love shown in Painter's "Goodly History," and in Brookes's narration of the story of that attachment of Romeo for Rosaline which Shakespeare followed in "Romeo and Juliet," shown also in the opinions of the "Goose" and the "Duck" in Chaucer's "Assembly of Fowls," illustrations further enforced by the "Ballad of the Nut Brown Maid."

"This ballad might be taken as almost an epitome of the old way of thinking of what a woman's love should be. There was little room in the position of woman and of knightly society for a recognition of any other than a physical interest in love and a physical end, until, through higher ideals of the demands of the individual spirit of both man and woman, there had been developed a higher

grade of social life. The speakers in Browning's 'One Way of Love,' 'The Lost Mistress,' 'The Last Ride Together,' 'The Worst of It,' above all, Valence, in 'Colombe's Birthday,' were born of a modern idea of the psychical worth of passion,—whether successful and joyous or not,—an idea developed from the feudal notions of love through greatly changed social conditions. By the light of this idea the shortcomings of the love of 'Another Way of Love' were to be seen. The difference between one way of love and another way of love was, in a word, some such difference as there is between a Nora's way of love and the way of a Torvald Helmer."

Mr. John Durham followed with some remarks on "Browning's Way of Love."

The Rev. Dr. H. L. Wayland opened the discussion with some humorous comments.

"These poems afford a suggestion of the poverty, I might almost say bankruptcy, of the language in that in these, as in other instances, we have but the one word, 'love,' to express the feeling we have in common with the angels, and that we have in common with the animals. The first poem seems to me most intelligible and transparent, as it is one of the most beautiful of Browning's pieces. Its meaning lies open to every one who brings to it the experience of unselfish devotion. When we go to the second we pass from daylight into darkness. An eminent contributor to the pleasure and profit of the last meeting [Miss Boyer] said then, that she had not consulted any commentary. I abase myself before you, I clothe myself morally and intellectually in sackcloth and confess that I have consulted all the commentaries I could lay my hands on. If I had not I would not be anywhere,—so much duller is the sex I unworthily represent."

Professor H. N. Hoxie closed the discussion, speaking of the past years during which, in many minds, Browning and Elizabeth Barrett had stood together for ideal love, and for enthusiasm in a freed Italy, and concluding as follows:

"I doubt not, however, that to many, as to myself, interest in the Brownings, and more especially interest in that large body of poetry which they had produced, turns upon our discovery in them of elements characteristic almost exclusively of our own century.

"I can but briefly allude to this. Comparing the literature of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries with that of the nineteenth,

I cannot conceive of any mind that is not at once struck with that greater variety and range of ideals and standards and conceptions and sentiments in the books of our own time than are to be found in the books of any past time. Over these ideals and conceptions has come within this century a glow of the spirit. A new force has permeated and suffused the larger body of nineteenth century literature, making it in this respect remarkably distinct in form and literary content from all preceding literary ages.

"Of this spiritual renaissance the Brownings are true exponents."

The general meeting of December 5, Miss Cohen presiding, was opened with piano music by Mrs. Florence Jenkins. The readings were, "One Way of Love" and "Another Way of Love," by Mr. Carroll Smyth; "Love in a Life," "Life in a Love," "Women and Roses," and "My Star," by Miss C. H. Fulton. Miss Helen A. Clarke's compositions, "My Star" and "One Way of Love," were sung by Miss Adelaide Lane, the latter song with 'cello Obligato played by Mr. Allen. The paper of the evening on Browning's Dramatic Lyrics was given by Dr. S. Solis-Cohen, and was followed by a comparison of earlier lyrics of Browning's in "Men and Women," and later ones in "Ferishtah's Fancies," by Mr. Harrison S. Morris.

MEMORIAL MEETING.

On Thursday evening, December 19, the Browning Society of the New Century Club gave up the greater part of the evening to a meeting in honor of the memory of Robert Browning, Miss Cohen presiding. Miss Cohen opened the meeting with these remarks:

"It is with a feeling of deep sadness that we all have heard of the death of our poet. The shock of knowing that the noble mind and heart have left us forever has been a severe one. Yet we should remember that, as his own Pompilia assures us, 'No work begun shall ever pause for death,' and sink the sense of personal loss in the security of spiritual possession.

"Whatever Robert Browning felt, believed, hoped, suffered, triumphed,—his love, his faith, his aspiration,—these we have, and as Francis Quarles has finely expressed it, 'Having this, what have we not?' In the formation of character, in the elevation of our souls into a purer atmosphere, I believe that the life—the true life of our

poet—will go on unendingly. I cannot think that such moral integrity, such enlightened mental energy as his, can cease to exist, can cease to build up human forces for the good, the beautiful, and, consequently, the everlasting.”

“Prospice” was then read by Miss Cohen. Miss Clarke played the Funeral March from Beethoven’s Sonata, opus 26, and Mrs. B. L. Keys read the epilogue to Browning’s latest volume of poems, “Asolando.” The following addresses were then made:

DR. D. G. BRINTON.—“Not long since, I saw a despatch in the paper stating that Robert Browning was ill. It was not very alarming. The next day came a despatch saying that Browning was dead. The impression this made on my mind was not only one of that natural sadness which we all share when a great and good man passes away, it was something more than that. There was a painful sense of surprise, the feeling that such a death was premature. Browning was a man long past threescore and ten, a man in his seventy-eighth year of life; but, nevertheless, I felt that the death was premature. In conversation with our President, she expressed to me that she herself had the same feeling when she first read the despatch; and since then the evidence that it is widespread and general comes from even such sources as the *London Times*, which speaks of his passing away, however incongruous it may seem in reference to his age, as a ‘premature death.’ When I reflected upon this widespread feeling, it called to my mind that passage in ‘Macbeth.’ Macbeth hears of the death of his proud and strong wife. She had been ill, and it had been announced to him that she was; when he hears a noise he says, ‘Wherefore was that cry?’ The answer is, ‘The Queen, my lord, is dead.’ Then Macbeth says, ‘She should have died hereafter. There would have been a time for such a word.’ And so we all felt when Browning passed away. And this sensation is natural to the human race. It is something that goes far back into antiquity: we grieve for the heroes who die; they may pass away, they may leave us, but it is to return again. And this teaching of the ancients, this feeling which is common to the human race brings about in the minds of those who sorrow for one departed, the Messianic hope of his return. So the ancients thought that Barbarossa and Arthur did not die, but had passed away and would return again. And in this belief there is a foundation of truth, because most certainly such heroes have not passed away to remain away; they will return. They have made an impression upon the current of civilization which will remain.

"For nearly sixty years Browning has been a laborer in the intellectual vineyard. Almost sixty years ago he published his first work. Since then his activity has been constant in many directions. You will remember it was in 1833 that 'Pauline' was first published, the product of his youthful muse of twenty years. Since then, poems, dramas, tragedies, have flowed from his pen. His work is marked by individuality, an earnest pursuit of thought in a fixed and given direction, No matter how unpopular, no matter how neglected, he never flinched in bringing forward those ideas that he deemed of primal importance to the world, first in one poetic form, then in another, convinced that he bore within him a message to the human race. That has been the history of this man's life, a life which, without a word, would have been a model. He has been accused of designed reticence as to what his real meaning was. It has passed almost into a current newspaper saying, 'As obscure as Browning.' We have reached now a time when we can survey the whole of his life and work and decide for ourselves as to the justice of this expression. May it not be as it was with Fichte, when he was accused of obscurity, which his critics said was an unnecessary one; he replied, 'I have certain ideas, I have certain information; as I do not express common and familiar ideas, I cannot make use of common and familiar terms. If you make yourself acquainted with the terms I do use, you will then understand my ideas.' So it was with Browning. He was not reticent, he was not unwilling to explain what he had written, if he was obscure it was for the reason which Fichte has given us. Browning tells us in the second edition of 'Sordello,' in the preface of 1863, he had made some effort towards rendering what he had written in 1845-46 or 1847 somewhat clearer. But he gave up the attempt; he made up his mind that what he had to say could not be said better, and those who could not appreciate it in the way in which it had appeared, would not be liable to appreciate it in any other form.

"Now his work is done. He has passed away in that land to which he was so devoted; passed away as he hoped to pass away, in sunny Italy. It had been the dream of his life there to spend most of his days, and there to return after his days were closed. You may remember, in one of his poems, a few lines to that effect,—

"If I get my head from out of the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands,
Italy, my Italy!

Open my heart and you will see

Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she;
So it always was, so shall ever be!

"There is something peculiarly appropriate in the fact that he died in his home at Venice, a modest house, situated upon the great canal, looking out on the lagoon, the place where he had passed the best years of his life.

"It is true that he may have carried to his grave certain explanations of his poems, which now can never be recovered. It is also true that no one can fully explain a complete and masterly work of art, any more than one can explain the complete and perfect order of nature. This has been well expressed by the greatest man of modern times. Some one asked Schiller what he meant by such a work as 'The Robbers.' He was then a staid professor in the university, no longer a young fellow. He said, 'When I composed that work, only two souls knew what it did mean; one of them was myself, the other was God; and I have forgotten.' So it was with Michael Angelo, when some one asked him what a certain work meant. He replied, 'To the public they mean Day and Night, Morning and Evening; but,' he said, 'there is something more in them than this. But what is beyond that, while I feel, I cannot express.' And so it is with the work of the true artist; he is not able to give the full explanation of it. Still less can we hope to solve the riddle which to his own creator is an impossibility; but we can always learn more and more by continuous study.

"It is said that Browning was not particularly flattered by the Browning clubs and societies. He looked upon them at first with great distrust, and is said to have been much dissatisfied: he expressed himself so to an American friend whom he met in London. Later on, he began to recognize that among the various students of his poems there were some, and a constantly increasing number, who appreciated them correctly, and in this last year of his life he gave expression to this feeling, the gratifying change which he observed had come over the study of his work. I have the pleasure to read you a short extract referring to *POET-LORE*, that excellent magazine which is published in our midst. Several copies having been sent to him by a friend, he wrote of them thus:

" 'The magazines have much interested me, as I looked through them last evening. Will you thank, emphatically, the friends who have done me honor and pleasure in this magazine? I should be grateful for the successive numbers if the transmission would not cause too much trouble.'

"It is certainly a pleasure to know that anything we have done gave him gratification. It also serves as a stimulus to us.

"He has passed away; but he did not pass away in fear. He was a man always brave in regard to death. He looked upon it not as the king of terror, but as a natural change which takes place in life, a step in progress. Long ago, when he wrote 'Sordello,' he said, in this spirit, 'Look above, and Death tempts ere a tithe of life be tasted.'

"In closing this imperfect and feeble tribute, I select a few lines, not from his own poems, but from the poems of her whom he loved so long and so well, from the poem which she herself wrote in reference to the death of another English poet; and these lines can find no more worthy application than to Browning:

"Take music from the silent Dead, whose meaning is completer;
Reserve thy tears for living brows, where all such tears are meeter;
And leave the violets in the grass to brighten where thou treadest.

But bring not near the solemn corse, a type of human seeming!
Lay only dust's stern verity upon the dust undreaming.
And while the calm perpetual stars shall look upon it solely,
His sphered soul shall look on them with eyes more bright and holy!"

PROFESSOR H. N. HOXIE.—"In a recent number of the *New York Tribune*, I notice that while Robert Browning lies dead in the City of the Doges, and a momentary hush therefore falls on the City of the Thames, its London correspondent speaks truthfully there of the two parties or schools of English criticism which, divided the one against the other, will concede nothing on either side in compromise in regard to him.

"As here in America this December of his death, there are two camps,—one for him in his poetic art, and the other against him,—so it seems to be in England.

"With all my heart I say let it be so. It is the promise and potency of his future fame. We should be well pleased. Everywhere, however, in the English-speaking world, in the surprised and sincere lamentation on the other side of the water, in England, in Italy, in Venice, and in the unusually large utterance of appreciation and sympathy on this side of the Atlantic, there is testimony that we have lost with his death something infinitely precious,—that with a single exception no great singer like him remains, and that of all those who have illuminated the Victorian era he and Tennyson alone are supreme.

"To some of us he has been a friend, a teacher, and a prophet, and, with all shortcomings, I feel we should be satisfied with his work.

"His personality, his genius, his extraordinary gifts, his fire of heart, courage, and fidelity to ideals, the large contributions he has made to our literature, the splendor of his thought, his philosophy and teaching have found already sufficient lodgement in the English mind to divide it into two camps and to start controversy. That is very much indeed. I think it is as Browning would have wished it to be,—for or against,—two camps at least, plainly and strenuously.

"Certainly, if any man ever taught the infinite aspect, not only of any one truth here, but of all truth,—its human relativity,—the many-sided truthful phases or facettes of every subject and object in the world, and our consequent inability to grasp them in any one sure induction,—it was he. I hope he has taught us all that lesson. No one surely ever so taught it in art before.

"And so his thought, subtle, analytic, and massive, immense of range beyond any man's in our literature since Shakespeare, so rock-bedded in reality and profoundly religious, lifted itself to the high table-land of Christian charity, and in cool, sunny atmospheres taught the old story that love, joy, peace, long-suffering, patience, and kindness are the strong forces of life; that these are the only solvents of conflicting opinion, and that those who have them are the only kings and queens of earth.

"I grant you that he violated some of the canons of his art, that his message was not always clear, that some fifteen years ago, perhaps, he could hardly be said to have been quite in harmony with the great currents of English thought. So it was with Tennyson.

"But from the time Tennyson penned the 'In Memoriam,' and from the day Browning sent out to the world the story of 'Pauline' and 'Paracelsus,' both charged with their gospel of glad tidings, they have never veered from their original teaching. The English public has come to them, not they to the English public.

"In what age, pray, are we living? It is too late to speak of the majestic revelations of science, the large expansion of our material civilization, the telegraphs, the utilization of steam and electricity, the broad, comfortable road-bed on which we ride through life, the reach and power of this century of ours. There is something in it, however, loftier than these. The point I make with reference to it and Browning is this:

"The age of Carlyle, Emerson, Maurice, Newman, Martineau, and Kingsley, the age of Spencer and Darwin, this age of destructive and constructive criticism, has had its own message to speak, its own work to do, its own horizon of thought. The meat in it has been much, indeed, but the life has been more. And, therefore, the old standards of literary criticism have somewhat changed. Certain it

is that no Greek canon of literary art, nor those of the time of Queen Anne, or the Augustan day can claim perforce their old supremacy.

"Now and then a mind creative by instinct, and open to fresh life, especially the life of its own day, a mind not confined to the past, or, if turning to the past, turning only to bring forth new treasures, enters the lists, and pushes on to the new furrows investigators are ploughing, and sings the rich minstrelsy of a new time. When men insist on the supremacy of perfect art at the price of solid content, of graceful and mellifluous periods; of a style clear, orderly, proportioned, and balanced, they are talking the language of past centuries; of Addison and Gibbon it may be, or of that art of the Greek so chaste and beautiful that it has commanded the homage of the world, but only so commanded it because the Christian elements of civilization, the great factors that are left out, were unknown.

"The vision of nature and life as symbols of an unseen and spiritual world does not enter them, and it is this vision that Browning interprets.

"I think Wordsworth was right when he said that each new genius, each new personality, should be judged by new canons applicable to him alone, and that every artist must create the taste by which he is to be appreciated.

"I agree with the broad generalization of a recent critic (Hamilton W. Mabie, in *Andover Review*) who says, 'The great laws of literary development, as Taine and other eminent students of literature have traced them, become evident enough after a little study; they lie on the surface. But there are deeper and more obscure modifications of thought and form than those which can be laid bare by any study of race or age or environment; modifications and changes in the very structure of thought, which give a new direction to feeling, and a new color to sentiment, which enlarge the whole intellectual life by a process of expansion as unconscious and invisible as the process of fertilization by which the soil receives into itself the luminous life of the sky. Has it not been a strange oversight in the study of literature, which has become an almost universal passion in our time, that while the river courses and the mountain ranges have been traced and located with precision, observers have taken little thought of those overhanging heavens which are as much a part of every landscape as running stream and everlasting hill?

"Without the upper firmament the lower firmament would be but half a world,—a world of completed structure and form, but without light or color or life. This upper sky of spiritual truth, ideal, and relationship, is too often left out of account in our surveys of the

field of literature, and yet it is this spiritual element which adds immeasurably to the complexity and variety no less than to the wealth and power of modern books.' Surely, more than any other poet of this century, I may add, Browning stands for this.

"Let us turn for a moment to his works. Who again, in our time at least, will give us such types as Balaustion, Caponsacchi, Luria, Cleon, Saul, Strafford, Paracelsus, and a hundred others? I think that character of Pompilia in 'The Ring and the Book,' 'little Pompilia with the patient eyes,' so tenderly drawn, so artistic, so significant of all that is Christianly beautiful in this world, has its parallel nowhere in literature. Never to my thinking has Dante, never Shakespeare or Euripides, so limned a woman. She is but one of a score or two. What a world of heroes and cavaliers, great soldiers, painters, poets, and saints, priests and captains, he has given us! How world-wide is his study of life! Now that no more of them will come to us, we may well think of them.

"Why is Browning hard reading at times? Largely because, like Dante, like Shakespeare, like the Greek tragedians, like all great artists of whatever craft, their plummet sinks as deep as life itself.

"Only so much as I have *lived*, borne, suffered, conquered, experienced in time—only so much as I have lived can I read. If God have brought us no storm of passion, no vast, sunny hopes, no great doubts or defeats, no sorrow that has changed the world, making it but a round in a ladder, no tragedy of pain, no serene calm of victory, there is no real reading at all.

"The great poets exist for those who have lived, and the incense of their healing and teaching fills the earth. We do not have Kindergarten editions of Dante.

"What poet of our literature has ever touched so luminously on art? Who has so insisted on the life of the soul, its immortality, and that that immortality is of achievement rather than inheritance? Who has so spoken to us of love? What splendor of vision, what nobility of purpose! What tremendous insistence is his on the power of choice! How he lifts us over our failure, how he inspires us to conquest! How the spiritual life looms and glows under his touch! How under his lead our life here correlates with the life to come, so that we too may say with this poet of art, of love, of the spiritual life, this nineteenth century poet of immortality, now that men call him dead of whom there is so little to die, we, too, may say,—

"'No work begun shall ever pause for death!
Love will be helpful to me more and more,
I' the coming course, the new path I must tread,
My weak hand in thy strong hand, strong for that.'"

MR. TALCOTT WILLIAMS.—“Last July I sat talking with Robert Browning. He was sitting in his London house; behind him stood the bust of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; before it, at each of my visits, a single white carnation, daily renewed; before him on his table were spread the books which almost every mail brought to his hands. Picking up a volume of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, he said, that of all the poetry of the decade, there was none which to him seemed better. Then, throwing out his hands, with a single quick gesture, as though there were spread before him the thirty volumes which were his tribute to literature, he said, ‘Whatever men say of my work, the whole body of my work, whether they speak of it well or ill, or whatever they may say, as I look back upon it, I know it is the best I can do. I have scamped no verse; I have used on my work what powers I have to make it perfect. Such as it is, I have given it all, I have spared nothing, I have neglected nothing.’ Remembering these words to-night, in the light of funeral tapers, which cast their rays upon the past, and have for the future no light,—to me, as I know to you, these words seem like, ‘I have fought the good fight; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of immortality.’ It was to me inspiring and invigorating to hear and to feel that the man whom we all loved had practised what his verse had preached.

“‘I feel very humble,’ he said, ‘I feel very humble when I think of other men who, like Charles Lamb, have been forced to support themselves while they produced. When I think of that man working day after day to support himself and his sister, and writing besides, I wonder—I wonder if I should have ever produced anything, if I had been forced to that stress of circumstances. You know,’ he said, as if he took it for granted that his life had already become a part of the world’s heritage, ‘I was born in easy circumstances. I could travel, I could study, I had no need to think of the pecuniary profit of the publisher. If I had [with a faint smile] many of my earlier poems would never have appeared.’

“I ventured to suggest that the soil of abundant leisure did not always blossom and bear fruit abundantly. ‘It has its temptations,’ he replied. ‘The temptation of now and to-day for every man of cultivation is to enjoy what has been produced. Especially, if his work at the first [I knew, then, he was thinking of his own earlier days]—especially, if, at first, his work is met with little attention and less praise. The temptation is almost irresistible to drop his own work and say, “Why should I add to the great wealth which the world already has? Life will be too short for me to read the books which I can enjoy. Why should I pass my days in writing what no

one reads?" But the day will come, the fatal day, when he will wake up and look back and see that life has gone and he has done nothing with the powers that are given him. 'I have known men,' said Browning, 'who felt that bitter sorrow; and I early resolved that my years should be given to work.'

"Now that we stand where we can sum up the results of his life, I feel that these lessons are the full moral of the personal life of Robert Browning,—the resolution which gave to every line its full measure of worth; the resistance to temptation which prevented him from yielding to the abundant leisure with which he was endowed; and the determination that his powers should be fully employed. We all know his work. We mistake greatly if we seek to pass beyond the message to the messenger. While 'hearts are hearts And poetry is power,' we should respect the secrets of the one while we enjoy the privileges of the other. Over his grave in this gossip-loving century there will rise the cloud of rumor and gossip which has hung over every grave in which genius is laid. But for us, I trust, it is enough to have his work, to love it, and let him and his soul, 'like a star, beacon in where the immortals are.' This is our duty. We should be as unwise as the men who melted down the bronzes of marvellous workmanship to know what metal the smelter used, if we acted differently. For the personal grief which each of us must feel, I know that no words of mine will affect you like the lines which I will read, lines written upon the morning which brought sorrow to the English race, when fame was richer by a poet and earth poorer by a man."

Mr. Williams then read Miss Pendleton's poem, "Salve" (in *POET-LORE* for December, 1889).

PROFESSOR F. E. SCHELLING.—"This is not an occasion when it becomes us to utter a word of disparagement. You have heard it said that there are two camps of opinion as to Browning; I am in the other camp. But that Browning is a great man, I, too, believe. If this meeting had been held only for the purpose of—and it were needful—canonizing Robert Browning, I would humbly beg to take the position of devil's advocate. But canonization in this case is unnecessary. The man was a noble man, who has left us before he had done all he could to make this world a place worth living in. Nor am I in the other camp because I am opposed to such genius and such philosophy as his, but I am opposed to his violation of those canons of art, those principles which I believe are as eternal as the rocks themselves.

"In estimating what Robert Browning has done, there are many intelligent people who are, all of them, in favor of this great man, who esteem him a poet. It does not become me to say any more than what is my position in this matter. Philosophy is philosophy, poetry is poetry, and the mingling of the two is a dangerous thing, in which no less a man than Alexander Pope was not successful. Our age is a scientific one,—it is worse, the faith of the past is fading, unfortunately. Robert Browning is a transcendentalist in the true sense of that word. I love him truly when he has vouchsafed to be a poet, which is rarely. In regard to his position as an ethical teacher, and as a leader to more exalted work, there, too, I trust I may be considered a Browningite."

THE LIBRARY.

HAMILTON, HENRY.—"Virgil's *Æneid*. The first six books translated into English rhyme." G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London, 1889.

THERE is much deserving of praise in this translation,—especially in the descriptive parts,—written in English heroic verse, which seems to be the only form sanctioned by custom for translations from the classics,—*i.e.*, the epics. The propriety of this choice is open to grave doubts. Even the skill of Pope and Dryden failed to keep the heroic rhyme from growing monotonous, the former in his "*Iliad*," the latter in his "*Æneis*." English blank verse treated with the metrical freedom that Milton uses would surely give better results, as it may be made to conform more closely in structure than any other English verse to the classic hexameter, and is free from the constant monotony of recurring rhymes. Mr. Hamilton, with the design of avoiding this monotony, has ventured on the bold experiment of varying the forms of his verse. We regret to say that we do not think his procedure judicious, because the translator, having chosen the form that he designs to use as the *equivalent* or *representative* of his original, should never depart from it, unless for the purpose of representing like departures in the original. But even granting the translator

the privilege of changing the verse, Mr. Hamilton has not been always fortunate in the verse he has chosen; for example, if the reader will compare the following quotation from the reply of Eolus to Juno (Book I.) with the corresponding version in Dryden, or even in the affectedly archaic translation of William Morris, he cannot fail to perceive how much more dignity the passage possesses in either of these forms than in the "lilting" anapæstic trimeter that the author has chosen:

Hamilton.—"It is thine, gracious queen, to ordain;
To obey thy request is my right," etc.

Dryden.—"To this the god,—'Tis yours, O queen, to will,
The works which duty binds me to fulfil," etc.

Morris.—"To whom spake Eolus, O queen, to search out thy desire
Is all thou needest toil herein; from me the deed should wend."

It may seem ungracious to point out minor blemishes, but when an author undertakes such a work, he challenges comparison with all who have preceded him.

It is hard to understand why an author, whose verse is for the greater part so well constructed, should write some of the lines—or rhymes—that follow:

"And her purpureal hair breathed forth *ambrosia* sweet."

Ambrosia was the *food* of the gods! It is as though one should write of the cook,—*"She shook beefsteaks from her horrent hair,"* when he simply meant the odor of beef. The original has "*ambrosiæque . . . odorem.*"

The use of the term "silver plate," in the following line from the description of Dido's supper to Æneas, falls very flat:

"A mass of silver plate affords its sheen
To serve the tables and to grace the scene."

Besides, the *plate* can hardly be said to "*serve*" the table; this is the work of the servants.

In the following couplet the awkward repetition of "her," at the end of the second line, is, to say the least, indefensible, even for the sake of the rhyme:

"Her care returns, the cruel Juno galls her,
And to her side her winged boy she calls *her*."

What is meant by "A harbor *badly* safe for keels?"

In Achemenides's recital of his escape from the den of the Cyclops, the following lines occur, which are neither good English nor a correct rendering of the original:

"The Cyclops towers in gigantic glory
And storms the starry sky.
Within his tremorous den,
With scowling frontal or with grim division,
He feeds on helpless men.
I saw him crackle in his jaws rapacious
Two of my comrades' bones.
I saw him stretched at ease their members grinding
Their bleeding limbs yet quivering with breath."

"Two-of-my-comrades'" is rather a cumbrous possessive, unless it means that the monster only crackled two bones, at the same time that he "ground" their "members," while their "limbs" quivered with breath, a function of the limbs that the physiologists have failed to discover.

In the fourth book—the passion of Dido—the verse when Dido speaks reminds one very strongly of the jingle called "Skeltonian verse." On comparing this version with the parallel version of Dryden, we cannot fail to see that the dignity has evaporated, and that the grief, perplexity, and irresolution of the great queen of Carthage are almost if not altogether travestied; for example,—

"But of torches and nuptials I tire
And unhappy Sychaeus revere,
Yet I own that I feel the old fire
And this hero alone seems his peer;
But may Earth open under, or Jove's mighty thunder
My shade hurl to Erebus' gloom,
Ere my soul shall find cause to break modesty's laws,
For my heart's in a Tyrian tomb."

Still more "Skeltonian" is the address of Hermes to the sleeping Æneas,—

"O chief goddess born, at such moment forlorn,
Can you sleep in the presence of death?
Infatuate yet, see what dangers beset,
And list to the zephyr's kind breath."

Near the end of this speech occur the following lines:

"Soon the blaze on her shores, and her ships and her oars
Will the main matutinal assail."

What is a "main matutinal?"

We have essayed in vain to get at the meaning of the following lines:

"O armor, that hollowly mimic (*sic*)
The hollow-heart Phrygian chief
To Dido once dear when the fates held him here,
Take my life and from woe give relief."

Armor is a noun, singular person; mimic is a verb, plural; "hollow-heart" is an adjective and noun combined, and, as the noun comes last, cannot be used as an adjective to "chief." Does Dido ask the armor to take her life? According to the original, Dido throws herself on a couch, where some forgotten garments of Æneas are lying, and merely expresses a wish to die resting on them.

There are a few small blemishes that might be pointed out, such as making "vagrants" and "fragrance" or "harm me" and "army" rhyme; also the use of such manufactured adjectives as "Beamy" javelin or "Grovy" bowers or "Brambly" bush or "herby" venom. We cannot help thinking that, if Mr. Hamilton had written the whole work in heroic verse as good as the greater part of his translation is, the result would be a version of the "Æneid" that would compare more than favorably with any other in existence.

Hugh A. Clarke.

TIMMINS, SAM: F.S.A.—"A History of Warwickshire." Elliot Stock: London, 1889.

HERE is a splendid history of Shakespeare's county by the man who is of all men best fitted to write it. Mr. Timmins needs no introduction to Shakespearian scholars anywhere; every one knows his "Devonshire Hamlets," and every one knows that he has done more

than any other single man to found and to complete the memorial library of Shakespeariana at Birmingham. We must count ourselves a hundred times fortunate that this man, the learned and enthusiastic trustee of the birthplace at Stratford, who knows every inch of ground in Warwickshire, was chosen to add the story of his native shire to the series of "Popular County Histories."

John Richard Green, in the last chapter of history he ever composed, wrote this suggestive sentence: "It is not without significance that the highest type of the race, the one Englishman who has combined in their largest measure the mobility and fancy of the Celt with the depth and energy of the Teutonic temper, was born on the old Welsh and English borderland *in the forest of Arden*." This great question of the race-connections of Shakespeare has nowhere been more skilfully and accurately discussed than by T. Spencer Baynes, who, in his article on Shakespeare, in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica,"—an article which some publisher would do well to reprint as a study upon "the making of Shakespeare,"—has considered all the home influences and surroundings that must have played a part in the story of the poet's life.

Warwickshire is the county of Shakespeare and Landor and George Eliot. Addison's "chestnut walk" is there, at Bilton, and thence came "Sylvanus Urban," and the translator of Dante. Philemon Holland, who translated the whole of Livy with one pen (*not* one of Gillott's), was a Warwickshire worthy, and so was that monster of Greek erudition Dr. Samuel Parr. From Rugby and Dr. Arnold emanated some of the most potent literary impulses and most impeccable literary performances of this century: *Qua cursum ventus*, and the "Bothie" hexameters first breathing their notes there.

Mr. Timmins bows kindly to the antiquarians and geologists and folk-lorists. He tells them enough, and tells it with surprising grace,—gilding the pale themes with heavenly alchemy,—about legends and topography and physiography and zoölogy and archæology, etc., and then evidently with "one long sigh of infinite release from pedantries past, present, and to come," he turns to Shakespeare and to Drayton and to Burbage, and to Warwick and Kenilworth castles and the fortified manor-houses, and to curiosities

of dialect, and to sepulchral brasses still radiant with historic light and aglow with literary associations.

The reader is taken in Stratford from the Henley Street house, both dwelling and shop, to the fine old Guildhall, and long, rambling grammar-school, to the church and grave of the poet. He is made to know all that Warwickshire has done for Shakespeare; the memorial theatre and library, gift of munificent Mr. Flower; the museum in the birthplace jealously guarded by Mr. Savage, and Mr. Skipsey, the "poet of the collieries;" and the magnificent special library in Birmingham, numbering nine thousand volumes, catalogued by the scholarly and unwearied librarian, Mr. J. D. Mullins, and made possible by the zeal and public spirit of Mr. Timmins himself.

In Warwick, the historian notes the fine old quadrangle of Leicester's Hospital, and in St. Mary's church the great tomb of Beauchamp (the finest in the kingdom), and the humbler tomb of Sir Fulke Greville, with its proud legend, "*Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney.*" In North Warwickshire, in the neighborhood of Nuneaton, Mr. Timmins identifies the places and people of George Eliot's novels, in a manner and with a fulness new doubtless to many who think themselves familiar with "*Adam Bede*" and "*Silas Marner*."

The dialect of Shakespeare's county, "the heart of England," has not yet been studied with the completeness of more fortunate shires. Leicestershire has had its words and phrases collected and studied by Dr. Sebastian Evans. Shropshire has been adroitly and successfully investigated by Miss Jackson, but only one attempt has been made to prepare a Warwickshire glossary. Mr. Timmins, in the present volume, gives several pages of peculiar Warwickshire words, and the list might be greatly extended. His authorities are Wise and Sharp and Mrs. Francis. The words are in most cases not peculiar to Warwick, but common to several counties, neither is Mr. Wise's list at all complete when so significant a Shakespearian word as "*Springles*" (*cf.* "*Springes*" in "*Hamlet*") is omitted.

Albert H. Smyth.

NOTES AND NEWS.



THE bodily part of Robert Browning was interred with every circumstance of ecclesiastical pomp and civic honor, on Tuesday, December 31, a foggy, gloomy day, in the Poets' Corner in the south transept of Westminster Abbey; the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean and Canons of Westminster officiating, and the Abbey filled with a world of friends and admirers. After the processional music, the reading of the lesson, and Wesley's anthem, "We All Go to Our Place," and a hymn, "Meditation," were sung, Mrs. Browning's poem, "He Giveth his Beloved Sleep," was sung to special music by Bridges. The same poem was simply recited by Mr. Browning himself above the open grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, at her burial on that June day, in Florence, twenty-eight years ago. The contrast is striking. It was Browning's wish to be buried beside his wife in the old cemetery at Florence; but, as this was not to be allowed, his son acceded to the request of Dean Bradley, supported by a host of eminent names in contemporary literature, that he should be buried at Westminster, and so Elizabeth Barrett Browning rests in Italy, and her husband in the Abbey. This may not, in point of hard fact, matter much, but, in another light, it seems an ill-bred and untoward ordering of events.

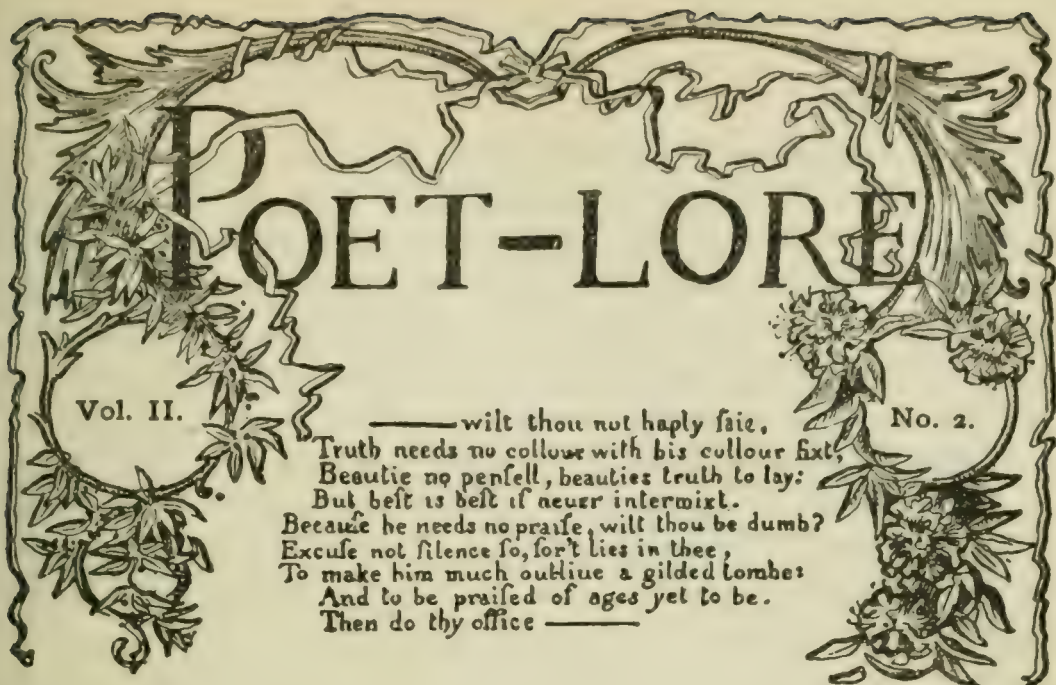
The kindly spirit of Robert Browning would have appreciated to the full, in so far as they were significant, the late honors done him in the name of his kindred, the English people; yet, if ghosts could walk and have their will, we can imagine his disdainful spirit following the whim he expressed in "De Gustibus," if he could get his head from out of the mouth o' the grave, and loose the spirit's bands, to leave the rubbish of the ages in the northern Abbey, its empty regalities and conventionalities, and come "again to the land of lands, Italy, my Italy."

— DR. M. W. EASTON sends us a translation of a story found in a collection of Persian anecdotes. He writes us that he has made the translation as literally as the genius of the English will permit. Our readers will find it one of the Oriental versions of the bond story which Shakespeare made use of in "The Merchant of Venice."

"A certain person agreed that, if he failed to win a certain game, his opponent should cut off one pound of flesh from his body. As he lost the game, the payment of the wager was demanded; he refused to carry out the contract. Both of them came before a judge, who said to the plaintiff, 'Let him go free.' The plaintiff would not consent. The judge fell into a rage, and ordered, 'Cut away, but if you cut even a small portion more than a pound, I shall inflict punishment upon you.' The plaintiff, not being able to do this as ordered, and having no remedy, let the loser go free."

— A CURIOUS play bill of "Hamlet" of the year 1778 is in the possession of Wilhelm Creizenach, who gives it in the new German literary journal. The attractions of play and actor are presented in a manner which can suggest only the modern circus bill. It runs thus:

"'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark; or, the play within a play.' Now, cries the knowing one to old and young. Hearken! Hearken to-day to Hamlet's 'pithy sayings!' But be all—all attention! that you may lose none of the beauties by intolerable bustle. N.B.—The three players in the little play are extra actors: Madam Gödel will appear to-day in the *rôle* of Ophelia, one of the greatest triumphs of the dramatic art; Herr Gödel will add to the attractions by his masterly rendering of the part of Hamlet; also the director (Ilgener), in the difficult *rôle* of the Ghost, will strive to show himself not unworthy of the applause of a friendly public. Oh, most praiseworthy public! Come and see! that you may discover what a difference it makes when 'Hamlet' is played by real actors, not by bunglers, and the costumes and decorations are faithfully observed."



— wilt thou not haply saie,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
But best is best if neuer intermixt.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
To make him much outliue a gilded tombe:
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office —

No. 2.

THE RELATION OF ENGLISH TO GERMAN LITERATURE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

PART I.

WHEN the founders of the English nation left their continental homes, they parted company in good earnest. Transplanting their German heritage of language, customs, and laws on British soil, they developed a culture, German in spirit, but as independent as was the political structure which they reared. The literature which in course of time sprang up in England grew from native roots.

The Norman conquest with its results brought the Saxons in close touch with a people that spoke one of the Romance tongues, an event which told both on the language and the letters of the conquered. Conflicts and peaceful intercourse with other nations established an active interchange of ideas in many directions, but in Chaucer and in Shakespeare we are reminded much more of Italy than of Germany.

In short, during the thousand years which followed the settle-

ment of England by the Angles and the Saxons, there are only faint and sporadic indications of literary intercourse with Germany. A few Anglo-Saxon poems show traces of dependence on continental Old Saxon types. The Bible dramas of the Middle Ages (miracle plays, mysteries, etc.) do not come into consideration, as they were an international feature of Christian church festivals, not confined to England and Germany.

With the Reformation much of its literature found its way to England, but as an exponent of religious thought it bears rather upon the history of religion than upon that of literature. The only contributions which may be claimed for the latter are German hymns, which were translated or followed as models.

Of religious rather than of literary interest are, also, the writings of German mystics (eminently Jacob Böhme), which had no little influence on English dissenters during the seventeenth century; while, on the other hand, the strange effusions of Jane Leade and Dr. Pordage, both of London, were as eagerly read in Germany as in England. An English translation of Sebastian Brant's famous "*Narrenschiff*" appeared in London in 1509, but, being made after a French version, can hardly be adduced as evidence of familiarity with German authors.

A real sensation was made by a German book in England about a century later, the story of Dr. Faustus the sorcerer. Very soon after its publication, in the year 1587, it attracted the dramatic genius of Christopher Marlowe. At about the same period Germany was visited by a company of English actors, "practising their profession by performing of music, feats of agility, and games of comedies, tragedies, and histories." Re-inforced by native actors, they played at the courts of Brunswick and Cassel, and extended their tour to Frankfort, Dresden, Berlin, and other places. In some shape, not accurately known, several dramas of Shakespeare appear to have been brought out. But it is highly probable that they were mutilated and disfigured to suit the prevalent taste. Two German playwrights, Henry Julius, Duke of Brunswick, and Jacob Ayrrer, of Nuremberg, followed in the wake of the English comedians, without, however, rivalling them in grossness. A feature of questionable

value was at this time ingrafted on the German comedy, the clown, who, for about a century, under various names,—Jan Posset, Pickelhering, Hans Wurst,—amused the public with antics and vulgar jests, until Professor Gottsched, of Leipsic, suppressed him. It may be owing, also, to the presence of the English comedians, that feeble versions of the “Taming of the Shrew,” and of the interlude in the “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” made their appearance somewhat later in the seventeenth century, but Shakespeare’s name was never mentioned. It was a dreary time. While England had her Milton, France her Racine, Molière, and others, Germany, stricken down by the Thirty Years’ War, was not in a condition to produce great poets. The only forms in which depth of feeling found adequate expression were hymns and satires! Hence, at the threshold of the eighteenth century Germany was not the match of England in its literature. In England the great luminaries of poetry had, during the past, followed upon each other closely enough to allow no break. Spenser stood between Chaucer and Shakespeare, Milton between the latter and Dryden. With Germany it was far different. The line of succession was completely broken. No poet of commanding greatness had arisen since the time of the *Minnesänger*, a period of more than four hundred years.

There had been starts and currents and reforms and schools; the language had been eminently benefited by Luther; theologians, philosophers, and other clever heads had distinguished themselves in their respective spheres; but we look in vain for a single man of abiding power and fascination.

Again, in England, literature was recognized as a power, thanks to Dryden. Prominent writers associated with statesmen and now and then took a hand in the public service. They were rewarded or punished, coaxed or dreaded, by political parties; even the muses took sides with Whig or Tory. In Germany, occupation with literature was, up to the time of Lessing, hardly more than a diversion, and gave no standing.

The array of talent which England displayed at the opening of the eighteenth century, though not justifying the name of Augustan era, was remarkable, and stood in striking contrast to the poverty

of Germany. A Leibnitz lifted from his countrymen the reproach of intellectual degeneracy; but German literature has no claim upon him, as he wrote his works in French and in Latin. And so we find, on the one side, writers like Steele, Addison, Pope, and Swift; on the other, names recorded on the tombstones of histories of literature, but forgotten by the people. There, the tidal wave which had set in after the Restoration continued with growing breadth and volume; here, belles-lettres were at a low ebb, with no prospect of a change. Had a prophet foretold that before the close of the century German literature should outstrip that of France and England, he would have found no believers.

Different as was the general aspect of German and English literature at the period under consideration, they had one characteristic in common: both bowed to French ascendancy, though by no means equally low.

In England, Gallomania had sprung up with the Restoration. Numerous political exiles, of the higher classes, who had chosen France as a place of refuge, returned, dazzled by the lustre of French writers, and did their best to correct English heaviness by French grace, vivacity, and *esprit*. This wave of French influence controlled for half a century both poetry and prose, giving to poetry finish, brilliancy, and wit at the expense of truth, depth, and power; to prose, grace, airiness, and a persuasive superficiality in the treatment of serious questions. But the national character of English literature was too deeply grounded to be overborne or permanently biased by this flirtation with *la belle France*. The artificial style of poetry which culminated in Pope went rapidly into decline, and whatever element of French origin the prose of Addison and Johnson may betray, it was happily alloyed with English metal, and can hardly be considered a blemish.

In Germany, on the other hand, there was no literature of native growth to counterbalance the admitted superiority of French classicism. The decadence of poetry was of long standing; language itself had no recognized standard. Scholars who had important things to say wrote in Latin; the higher classes, from the courts downward, preferred French to their own vernacular. During the

seventeenth century Martin Opitz had undertaken to raise order from the chaos in his book, "Von der deutschen Poeterey," where he laid down principles and rules fortified by examples. A hundred years later, J. Ch. Gottsched set himself the same task. Unfortunately, both men, though of strong intellect and excellent intentions, undertook to reform poetry *invita Minerva*. They lacked power, imagination, originality. Gottsched has been held up to posterity, thanks to Lessing and Goethe, as the type of an obstructive pedant, and one of the reproaches heaped upon him is that of acute Gallo-mania. In recent times he has been more tenderly judged. It is true he was a benighted conservative, so hoodwinked by the narrow rules he had evolved, and, moreover, so void of genuine poetical sentiment, that he mistook the dawn of the coming day for a fearful conflagration which he must quench. But he had really the improvement of German letters at heart. No one can question this, after reading what Frl. Louisa Adelgunde Victoria Kulmus, soon to be Mrs. Gottsched, wrote to him in 1730. The following passage from her letter will, at the same time, throw light on the position assigned to German by "respectable" people. She says: "You do not want me to write to you in French; you say it is unpardonable to write in a foreign language better than in one's own. My teachers assured me that German letters were altogether vulgar; that all well-bred people write in French. I do not know what inclines me to believe you more than them, but this I know: I am now resolved always to write in German."

About that time Gottsched assumed the professorship of poetry—philosophy was superadded later—at the University of Leipsic, and for more than thirty years he engaged in very active literary life. Honestly wishing to raise the standard of German literature, he could find no better models of propriety, elegance, and loftiness than the French writers of the time of Louis XIV. He gave them the preference, not because they were French, but because he thought, as nearly all Europe did, that they were the best. He was not exclusive, either; in a burst of confidence he tells the readers of his "Kritische Dichtkunst," that he culled the rules of his work from Aristotle, Horace, Longinus, Scaliger, Boileau, Bossuet, Dacier,

Perrault, Bonhours, Fénelon, Saint-Évremond, Fontenelle, La Motte, Corneille, Racine, Des Callières, Furetière, Shaftesbury, Addison, Steele, Castelvetro, Muralt, and Voltaire. The French, of course, got the lion's share, and the three Englishmen who found grace, probably owed their good fortune to their French leanings. It was Addison's "Cato," an English fabric made on a French loom, that Gottsched adapted to the German stage, compounding it with a French play on the same subject by Des Camps, and throwing in his own improvements. "The French," he remarks, "are, in the observance of Aristotle's rules, far ahead of the English." The metre of Gottsched's "Cato," by the way, was the French Alexandrine, which, since the time of Opitz, had become the regulation verse of the drama, the epic, and many other kinds of composition.

The choice of Addison's "Cato" was nevertheless a significant fact. The eyes of the Germans that had so long been peering across the Rhine began to look across the Channel; we soon shall see how much they found there.

The first growth on British soil that attracted attention, and was deemed worthy of cultivation in Germany, was the entertaining and instructive periodicals, such as the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. In Germany the *Moral Weekly* was as much a novelty as it was in England, and became wonderfully popular; every town wanted to have one. The *Tatler* came to life in 1709, the *Spectator* in 1711. In 1713 Hamburg, an open port not only to English wares but also to English ideas, started the *Vernünfftler* and a few years later *Die lustige Fama*. From that time up to 1761 there were born and died in Germany not less than one hundred and eighty-two moral weeklies, but none of them has, like the *Spectator*, been canonized as classical; they were devoted to popular instruction, morality, and literary criticism. The latter object was a leading one in Bodmer and Breitinger's *Discourse der Maler*, which appeared in Zurich from 1721-1723. It was the pioneer of the many periodicals that discussed first principles, questions of literary composition, taste, etc.

Gottsched himself edited (1725 and 1726) *Die vernünftigen Tadelrinnen*, in 1727, *Der Biedermann*, followed by others that were

entirely devoted to literature, learning, and art. The writers who cut adrift from Gottsched's imperious sway contributed to the *Belustigungen des Verstandes und des Witzes*, which appeared in Leipsic somewhat later. In addition to homespun weeklies even importations found favor, the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian* being appropriated in German; as late as 1780 the weekly *World*, by Adam FitzAdam, appeared in a translation. It was through these weeklies that a fuller knowledge of foreign literature, especially French and English, became widely diffused.

Pope attracted much attention in Germany. Admittedly the most illustrious poet of his time in England, and impressive through the dash and glitter of his language, he gained in Germany a host of admirers, though it may be questioned whether his influence was at all commensurate with his fame. His topics—excepting the “Essay on Man” and his translations from the classics—were specifically English, reflecting London society and the political and literary animosities of the period. Nevertheless, there was much demand for Pope. Gottsched informs us that his works were “in everybody’s hands.” Two translations in prose of his collected works appeared, a very poor one in five volumes, by J. J. Dusch, in 1758, and another in thirteen volumes, 1783–85, besides an English reprint in ten volumes, which was published in Berlin in 1764. The “Essay on Man” and the “Letter of Eloise to Abelard” were repeatedly translated. Mrs. Gottsched put the “Rape of the Lock” into German verse (1744). Herder held a high opinion of Pope, but objected to his “Eloise” as slanderous to the lady. Kant, it is said, used to quote lines of Pope’s poetry. An evidence of the high regard for Pope in Germany was the action of the Berlin Academy. It proposed, as subject for a prize essay, Pope’s philosophical system embodied in his “Essay on Man.” Thereupon Lessing and Mendelssohn, without competing for the prize, wrote jointly a paper (1755), “Pope a Metaphysician!” The peculiar punctuation sufficiently indicates what conclusion they had arrived at; they show, very much on the same grounds that De Quincey took, why poetry and metaphysics are incompatible. The “Dunciad” was the occasion for a scurrilous pamphlet directed against

Gottsched and his school, anonymously published under the title "*Ankündigung einer deutschen Dunciade.*" The autocrat, whose throne was then already tottering, thought the assault came from Lessing, but he was mistaken: Wieland had dealt the blow. Pope's translation of Homer, which paid him so well in reputation and money, was, of course, no article for a foreign market. A lucky escape. Divested of all his subduing beauty, antique grandeur, and native simplicity, the old poet has in the translation become emphatically a Pope's Homer, in phrase, metre, and garnish, a proper companion to the "*Rape of the Lock*" in everything, but the mere story a caricature of the original.

Dean Swift's writings were, still more than those of Pope, confined to affairs which, however important to England or to himself, could interest only a choice circle of readers abroad. Only "*Gulliver's Travels*" became popular in Germany: it need not be said that it was the fantastic tale itself, not its satirical scope, that delighted young and old. Herder's broad mind took, however, the measure of the whole man; he held Swift in high esteem as the champion of right and justice, as a practical reformer and patriot. Herder felt in his own nature something akin to Swift; he, too, was a growler, though too refined to lay on the lash after Swift's fashion. Swift's satire could not but remain an exotic in Germany; it was the offspring of State and Church, as they existed in England, and it drew its breath of life from British liberty. In Germany, political and ecclesiastical institutions differed *in toto* from those in England; as to the liberty of the press, that did not exist. A translation of Swift's writings appeared in 1756. It really seemed as if it made little difference whether an English work was adapted to Germany or not, as long as the writer enjoyed fame or popularity in his own country, so indiscriminate was the importation of English articles. What particular concern could Germans have with Butler's "*Hudibras*," which Bodmer translated in 1737?

The change that came over the spirit of English poetry after the close of Pope's career manifested itself most strikingly in its attitude to Nature. The feelings awakened by the beauty, harmony, and grandeur of the world around us could find no worthy utter-

ance in the artificial style of poetry, which was clogged with naiads, dryads, swains, and all sorts of classical reminiscences. James Thomson and his followers were better observers and warmer delineators of Nature: they, also, dismissed the seesaw couplet, and used in its place the easy grace of the blank verse. Quite a similar change for the better, German poetry underwent about the same time. The first work of the kind that honestly tried to draw Nature after Nature is Brockes's "*Irdisches Vergnügen in Gott*." Its first volume appeared in 1721, four years before Thomson's "*Winter*," and, therefore, could not have been prompted by it.

Brockes's didactic, which was published in nine instalments from 1721-1744, does not favorably compare in delicacy and taste with Thomson's "*Seasons*;" it is encumbered with too much natural history, and its incessant prying into the Creator's designs becomes obtrusive: the more poetical portions are those which, in the form of arias, cantatas, etc., were adapted to music and accompanied by a quartette score. In 1745, Brockes published Thomson's "*Seasons*" in German as an appendix to his own work. Other translations followed, and several editions of the original. Also Thomson's tragedies "*Sophonisbe*" and "*Agamemnon*" appeared in a translation (1756), to which Lessing wrote a commendatory preface. Lessing spoke very highly of Thomson's poetical gifts; he appears to have preferred the "*Castle of Indolence*" to all his other poems.

More grave than picturesque in his delineations of Nature was Haller, the great physiologist and botanist. He had been in England and admired the force and conciseness of English poetry. In his lyrics a warm feeling finds easy and natural utterance, but the most notable of his poems is his didactic poem on the Alps, published in 1732. Haller was a native of Switzerland, and familiar by his own observation with the grand scenery that he chose for his theme. It is likely enough that he knew Thomson's "*Seasons*," though his subject and style only faintly remind one of them. A part of "*The Alps*" was translated into English by Mrs. Howard in 1793; his Oriental story "*Usong*" was honored in the same way soon after it appeared (1772).

The most popular of all descriptive German poems of the last century was Kleist's "Frühling" (1749). It is less solemn and more sentimental than Haller's "Alps," unquestionably prompted by Thomson's poem on the same subject, without being an imitation. Kleist depended on his own impressions, and also chose his own verse, the ancient hexameter, with a syllable added at the beginning of the line.

Of English prose works, none acquired so rapid and pronounced a popularity as Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." Five editions of the translation were sold in 1720, a year after the original appeared: more than this, Defoe's fascinating work was followed by a host of imitations, the so-called "Robinsonaden," while the excellent German novel of adventure, "Simplicius Simplicissimus," by Grimmelshausen (1668), had failed to become a pattern.

The worthy J. H. Campe cleverly reconstructed Defoe's story as an aid to education, and his "Robinson" has for more than a century remained the delight of the little ones. But Robinson's adventures were, after all, of an exceptional kind; more strongly were the chords of sympathy touched by pictures that came nearer home, by those stories which dwelt upon the joys and sorrows, hardships and rewards, struggles and triumphs of every-day life. On this field, also, England has set the example, and Samuel Richardson was the wizard who could persuade people to cry for a pastime. Not for England only was Richardson the pioneer of a new class of novel writers: he likewise turned the tide in Germany. Until then, ventures and *escapadoes* of great heroes in distant times and climes, told in pompous and wearisome language, had formed the staple article of fiction; now it was discovered that the world at one's elbow teemed with interest and the human heart was brimful of thrilling events.

"Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Sir Charles Grandison" made fast friends in Germany. Klopstock's wife, who was a correspondent of Richardson, writes in her own English, "Having finished your 'Clarissa' (O, the heavenly book!), I would have prayed you to write the history of a *manly* Clarissa, but I had not courage enough at that time. You have since written the history of the

manly Clarissa without my prayer. O, you have done it to the great joy and thanks of your happy readers. Now you can write no more, you must write the history of an angel."

Professor Gellert, in Leipsic, the most popular poet of his time, the idol of all good souls, used to recommend, in his University lectures, the novels of Richardson as an aid to virtue. Pathetically he declared that he had wept over "Clarissa" and "Grandison" in memorable hours, thanks to thee, oh, Richardson, even now. He intended to translate "Charles Grandison," but changed his mind and wrote a novel of his own, "The Life of the Swedish Countess of G.," in the same vein, as he thought. Unfortunately, it turned out to be a flat and tedious story. The numerous imitations of Richardson's manner, Musäus ridiculed in a burlesque "Grandison the Second." Nevertheless, he maintained his popularity with the Germans throughout the century. In 1796 the famous artist Chodowiecky made a set of twenty-four copperplate engravings representing Clarissa's trials.

By and by, Fielding, Smollet, and Sterne arrived in Germany, with many others of less note. In fact, translating was so much overdone that Lessing earnestly protested. "Because," he says, "Richardson and Fielding have prepossessed us in favor of English novels, is it the proper thing to foist upon us all trash written in that language?"

Sterne's humor was fully understood and appreciated in Germany. "The Sentimental Journey" was translated in the same year that the original appeared, and it was on this occasion that the German word *empfindsam* (sentimental) was coined by Lessing, who had been consulted about a proper rendering. "Tristram Shandy," the "Sermons," and the "Letters to Eliza" were translated between 1771 and 1774. Sterne's sparkling humor, broad license, mannerism, and his way of parading the writer's personality and moods, can be readily traced in numerous German writers that were influenced by him. Some were downright imitators, like Thümmel—"Reise in die mittäglichen Provinzen von Frankreich," 1785, Hermes—"Sophia's Reise von Memel nach Sachsen," 1769-1773, Schummel—"Empfindsame Reisen durch Deutschland," 1770-1772; more indepen-

dent, but still savoring of Sterne, is Hippel's "Lebensläufe nach absteigender Linie." All those piquant accounts of travel from Goethe's "Briefe aus der Schweiz" to Heine's "Reisebilder" have a shade of Sterne. An enthusiastic admirer of Sterne was Wieland. "Tristram Shandy," he says, "I shall read as long as I live, and that is not long enough." He has only superlatives for the charms of the book. In the "Abderiten" and other stories there is evidently some spice of Sterne's humor, though that of Wieland was rather ironical than pathetic. Moreover, this most impressionable of all writers was swayed by influences from every side, and took most kindly after French, Italian, and Spanish patterns. In Jean Paul Richter's works Sterne's peculiar vein is also discernible, and the great German humorist gives due credit to his English brother, but it forms only a single element in the bewildering complexity of Richter's genius, which in depth of sentiment and heaven-soaring fancy far outstripped that of Sterne.

Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," which was published in 1766, and translated in 1767, by Gellius, achieved a great success in Germany. Herder read it to Goethe, when both were in Strasburg, in 1770, and the latter was quite fascinated by it. In describing the home life of pastor Brion at Sesenheim, Goethe evidently transferred some features from Primrose's family to that of Friderike's parent. The "Vicar of Wakefield" has ever since been one of the most popular books in Germany. Published in countless editions it is still the favorite portal through which Germans enter the temple of English literature.

The "Deserted Village" was quite a favorite poem of Goethe's. The translation that he made of it, but did not publish, appears to be lost. Gray's "Elegy" he notices disapprovingly with other English poetry of recent date, tinged, as he thinks, with too much gloom, satirical bitterness, and misanthropy.

The imposing form of Doctor Samuel Johnson did not in Germany show in true proportions and to best advantage. This is readily accounted for. Without London for a background the Doctor is no more himself. It is his personal impressiveness, his likings and animosities, his talk, his idiosyncrasies, not his published

works alone, that made him the most conspicuous literary character of the age. While some of his writings were translated, they did not represent the whole man, and attracted comparatively little attention. (Translations appeared of "The Journey to the Western Isles," in 1775, of the "Lives of the Poets," in 1781-1783, of "Rasselas," in 1827. Professor J. Chr. Adelung, the author of the "Mithridates," published a German edition of Johnson's Dictionary in 1783-1796, and may have been led by Johnson's example to write himself a German Dictionary (1774-1786), which was quite a scholarly performance for the time.)

The writers so far mentioned were received in Germany with more or less heartiness, certainly without a word of challenge. But when those old worthies, Milton and Shakespeare, had their turn, there arose from one side an angry cry of protest, party lines were drawn, and an interesting campaign was opened. With the issues thus joined a very important chapter in the history of German literature is intimately connected. The war-cry came from the men of the old school, Gottsched and his devoted partisans. J. J. Bodmer, in Zurich, the champion of a more liberal use of imagination in poetry than Gottsched saw fit to allow, was an admirer of Milton, and translated the "Paradise Lost" in 1732. Gottsched, who condemned all poetry that did not conform with the rules laid down in his "Kritische Dichtkunst," sharply inquired by what rules such a disorderly imagination could be justified. Then the fight began. Breitinger, another man of Zurich, who presumed to write a "Kritische Dichtkunst" of his own, took sides with Bodmer. The literary journals became the battle-ground, but the contest probably would have blown over like any other literary squabble, had not a man of greater genius appeared on the scene. This was Klopstock, a young man of ardent mind and lofty purpose, ambitious to raise German poetry to a higher level. He read, as a boy, Bodmer's translation of "Paradise Lost." On leaving school he delivered a Latin valedictory in which he deplored the poverty of German national literature compared with that of other nations, and feelingly alluded to Milton, the inspired poet of England. At the University he wrote the first three cantos of his "Messiah" in hexameter

verse, and had them printed (1748) in the *Bremer Beiträge*. Though open to great objections as an epic, Klopstock's "Messiah" really became the starting-point of a better time. It bore unmistakably the impress of *paulo majora canamus*, and the progressive school of poets rejoiced over Klopstock as though he were a German Milton. In his "Odes," for which he likewise chose antique rhythmical forms, his earnest convictions and high aims, his sincere veneration of the great potencies of life, religion, friendship, love, and patriotism, speak out in noble and sonorous language. The religious sentimentality which Klopstock's poetry had fostered received further nutriment and at the same time a tinge of sadness through the influence of Young's "Night Thoughts," which became in Germany at least as popular as in England. These meditations of life's solemn aspects and important concerns, appealing to man's loftiest aspirations and couched in harmonious measures of rich volume, made a deep impression on all earnest minds. Klopstock's "Ode to Young" is full of tenderness and admiration. J. A. Cramer, one of Klopstock's intimate friends, placed the author of "Night Thoughts" above Milton and only a little below David and the prophets. Klopstock's wife, in a letter to Richardson, wonders why the king has not made Young Archbishop of Canterbury. J. A. Ebert, another friend of Klopstock's, who, by the way, had translated Glover's "Leonidas," furnished the first translation of the "Night Thoughts" (1760-1769) as well as of Young's satires. The same author's hints "On Original Composition" (translated 1761) were aid and comfort to the younger writers who wanted to find and follow their own ways instead of treading time-honored tracks.

"The spirit, not the writings of the ancients, should be reproduced, and we shall approach them the nearer the less we copy them." This was the doctrine of Young, which Herder, in his discussion of Young's essay, adopted as his own.

Oswald Seidensticker.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

“LL the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players” might well be taken as the motto of that historical play which shows the grandest setting,—“Antony and Cleopatra.” All other plays have locality; this alone is all-embracing. Here the mighty world-stage is before us in every scene. Italy, Greece, Egypt, Parthia, the Mediterranean, are but parts of it; now one, now another makes the scenic environment. The chief characters in an earth-wide movement play their parts, both in that movement and in the drama of their own lives. There is, moreover, in these characters, the dash, the brilliancy of players,—for, true to the spirit of their age, they represent the irresponsible. Duty to self and to humanity are absent. They are the demigods of the early world, creatures of heroic mould, shadowed in heroic proportion upon the background of the ancient world. And in that background, marching on with the resistlessness of fate, with the sublime sweep of human progress, is the mighty imperial movement of the greatest empire of ancient times. Nor is the drama fragmentary or ill-matched: all is combined into a dramatic whole by the fusing power of genius. Both forms of action—the human and the imperial—are distinct in their accuracy of outline and finish; but both are intertwined in logical as well as dramatic relations, so that the sequence is natural and irresistible. “The passion of a single pair” gleams luridly upon us above the gathering clouds of a coming storm. Then come the muttering thunder, the elemental clash, the swirling storm, and the sun again shines upon the earth. The lurid gleam is gone, the air is cleared, there is a new world,—the world of imperial Rome.

Various have been the estimates of “Antony and Cleopatra.” One extreme is represented by Gervinus, who sees in the play only a “wanton multiplicity of incidents and personages,” indicating the

weakness of Shakespeare's old age; on the other hand is the judgment of Coleridge,—“Of all Shakespeare's historical plays, ‘Antony and Cleopatra’ is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much.” With these, or between them, all criticism ranges itself. The difference is due, mainly, to the attitude of the critic. Judged by the standard of the Greeks, the play lacks unity; compared with the higher standard of the English stage, there is pre-eminently the unity of action and feeling, undisturbed by the changes of scene. There is one other reason why “Antony and Cleopatra” does not appeal so strongly to the reader. It is a play of sensual passion, and does not command our sympathy, as does “Julius Cæsar,” whose motive is the passion of patriotism, “Macbeth,” the passion of ambition, nor as “Romeo and Juliet,” the passion of love. There is but one character, Antony, that fully enlists our sympathy, and he for the possibilities rather than the actualities of character. The play belongs to that group of tragedies composed in the fullest maturity of power, with the profoundest appreciation of the gloom evil choices throw about our human life. It is a play the full grandeur of which comes with much reading, but comes surely and powerfully at last.

I.—THE IMPERIAL MOVEMENT IN “JULIUS CÆSAR” AND “ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.”

The Roman republic was overthrown at Pharsalia. Imperialism began with Actium. Between these great battles is an interval of sixteen years, during which Rome drifted slowly but surely from popular to autocratic rule. This is the period embraced by “Julius Cæsar” and “Antony and Cleopatra,” and gives their historic interest. The struggle is more prominent in the first play, but behind the loves and reckless pleasure of Antony, imperialism may be clearly seen stalking with great strides to world empire. It is this which gives the grandeur of interest to the Roman plays, this which seems to have fixed the imagination of Shakespeare.

The steps in the change are interesting. Cæsar made himself the people's champion, the first to realize the people's power in its

fulness. The opening scene of "Julius Cæsar" finely embodies the secret of the great leader's influence. The "lewd folk," the cobbler, carpenter, and "poor men of your sort," as Flavius calls them, are all for Cæsar. It is a devotion unreasoned but not to be reasoned out of, as the short-sighted Roman oligarchy found in many an instance. But Cæsar did not rest in the fickle popular favor. He used active means not less significant. He made the instrument of his designs, the man of common rank, a worthy instrument. He estimated the individual at a higher worth than had any former military leader, taught him the unquestioning obedience of modern discipline, inspired him with hope of reward for worthy effort. It was the discipline of the soldier, as well as the devotion of the populace, that made Cæsar king in all but name. Republicanism is ever near to monarchy, as the sublime to the trivial, as laughter to tears. Whenever devotion to the leader becomes stronger than devotion to the abstract principles of government, the change is virtually accomplished. This condition Cæsar brought about by shrewdness, united to extraordinary native power in leadership. All the play gives testimony to this. The tribunes justify their action by it.

"These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness."

The patriotism of Brutus, startled by the shout, indicates its apprehension in "I do fear the people choose Cæsar for their king." This power prompts Antony's design at the funeral,—

"There shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men."

But the Roman aristocracy was unable to appreciate this new power. It was blinded to its own destruction. The conspirators enlist Brutus, because, as Casca says, "He sits high in all the people's hearts;" but they sadly fail to perceive the difference between a man "honorable" in the people's eyes and one to whom they give a personal devotion. Brutus cannot inspire sympathy, though meriting admiration. He misses the first requisite of the leader in not

being at one with himself, in not undertaking passionately what seems best to his reason. He is "Brutus, with himself at war." "Vexed I am of late with passions of some difference." Similarly, Cassius, through self-appreciation, fails to perceive the reasons of Cæsar's popularity, or the means of counteracting it. He knows that in name, breeding, courage, Cæsar is no greater than himself. He sees only one explanation of the difference in influence. He blames the men of his rank, instead of taking into account Cæsar's power with the masses. He sums up his case in "He were no lion were not Romans hinds."

Their loyalty to a leader rather than to a principle, the conspirators understood only when it was too late. The death of Cæsar but intensified popular zeal. Apotheosis preserves only the virtue of the hero; and apotheosis in popular imagination takes place when a great leader dies undisgraced. Notwithstanding the death of Cæsar, the spirit of Cæsar was to perpetuate itself, until, finally, it should possess the world. The power of this spirit of Cæsarism is finely indicated by the cry of the multitude, when, appreciating the nobleness of Brutus, though not the liberty he promises, the people cry with strange inconsistency, "Let him be Cæsar!" Antony knows this power when he says prophetically,—

"And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge

Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war."

And again when he says to Brutus,—

"Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'"

Octavius catches the inspiration of the name when he answers his own question,—

"When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors."

Brutus braves that spirit appearing to him in his tent at Philippi, but he feels its mastery before the close of the fight,—

"O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails."

It is partly this power of Cæsar's name that prompts Antony to unite with Octavius, and with him assume control of the Roman world.

The triumvirate is a necessary step, though a temporary expedient,—a bridge from the republic to the empire. It had no real harmony at any time. It is only a duumvirate in essential character from the first. Lepidus is permitted a voice in the councils only that he may bear the blame. But he is, temporarily, a very necessary man, since Antony or Cæsar with him can foil the other. Notwithstanding both see the weakness of the master-of-horse, each finds some good when the other dispraises him. A strong man in his place would have held the balance of power in the Roman world. Lepidus is only strong enough to try peacemaking between the fiery Antony and the imperious Cæsar, and fails always in the attempt. Pompey's words express fully his relation to the duumvirs,—

"Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him."

The triumvirate was at peace temporarily because bound together from without rather than from within. Two contests remained to the leaders before the world was theirs. One was with unconquered Parthia, quickly subdued by the valor of Ventidius, heading the soldiers of Antony; the second was with Sextus Pompey, on whom the mantle of his father had fallen. Antony's words give the situation,—

"the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state."

But Pompey has the dilatoriness of his father. He miscalculates the triumvirs' mutual distrust, and before he realizes it, they are together to oppose him. Pompey's boasts of power have now little foundation, and while he puts on a bold front, it is clear that he is ready

for the proposals of his enemies. With the acceptance of those proposals he is not only overcome, but is absorbed by the ruling power, and necessarily gives up all claim to leadership of a faction in the Roman state.

The Roman world is now, for the first time, within the power of the three men. The struggle for supremacy is hereafter within the triumvirate. The relations of these three men are now all-important, and Shakespeare has shown us these by most subtle delineation of character under trivial conditions in the banquet scene. In this most wonderful scene, the true characters of these "world sharers" appear, beneath the apparent mask of a drinking bout. Weak Lepidus first loses his head, is played upon for the amusement of the company, and is finally carried unresistingly from the group, as he was soon to be removed from the conduct of affairs. Antony is "a child of the time," giving way to all the pleasures of the hour, with no thought of his great office. Cæsar alone keeps a clear head, first cries "hold, enough," and remarks characteristically, "our graver business frowns upon this levity." Cæsar is master here, as always, by virtue of the mastery of self. He does not forget his dignity. He is, perhaps, even now conceiving the overthrow of both his colleagues, saying ominously to Antony's "Be a child of the time," "Possess it, I'll make answer."

From the feast on board Pompey's galley the imperial movement proceeds rapidly. Time is annihilated,—five years having really elapsed before Actium. We learn from Eros that Cæsar had imprisoned Lepidus. "The poor third is up," and there are but two to part the world between them. Then Cæsar complains of Antony's dissipation, and of his presumption in claiming part of Sicily. He eagerly seizes the pretext of avenging his sister, maintaining his dignity with the pious words to Octavia,—

"the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you."

It is with thought of his own fortune, however, much more than with love of his sister, that he hastens to meet Antony at Actium, pursues him to Egypt, refusing compromise, forces him to stand open

assault and secret intrigue. Cæsar sees clear his great purpose, as his comment on Antony's death indicates,—

"The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world."

Just before this "last of many battles" he perceives the true bearings of the contest,—

"The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely."

The two plays present two phases of the movement to imperial rule. Julius Cæsar presents the overthrow at Philippi of the last revolt of republicanism against imperialism. In "Antony and Cleopatra" are the various struggles by which autocracy was established and the empire united. In both this movement is united with, and dependent upon, the development of character. Even Cæsar's death is due, partly, to that blind infatuation with his destiny that had taken the place of wise foresight. A change had come over the sagacious and successful commander, marked by such words as—

"I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar."

"Danger knows full well that Cæsar is more dangerous than he," reflects the confidence of a man who believes the stars in their courses fight for him,—the confidence of the great modern Cæsar, Napoleon. The republican movement centres in the person of Brutus, and its failure is due to his assumption of the chieftainship without the qualities of a great leader. In like manner the play of "Antony and Cleopatra" is a character drama with two principal personages. The imperial movement is united with this as the underplot. Inversely as Antony moves downward in the scale of profligacy and crime, imperialism moves upward and onward. The loss of empire by Antony is wholly by reason of his own loss of self-mastery.

Oliver Farrar Emerson.

(To be continued.)

SHELLEY

AT ESSEX HALL, LONDON.



ON the evening of the first of November, in a hall dedicated to the memory of the fiery-souled Earl of Essex, a lecture of historic significance was delivered, on the invitation of the University Extension, by the Reverend Stopford Brooke, on "The Lyrical Poetry of Shelley." In some introductory remarks the lecturer touched on the diverse opinions that were entertained about the moral life of the great poet; he then said that he should not speak of Shelley in that character, or as a dramatist, but confine himself to a consideration of his lyrical genius.

The poetry of Shelley was moral and intellectual in a high sense, but in an age of artificiality and formalism he was content to yield himself to the impulses of his sweet, pure nature. The following of impulse, said the lecturer, was dangerous, but Shelley heeded not its danger, or the obloquy which it entailed.

All through his life he was guided neither by law nor by the world, and it is necessary to understand this if his poetry is to be understood. His poetry is the result of impulse, glowing and dying. Like the curving arch of a rainbow, it rushes to the topmost height, pauses a moment, then swiftly seeks its death, retaining always its beautiful living colors. Of such character is the lyrical poetry of Shelley, which is his best, and which isolates him upon a throne of his own. "Prometheus Unbound" is more of a Titanic lyric than a drama; "Hellas" is lyrical from beginning to end, though in it is unequal work. We cannot here expect the stately, noble, and necessary ethics of poetry, for we have the emotional aspect of life, not quiet and steady, but rushing and soaring, and then passing away. In such an aspect there are two subjects which may be found attractive: one is self, and the other a golden era for man, and this last is

delightful to those who desire the redemption of man from oppression, legalized or otherwise. Shelley, with conscience in the one hand and intellect in the other, allowed his emotional nature free play, not troubling himself whether his words were good or bad for humanity. Other poets would find the need of such question, but Shelley was so entirely unself-conscious that he stands alone among them all. Generally lyrics are built up, for there is a logic of emotion which can be subjected to an almost rigid analysis; the poet is swept away, but according to law, and this is true of all great lyrics, but especially of those of Shelley. His intellect was not called into activity, but it did a large part, as it worked like a willing servant to his emotion. There were many examples of this, the finest of which was the "Ode to the West Wind."

"Walking by the Arno, Shelley watched the falling leaves driven by the tempestuous wind which precedes the autumnal rains, and a violent storm peculiar to the Cisalpine region began at sunset. This impulse from without awakened the passion of Shelley's heart, and brought forth the poem. The west wind rushing through the wood is a wild, destroying spirit, driving the dead leaves; but, as it buries the seeds which quicken into life, it is also a preserver. In the second stanza the thought of the destroyer is uppermost; loose clouds speed across the sky, the locks of the approaching storm, while rain and fire and hail will burst from the solid atmosphere above. In the third verse he shows the west wind, like Apollo, two-faced, stirring the blue Mediterranean from summer dreams, and cleaving the Atlantic into chasms. In the fourth stanza he becomes spiritual; he is enthralled, and would be borne on the wind, 'If I were a dead leaf . . . a swift cloud . . . a wave; if even I were as in my boyhood!' And then, joining his thought with his emotion, and not losing his theme, he cries, 'Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud.' Lastly, he turns to the main idea. He is the forest; the leaves are his thoughts. Then the wind is the preserver, and he calls upon it to drive his dead thoughts to quicken others into a new birth. And in the last lines the wind rushes through his heart to all mankind; out of the personal into the universal. Such a lyric should be set to music.

"Shelley created nature myths of his own. Goethe now and then did so, but consciously and somewhat laboriously, while Shelley made them as a man might have done a thousand years ago, naturally and without effort. Such is his description of the moon-white

infant in the chariot. In the 'Hymn of Apollo,' as in many other poems, we find him describing nature as one to whom it is quite new. There is no trace of human nature in it, and for this, while admiring, we do not love him. But this unique power is astonishing; in his meteor moons, clouds building and unbuilding and laughing at their own tricks, there is not a word which brings the poet into relation with them all. Then, too, he writes of nature with an almost scientific accuracy, such as in his lines on a drop of dew, than which nothing can be more beautiful or more scientific. The same is to be found, but with more life and passion, in the faun's description of the bubble in 'Prometheus Unbound.' This power is shown but rarely in other poets, and the existence of such a quality makes the world always interested in Shelley. But he can do other things, and there are many examples of his lyrics in which nature and man are clasped like the hands of lovers, there are generalizations of great crises in history, love lyrics, and sad songs in which he plainly sees the triumph of life over all human effort.

"There is also the class of lyric which defies analysis, which laughs at method, glides from one subject to another, ever uncaught, but which indicates Shelley's feelings, represents ideas too vague to be realized, and is absolutely reckless of continued thought. Other poets have generalized on the past, on battles and events, but have not always gone to the quick, nor stood against the powerful, nor dived into the great heart of life, nor felt the stirring of the elements, which have since deepened into battle, as Shelley did. With him there was hope for the future, belief in a world to come; and for it we give him gratitude. Another element of excellence in his lyrics is the music of their rhythm, and his power in this was as easy as instinctive."

In speaking of the "Skylark," Mr. Brooke said that the similes were too ornate, and lacked the simple accompaniments befitting the wild bird which appeals to every one's sensibilities, and is so universally welcomed. The verses 9, 10, 11 were selected as exemplifications, and if the "high-born maiden in a palace tower" is to be regarded as high-born only in an ordinary and conventional sense, then they were just. I, however, do not so regard her, or deem that a being so at one with nature and all created things as Shelley was did so regard her, but rather think he held the view so well expressed by John Ruskin in "Sesame and Lilies," and also presented in Shakespeare's glorious feminine creations, that nature in her infinite

goodness and munificence not only made all women natural queens, but provided them with a domain rich in opportunities, in beauty, and splendor.

And it seems to me that it is as a social reformer that we (and women especially) owe to him a deep debt of gratitude. At a time when advocacy was not superfluous, Shelley advocated the cause of labor. He sympathized with the down-trodden and oppressed workers in every land, and in the "Masque of Anarchy" showed that freedom was not,

"as impostors say,
A shadow soon to pass away,
A superstition, and a name
Echoing from the cave of Fame ;
But for the laborer bread,
And a comely table spread."

Among the brilliant assembly who listened to the lecturer were a large number of workmen whose faces were familiar to me, and I could not but feel how like Milton's description of the mighty British nation rousing itself to action was the scene. Nor was it without its humorous aspect, as represented in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," for a "resolution" for thanking the lecturer was proposed by what one might be pardoned for supposing was as near an approach, as could be reached in this century, to the efforts of "Bully Bottom" and his compeers to contribute a specimen of their "mechanical" powers. The spectacle was an imposing one, and one that will be appreciated in America, the country which Shelley wrote of in such glowing terms. The meeting passed the resolution with loud acclaim. It had this advantage over previous gatherings. It was a popular meeting, and open to all comers ; my attention having that very day been drawn to it by public announcement in the *Daily News*. Doubtless it may legitimately be regarded as the outcome of the work of the Shelley Society, and may be accepted as marking a great advance in liberal thought in England ; but I look upon it as only preliminary, and anticipate the time when Shelley will be known for what he was and did by all mankind.

Jane H. Simpson.

THE STUDY.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

(Continued.)

THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT (concluded).—One book to which Shakespeare was in all probability directly or indirectly indebted for some points in Shylock's case (and which, moreover, tends to confirm the date I have assigned to the play) is "The Orator" of Alexander Silvayn, translated from the original French into English and printed at London in 1596. Among the hundred "declamations," or legal pleas, that it contains, the ninety-fifth is entitled, "Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian." The resemblance in many particulars to Shylock's speech at the trial is too close to be accidental. This is also one of the interesting extracts in illustration of the play that are given in the appendix to Cassell's cheap edition mentioned before. [Others are the ballad of "Gernutus," the story of "The Three Cakes" from the "Gesta Romanorum," and abstracts of sundry other old forms of the casket story.]

The very earliest reference to the bond story in *English* appears to have been in the "Cursor Mundi," about the end of the thirteenth century. [See Furness, p. 313.]

The bond story is found in the "Gesta Romanorum;" but the tale given by Collier and Hazlitt (also in Furness, p. 315 fol.) is more nearly like the play than that of the cakes in Cassell's edition. Similar stories occur in the "Decameron" (10th Day, Novel 1), in Gower's "Confessio Amantis," and in the "Chronicle of Lanercost" (compiled about 1346). According to Warton, the primal source of the story is the romance, written originally in Greek, about the year 800, by Joannes Damascenus, and entitled "Barlaam and Josophat;" "but Gower's immediate author, if not Boccaccio, was per-

haps Vincent of Beauvais, who wrote about the year 1290, and who has incorporated Damascenus's history of Barlaam and Josaphat, who were canonized, into his 'Speculum Historiale.'" The story appears also in the "Golden Legend" of Jacobus de Voragine, translated into English and printed in 1527. Benfey discovered an Indian tale having a certain resemblance to it. The main points of similarity between these early versions of the tale and that in the "Gesta" are "the machinery of boxes or caskets, and the general moral that outward appearances are deceptive."

I have intimated above that the two stories may have been combined before Shakespeare wrote his play. Stephen Gosson, the Puritan, in his "Schoole of Abuse," published in 1579, exempts two plays from his sweeping condemnation of "poets, pipers, plaiers, jesters, and such-like caterpillers of a commonwelth." One of these is called "The Jew," and is described as "representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of Usurers." If one should refer now to a play with its leading character a Jew and illustrating these two subjects, any School-boy would say at once, "It must be the 'Merchant of Venice;'" and we need not hesitate to say that Gosson's drama must have been one that was like the "Merchant" in its combination of the bond and casket stories. The editors and commentators are almost unanimous in this opinion. Knight and Delius are, I believe, the only exceptions of any note. The former thinks it is "rather bold to assume" the identity of the two plots when we know no more of the earlier play than Gosson has told us; and Delius agrees with him that the old Puritan's description is too vague to base a conclusion upon. On the other hand, Singer says that "it cannot be doubted" that Shakespeare availed himself of this former play; the Clarendon Press editors say "it is clear" that he did; and Grant White declares this to be "manifestly" so. Halliwell-Phillipps, one of the most cautious and conservative of critics, considers that "little doubt can fairly remain" on this point; and others express themselves in essentially the same manner. Mr. Edward Scott, in the *Athenæum* of July 2, 1881, quotes an unpublished letter of Spenser to his friend Harvey, dated 1579, which goes far towards demonstrating

that Gosson's play was the prototype of the "Merchant." Spenser signs himself thus: "He that is fast bownde unto the in more obligations than any marchant in Italy to any Jewe there." The letter enclosed a whimsical bond between the two friends in allusion to the bond of the Jew. Mr. Scott adds: "It is evident, I think, that Spenser and Harvey had lately together paid a visit to the Bull [the theatre where Gosson says 'The Jew' was played], had enjoyed the representation of this piece, 'The Jew,' and it had made such an impression on their minds that their correspondence at this time is full of allusions to it."

The conclusion of the whole matter, to our thinking, is that the immediate source of Shakespeare's plot was the play mentioned by Gosson; and that either he or his predecessor drew largely from "Il Pecorone" and somewhat from "The Orator" of Silvayn. [Furness's discussion on this subject, to which we have been so much indebted, fills nearly forty-five closely printed pages (287-331) of the invaluable "New Variorum" edition of the play.]

W. J. Rolfe.

SOCIETIES.

The Clifton Shakspeare Society, of England, sends us the following programme of the critical meetings of its fifteenth session of 1889-90. Meetings are held regularly every fortnight; meetings for reading the play to be considered alternate with the meetings for which the following propositions are suggested for critical consideration:

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. October 26, '89.—1. Not even Shakespeare's masterly and modified treatment of the plots of the Italian novelists has been able to render their dramatic form anything but repulsive. 2. Much of "All's Well that Ends Well" is Shakespeare's youthful poetry left in from an earlier draft of the play. 3.

Acted by great performers, "All's Well that Ends Well" is seen as a true work of art, free from the defects which appear when the play is merely read.

THE ALCHEMIST. November 23, '89.—1. If, in the English drama, a model be sought of all that is regular in design and perfect in execution, it will be found in "The Alchemist." 2. Ben Jonson's scholarship and knowledge of life enabled him to use his dramatic powers to greater advantage than any other writer of comedy. 3. As Ben Jonson fails in presenting the pathetic side of human nature, he is not entitled to take high rank among dramatists.

OTHELLO. December 28, '89.—1. From the close resemblance of "Othello" to the story in Giraldi's "Hecatommithi," it must be inferred that Shakespeare knew Italian. 2. The point of Othello's passion is not jealousy, but agony at the loss of his ideal. 3. It requires a thorough-bred gentleman to play "Othello."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. January 25, '90.—1. Shakespeare's main purpose in "Measure for Measure," written on behalf of his fellow Roman Catholics, was to exalt the ascetic ideal. 2. Without "Measure for Measure," Shakespeare's analysis of human character would be incomplete. 3. The carelessness of the plot of "Measure for Measure" is inexcusable.

PHILASTER. February 22, '90.—1. In the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, the respective shares of the writers can be determined by metrical tests. 2. In his own day Fletcher's popularity exceeded that of Shakespeare, because he was a greater master in the delineation of the softer passions. 3. The nonsense that Dryden wrote about Ben Jonson and Beaumont should be a warning to loose critics.

LEAR. March 22, '90.—1. The Folio-text of "Lear" is Shakespeare's revision of his own work. 2. Our estimate of "Lear," as a whole, depends upon the view we take of the Fool. 3. A study of "Lear" shows that the language of poetry is more forcible than the language of painting.

TIMON OF ATHENS. April 26, '90.—1. "Timon of Athens," in its present form, is a fragment of Shakespeare's added to by Cyril Tourneur. 2. The "light ending" test shows that the undoubted

- Shakespeare-part of "Timon" was written in 1607. 3. The misanthropy of Timon is the representation of the state of mind by which Shakespeare was agitated when he wrote his Sonnets.

A KING AND NO KING. May 24, '90.—1. The mode of clearing up the difficulties of the plot in "A King and No King" should be dramatically inadmissible. 2. For certain kinds of dramatic writing the free metrical style of Beaumont and Fletcher is more suitable than the strict Shakespearian rhythm. 3. Beaumont and Fletcher degraded Woman by representing her as the recipient of a soulless homage.

The following books have been added to the library during the last twelve months: Proceedings of C.S.S. (vol. viii.), No Cipher in Shakespeare, Shakespeare's Verse, Arden of Feversham, Henry Irving Shakespeare (vols. iv., v., vi.), Noctes Shaksperianæ, Shakspeare's Sonnets (Davis), English Dramatic Literature (2 vols.), Quarto Facsimiles (43 vols.), Shakespeariana (vol. v.), "Crosby Library" Catalogue, the "Halliwell-Phillipps" Library, Shirley and Shakespeare, Magazine Articles (vol. vi.), Brown on Shakespeare's Sonnets, Shakspeare's Predecessors, Beaumont and Fletcher (2 vols.), Mr. Donnelly's Reviewers (O'Connor), Shakspeare and Jonson, Papers on Shakspeare, Shakspeare's Autograph, Essays on the Drama, John Payne Collier, Shakespeare's Editors, Thomas Sackville's Works, Studies in Shakespeare, Shakespeare—Bibliographie, 1887-8.

Arthur B. Prowse, M.D.,
Assistant Secretary.

L. M. Griffiths,
Secretary.

Edward A. Harvey,
President.

The Plainfield Browning Club, of Plainfield, New Jersey, has met monthly from November until May during the past three years. It includes about thirty members, nearly all of whom are thoughtful readers of Browning. The attendance at its meetings has been from fifteen to thirty, varying according to the weather and the interest of the programme.

Plainfield has contained for ten years the central office of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and a number of those

at work in this movement have been at the same time active promoters of the Browning Club. Some of the members are connected with editorial offices in New York, others are teachers in the schools of Plainfield, and some are ladies who find time to add the enjoyment of a little poetry to the cares of their households and of society.

Our work has been carried on at different periods in different ways. We began by appointing a poem for each meeting, to be studied by all at home, explained or analyzed by one at the meeting, then read by another, and finally discussed by all. In this way we had delightful evenings on "Karshish," "Saul," "Cleon," "By the Fireside," "Bishop Blougram," and many other poems.

We appointed one member, from time to time, to bring reports and estimates of the poems which were too long for an evening's reading. For this purpose we would choose any member who had been recently studying any long poem. A few readings would be given of choice passages in the poem. We have obtained general views in this manner of "Paracelsus," "Balaustion's Adventure," "The Ring and the Book," and "Parleyings."

We spent two evenings on "Pippa Passes," assigning the statement of the characters to different members, and the argument of each part to another, then reading the play as assigned in character. "In a Balcony" we discussed much in the same manner, though without reading the entire poem.

We had an interesting meeting some months ago when all the members presented written answers to the question, "Wherein does the fascination of Robert Browning's poetry lie?" The various answers were read, and formed a fruitful theme of discussion.

Of late we have followed programmes which have been prepared for our use by two members of our club, Professor W. D. McClintock, of the Chautauqua College, and his wife. These programmes include work through the month as well as in the meetings, and direct the club in a careful study of the poem which is made their subject.

A copy of one of these programmes is subjoined for the benefit of the readers of *POET-LORE*.

SYLLABUS FOR STUDY OF THE "FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS."

I. PRELIMINARY.—1. When was this poem published, and what important poems were written about the same time? 2. What "revivals" in English literary and religious life of this date suggest some of the Duke's characteristics? 3. It is classed by the poet as a Dramatic Romance. What is meant by *dramatic* and *romantic* here? 4. What will this lead you to expect as to materials and style in the poem?

II. ORDER OF STUDY.—1. Read the poem through hastily. Set down, provisionally, what seems to be the central statement, thought, theme of the poem. 2. Read again the poem by sections, and state the theme of each, and its connection with what precedes and follows. 3. Read section 5 in connection with 6–8, and state the essential character of the Duke and of the Duchess. 4. Outline briefly the character of the speaker, the elder Duchess, and the Gypsy.

III. STYLE OF THE POEM.—1. State how this poem compares with the average of Browning's shorter poems as to (1) clearness, (2) strength, (3) beauty. 2. In whose mouth do the irregular words and constructions occur? What does Browning seem, then, to intend by these rough words and rhymes? From the dramatic view-point is he justifiable in using them? 3. A study of adjectives. (*a*) There are fewer here than in the average of English poetry. (*b*) They are not striking in themselves, but only in their use. (*c*) They are all consciously and purposely used. There is no "filling." (*d*) There is no striving after etymological and unusual meanings. Try as many as possible of the adjectives here, to see if these things are true. 4. Does the landscape in the opening correspond to the best method of describing nature in poetry? (*Cf.* Colvin's "Keats," English Men of Letters Series, p. 97.) 5. From this poem what would you call Browning's most effective figure of speech?

IV. SOME MATERIAL OF THE POEM.—1. Do the incidents and characters of this work seem to be entirely imaginary or studies from real life? Is the poem in any sense an allegory? 2. Notice: (*a*) The romantic mysterious life of Gypsies; (*b*) Their devotion to one another; (*c*) Their obedience to mysterious duties and commands;

(*d*) Their unusual occupations. Which of these elements figure in the poem, and for what reason? 3. What is suggested as to the origin of the Duchess? Why is the Gypsy used to offer new life to her? 4. There is no domesticity here, no happy married life, no children. How does this help on the romance by which the central thought is reached?

V. THE THOUGHT OF THE POEM.—1. Without allegorizing, for what does the Duke stand and for what the Duchess? State this fully, and in contrast. 2. What is the central thought of the poem now finally given? Quote the lines containing it. 3. Note the things in order which the Gypsy promises the Duchess. (*a*) Kinship, (*b*) loving companionship, (*c*) trials, (*d*) love, (*e*) life, (*f*) watchful care, (*g*) blessed memories, (*h*) the happy entrance upon the other life. Point out the lines for each of these. 4. From the view-point of criticism does this poem represent a true and a large phase of human experience? Does it represent it truly? 5. How powerful is the poem as producing a desire for life and large emotion in the reader?

VI. PROGRAMME.—Comment on various passages, by different members of the club.

Jesse L. Hurlbut.

DEPARTMENT OF THE BROWNING SOCIETY OF THE NEW CENTURY CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

Abstract of Proceedings.—At the close of the memorial addresses on December 19, the regular programme for the evening was taken up. The readings were "Fra Lippo Lippi," by Mr. F. H. Williams, and "Andrea del Sarto," by Miss Emily Sartain. Miss Laura Earle played the finale from Beethoven's Sonata, opus 26. Under the head of allusions in "Fra Lippo Lippi," Miss Sholl, Miss Kate Cohen, and Miss E. F. Bonsall read short papers sketching the lives and mentioning the principal works of Fra Lippo, Fra Angelico, and Giotto.

Miss Sholl said,—

“Fra Lippo was the leader of the naturalists who sought to paint the world as they saw it, and who cared little or nothing for the divine sense. Lippo was often wilfully irreverent, and there is no trace of divinity in his representations of the Madonna and Infant Jesus. But, though he was of the earth earthy, he rendered a great service to art in teaching men ‘the value and significance of flesh.’ His art principles might be summed up in the words that Browning puts into his mouth,—

“‘This world’s no blot for us
Nor blank : it means intensely and means good ;
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.’”

Miss Cohen said,—

“In the monastery of San Marco are some wonderful old choral books, the miniatures of which are such that no words could do justice to their beauty. On one of the walls of the chapter house is painted the whole story of the crucifixion. Beneath this work, in a frieze over the back of the seats, is a figure of St. Domenico standing at the foot of a tree, on the branches of which are medallions, wherein are all the popes, cardinals, bishops, saints, and masters in theology who had belonged to his order of the Preaching Friars down to his own day. In the first cloister, Fra Giovanni painted figures in fresco, and in the cells and on the walls he executed a story from the New Testament which is very beautiful. At St. Domenico da Fiesole he painted the picture of the high altar. In a chapel of the same church was a picture also by him, representing the Virgin receiving the annunciation from the Angel Gabriel, who is seen in profile, so devout, so delicate, and so perfectly executed that it scarcely seems to belong to earth. This picture was sold in the last century to Duke Mario Farnese. In the Louvre is the Coronation of the Virgin. All the saints assembled here have not only life and expression most delicately and truly rendered, but seem to have been given by the hand of a saint or of an angel like themselves. It is not without sufficient reason that this excellent ecclesiastic is always called Frate Giovanni Angelico.”

Miss Cohen went on to speak of the exalted character of the man, and his rejection of all offers of positions of dignity, saying that he sought “no dignity but that of escaping hell and drawing near to Paradise,” closing her remarks with the reminder that many of his finest works are now in the Academy of Fine Arts and in the

Uffizi and Pitti Palaces at Florence, while the church of St. Domenico, at Cortona, is enriched with some of his best works.

Miss Bonsall said, in the course of her remarks,—

“Giotto, the pupil of Cimabue, was the first Italian artist to break away from the conventional Byzantine art, making the expression of his figures correspond with the idea he wished to convey; not only an artist, he excelled in architecture (witness the lovely Campanile of Florence), sculpture, and literature; he was the friend of Petrarch and Dante, whose portrait we owe to Giotto. Personally he was far from handsome, but was genial, witty, and popular. As a painter his excellence lay in lifelike expression, delicate flesh tints, flexible attitudes, simple and graceful draperies; his defects were ignorance of anatomy and perspective, flatness of form, and lack of correct foreshortening.”

The general meeting was held on January 2, 1890, Miss Cohen presiding.

Miss Helen Bell read a paper on selected and parallel passages in “Fra Lippo Lippi” and “Andrea del Sarto.” After speaking of the meanness of the characters of both men, and the searching analysis of their souls which Browning has given, she selected for critical remark those passages in “Fra Lippo Lippi” which bear on his materialistic tendencies in art, saying,—

“Fra Lippo’s theory of art is simply in accordance with his materialistic character. The conflict between the Prior and Fra Lippo is the same old contest of methods that runs through the ages, taking different names in different times; at first between Greek and barbarian, in the Middle Ages between the ascetic and the worldly, later between classic and romantic. Again, in Goethe’s time men called it the objective and subjective treatment, while to ‘our tame age’s drowsy blood’ the inspiring shouts of realism and idealism typify the same warring elements, or impulses of men’s minds, in the realm of art. If he had lived in our times, and painted with pen instead of brush, Fra Lippo Lippi might even have reached the level of our realistically tiresome Howells, and given us in words ‘his every sort of men,—the black and white, the fat and lean, then folks at church.’”

Turning to “Andrea del Sarto,” Miss Bell referred especially to the bad influence exerted by Lucrezia on her husband,—

"She, throwing away the opportunities of raising her husband to the level of a Raphael or an Angelo, hung like a millstone about his neck. Such things have happened more than once; and who so well as Turgenieff has depicted, in 'Gemma' and in 'Smoke,' a woman of such vampire nature? He, whose life was poisoned by malign influence, 'serpentineing rounds on rounds,' adored even when, like Merlin and Vivien, he sees the falseness and yet is ensnared by the charm.

"Another poet has touched upon this question of the boundless opportunities of woman, and the recklessness with which she may squander them.

"Ah! wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing man cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for naught her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!"

Miss Bell closed by quoting in succession the flower songs from "Fra Lippo Lippi,"—

"Which, as some of us have recently learned from Miss Edwards, come, like all else of art and literature, from the 'Serpent of old Nile,' and are but re-echoes of the Egyptian girl's flower love-song of how many thousand years ago!"

Miss Cohen read a paper by Miss Helen A. Clarke,—the writer being absent,—the first part on the "Musical Allusions in 'Fra Lippo Lippi,'" and the second on "Browning's and Ruskin's Theories of Art." Miss Clarke referred to the line in "Fra Lippo Lippi," "He joined arms and legs to the long music notes," and pointed out that the musical notation of Lippo's day was entirely different from that of the present, and consisted of square and oblong notes, adding a slight sketch of the growth of musical notation. She also gave an account of the Tuscany songs which Browning has imitated in this poem.

"These little love-songs are called *stornelli*, and consist of three lines: the first, of five syllables, usually contains the name of a flower, which sets the rhyme; then the love-theme is told in two lines of eleven syllables, each agreeing by rhyme, assonance, or

repetition with the first. The address to the flower usually has no connection with the sentiment expressed in the following lines."

In the second section of her paper, Miss Clarke said,—

"Browning made his most explicit statements in regard to art theories in his musical poems, for although the art poems dwell on special or partial truths, they were so dramatic that they could not be taken as voicing the poet's own opinion. 'Charles Avison' gave the critic's point of view, and 'Abt Vogler' the artist's, both of which must be considered in any attempt to construct a theory of art. The points of agreement between Browning and Ruskin were, that the highest art must be the result of the most complete knowledge, that thought is of infinitely more value than form in art, that the intellectual perceptions of beauty must be reinforced by responsive moral perceptions, and that the forms of expression in art are continually changing. Abt Vogler lost sight, as a genius was likely to do, of the fact that he was but redistributing old material, and thought himself inspired by God, and, in truth, a creator, which was excusable in him as an artist. Ruskin contradicts his theories, as a critic, when he declares the perception of beauty to be moral and not intellectual. The history of art-development points to the fact that the perception of beauty is of gradual growth, and, therefore, ideas of beauty are the subjects of intellectual rather than of moral perception."

Dr. and Mrs. E. I. Keffer played a duet for piano and violin, after which Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr., opened the discussion of the poems. He found evident in "Lippo Lippi"—

"A common tendency of Browning's to overlook the poetic and religious elements of monasticism. Just as in 'Sludge, the Medium,' Browning showed a lack of sympathy with spiritualism, and represented it unfairly as charlatanism, as in 'Bishop Blougram' he showed a lack of sympathy with the Church, and represented it unfairly; so in 'Fra Lippo' he showed his lack of sympathy with the ideals of Catholicism, and represented them unfairly as coarse and gross. The more Browning was studied, the clearer it seemed that the difficulty of reading him came not from his obscurity, but from the intricacy of his thought,—the metaphysical and psychological elements he introduced. In 'Lippo,' while the psychological element was strong, it ran along underneath so that we scarcely noticed it. The two poems, 'Andrea del Sarto' and 'Lippo,' were wonderful in their individuality. The subjects being similar,

there was no confusion, but each artist was a distinct creation. While Browning in his later work had attempted to give poetic treatment to subjects not capable of it, certainly it was possible to extend the range of matters subject to poetic treatment, and Browning had done more than any one else to extend the domain of poetry."

Professor H. H. Hay considered "Andrea del Sarto" a wonderful love-poem. He declared it historically and dramatically faulty, and claimed that the Browning lover said, "That did not matter, there were the art theories." But the art theories were, he declared, all wrong. It was a great love-poem, and Browning was the most unmoral—not immoral, but the most unmoral—of poets. As for his metaphysics and psychology, how could he represent the nineteenth century and not be metaphysical and psychological?

Mr. Jacob Sulzberger said,—

"The story of 'Andrea del Sarto' was well known. It was the story of a man of coarse fibre, the story of the tailor's son who married the hatter's wife, and enslaved himself to a soulless woman for her fleshly beauty to the neglect of his highest interest. Though he might dream of doing such work as Raphael and Angelo did if she were different, it was impossible that he should ever do more than dream. It was not in him. His choice of the soulless woman showed all he was or ever could be."

THE LIBRARY.

BROWNING.—"Asolando: Fancies and Facts." Smith, Elder & Co.: London. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston, 1889. [The first English edition is incorrectly dated 1890.]

"ASOLANDO" is an emphatic answer to all those complaining voices which have for some years been regretting the wane of Browning's poetic genius.

Whether it be true or not that philosophy and metaphysics have overtopped poetry in his later works, all must agree that in his last volume there are a number of poems in which not the slightest

vestige of philosophy is discernible: such are "Rosny," "Summum Bonum," "A Pearl, a Girl," "Humility," "Muckle Mouth Meg," and others. These are not, by any means, the best poems in the book, but they show that he could be master of sound without, "O ye gods, the sense!" when it was his purpose to create a violet or even a dandelion rather than an oak. Especially is this true of the musical little lyric "Summum Bonum," in which the treatment of the thought, the rhythm, and alliteration are fascinating to the last degree, while the thought itself is quite commonplace. Compare this with the lyric that precedes it, "Poetics," a perfect little gem, in which the thought has Browning's characteristic nobleness, and this again with "Muckle Mouth Meg," a theme which all the poet's lyrical swing has not succeeded in making anything but vulgar. The dramatic lyric "Rosny" is an example of the fact that the so-called obscurity of Browning is not always owing to the extent or the depth of his thought, but to the fashion of the garments in which he clothes it. Whatever obscurity seems to envelop it is owing sometimes to the vast scope and originality of his symbolism, and at others, as in "Rosny" or "Another Way of Love," to an eminently dramatic quality. So used are we to having only *dramas* dramatic, and to depending on the list of *dramatis personæ*, the stage directions, and the "chorus" or its various similitudes, to tell us who the characters are, their relation to each other, and their environment, that we are likely to be actually puzzled when we are given a simple dramatic episode and left ourselves to play the part of chorus or fill in the requisite stage directions. There is subtle flattery in such a poetic form, most agreeable to the man who does not relish having poetry poured into him, but who likes to cross swords with the poet himself, and finally, grasping the situation, is rewarded by finding "all discordant late, grown simple symmetry."

"Arcades Ambo" and the "Painter and the Poet" are versified Philippias against vivisection, and the wearing, by ladies, of birds as ornaments, and are the weakest poems in the book; but we gladly turn from such trifles as these last, little to the credit of Browning, to the remainder of the book, where we find collected, in comparatively few pages, the qualities which have given such charm and

variety to his work. His humor comes out in such poems as "Ponte dell' Angelo," "The Cardinal and the Dog," "The Pope and the Net." Various phases of love are treated, from the lover who finds the universe in the kiss of a girl, to the one who is satisfied to pick up what stray crumbs of love fell to him from a girl who loved some one else, and did not count himself so poor.

There are dramatic romances and philosophic poems, but among the most striking poems are the four called "Bad Dreams," because they are least suggestive of anything Browning has written before. The first is very beautiful and simple, but the second and fourth have an enticing wierdness about them. The second, especially, seems to have the same sort of sulphurous glow as "Childe Roland." We forget, while we are reading it, that it is only a dream, and follow the dreamer with breathless curiosity into that dreadful chapel with its fiendish priest where came and knelt the wife. Why did he awake before we had quite fathomed its mystery? A feeling of annoyance is experienced at his wife, who laughs her husband's fears to scorn, and tells her own prosaic dream, quite in the manner of a dream, too, but we should have liked to stay in the chapel longer and find out more about it. If dreams are but the phantasms of waking ideas, if they are such stuff as we "are made on," as modern science teaches, and so index the character, the dreamer must have been a very Othello in his suspicions, a pessimist to whom society was a mass of damnable *seemings*, and the church an exaggerated form of mammon worship, while the light-hearted wife who does not find the world so uninviting, with that broader faith in humanity which is perhaps woman's special dower, is only amused at the gloomy forebodings of her pessimistic husband. But in the fourth "Bad Dream," we fancy the same woman dreams all the brightness of her once happy life gone because of the constant suspicions of her husband. She dreams that she is dead, at least to him, having at last turned from him in scorn. Then he knows for the first time what love means. Weeping, all his sternness gone,—

" And voice a broken monotone,—
Only be as you were! Abound
In foibles, faults,—laugh robed and crowned

“As Folly’s veriest queen,—care I
One feather-fluff? Look pity, Love,
On prostrate me—your foot shall try
This forehead’s use—mount thence above,
And reach what Heaven you dignify.”

These “Bad Dreams” flash so brilliant a light on the lives of the dreamers that we can trace their whole relation to each other. The third dream seems to indicate that the man is tormented with the idea that his wife uses art with him, or acts a part,—a detestable interloper in a relation which should be natural. This idea takes form in a dream which sees the beauty of nature and also of art, but declares “both in one accursed.” But perhaps this is trying to read too much between the lines, and we would best regard these “Bad Dreams” as mere fancies.

A most interesting story is that of “Beatrice Signorini,” a dramatic romance with the true Browning ring to it. Instance the following passage where Beatrice is aroused for the first time to rebellion against her husband, who has had the insolence to show her a picture of another woman, Artemisia, as his most valued possession. A frame of flowers had been painted by Artemisia in which the husband had painted her portrait. Calmly Biccé criticises flower after flower in the frame, and suddenly all her rage breaks out,—

“O darling dear ones, let me disengage
You innocents from what your harmlessness
Clasps lovingly! Out thou from their caress,
Serpent!

Whereat forth-flashing from her coils
On coils of hair, the *spilla* in its toils
Of yellow wealth, the dagger-plaything kept
To pin the plaits together, life-like leapt.
And—woe to all inside the coronal!
Stab followed stab,—cut, slash, she ruined all
The masterpiece. Alack for eyes and mouth
And dimples and endearment—North and South,
East, West, the tatters in a fury flew:
There yawned the circlet. What remained to do?
She flung the weapon, and, with folded arms
And mien defiant of such low alarms
As death and doom beyond death, Biccé stood

Passively statuesque, in quietude
Awaiting judgment."

We have now only space to mention two more of the poems, "Rephan" and a "Reverie," both beautiful, the latter, perhaps, one of the most exquisite poems of its kind in the English language. It represents the highest pinnacle of thought to which Browning has attained, being not only a summary of his philosophy of life as brought out in the tone of the whole body of his poetry, but soaring still higher. The necessity that power and love, intellect and feeling, must both have their place in the development of the individual is first shown with great strength in these lines from the closing speech of Paracelsus,—

"Love's undoing
Taught me the worth of love in man's estate.
And what proportion love should hold with power
In his right constitution; love preceding
Power and with much power always much more love."

This is the dominant note which has sounded more or less loud through all his philosophic poetry and has vibrated in the individual characters of his dramas. But in this last wonderful poem, the dualistic conception of the forces which mould life gives place to a more exalted monistic conception that Power in its highest manifestation *is* Love. As Paracelsus dies, he says,—

"If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom. I shall emerge one day."

It seems in this "Reverie" as if Paracelsus had at last emerged from the dark tremendous sea of cloud. He has come forth with strengthened faith, having known that Power has existed from the first, and, believing that with a closer view of life love will be seen as plain with prophetic vision, he exclaims, in the opening lines,—

"I know there shall dawn a day—
Is it here on homely earth?
Is it yonder, worlds away,

Where the strange and new have birth,
That Power comes full in play?"

In the stanzas which follow, the poet traces his own intellectual development from the certainty that Power exists from the study of the laws of nature, and the mystery which underlies them, through the doubts which arise in every man's mind of the omnipotence of Power which yet allows the existence of evil, to the clearing away of these doubts; and compares it to the world's intellectual development which began with the idea of a God of power,—“In a beginning God made heaven and earth;” but as with him, so with the world's history, doubts arose, but since earth's good proves uncontrovertibly good, though rare, and evil seems rife, yet the very struggle to overcome evil, and the incompleteness of man's efforts, are earnest of a heaven, for only through imperfections can perfections be found out; a point which is emphasized in “Rephan,” for the dweller in that star, where all things were merged in a neutral best, yearned for a want of worth in all things which would startle him up to an Infinite below and above him, and for this was told, “Thou art past Rephan, thy place is earth.” And this faith has been born, not of external revelation, but of that more marvellous internal revelation which works through the mind. “Try the clod ere test the star,” he says, and from “earth's has been” reach out towards “heaven's shall be.” Press from earth's level to the heaven's height far and steep—

“Where, amid what strife and storms
May wait the adventurous quest,
Power is Love.”

Such a vision as the poet has had in the “Reverie” is the peculiar need of this generation, which does not understand itself or towards what it is tending, but, with its face ever turned backward, struggles against the irresistible power which carries it onward, and bemoans the loss of feeling and the reign of intellect; while, if it would but have faith in Power and faith in intellect, it would surely find that both are leading forward, upward, as they have done from the foundation of the world, to higher and higher planes where the coarser passions of the past shall give place to passions purged to

purity by intellect, until finally they shall merge as two rays in one bright star, and then we shall know that "*Power is Love.*" This is the message which the greatest genius of the Victorian era has left us. It is the closing chord of his work: all through it he has striven to show that Power and Love are not at war with each other; now he tells us for the first time his conviction that absolute power and absolute love are the same. Some, having seen only one side, have called him the poet of power; some, seeing only the other, the poet of love: some, again, call him passionate; others say he is so intellectual that he never calls up emotion. For them the day has not yet dawned "when Power comes full in play."

Helen A. Clarke.

BROWNING MEMORIAL NOTES.



NEWSPAPERS and other journals here and in England have been supplying much material for ironical comment on their own past action in condemning Browning students and societies for occupying themselves with the best of a man, now when they—the sane and superior curators of the common sense—are seizing the chance to vie with one another in pouring out a flood of gossip concerning the least of the man. The life and development of poetry and of literary study and appreciation have, of course, few claims to public respect, but the deference of "gig-manity" to dead genius is beautiful to behold. It honors the unessential so discriminatingly! This it is which the public press has unerringly seized upon. The press is wise, and, knowing its public, seeks to lift it above the dangers of that popular discussion and consideration of a man's work so perniciously set afoot by literary societies. And then, as Tennyson says, the town

"Had seldom seen a [finer] funeral."

Small details of the poet's important every-day moments, and the

splendid Philistinisms of his burial, quite away from the wife he esteemed above principalities and powers,—these matters of moment make up a great part of the budget of reminiscences of late purveyed to the public.

We have been looking many of these through in order to choose what might add some trait to that best knowledge of the poet which his work gives; venturing to suppose that our readers would only care to read here such selected memoranda as seem to have significance and relation to the real man,—Robert Browning.

These seem to us to be the passages—furnished by various papers—which give letters or direct words of the poet, and which, therefore, yield us some passing glimpse of his intellectual opinions or his moral temper.

HERE is a letter of last summer to the man whose duty it was to revise the proof-sheets of the last edition of Browning's Works and of "Asolando," and to see them through the press. The appreciation of intelligent correction it evinces makes it not so slight an item of the collection we have sifted, as at first sight might appear.

"29 DE VERE GARDENS, June 5, 1889.

"I cannot return the revises of the last volume of my works without expressing my gratitude for the admirable supervision of the gentleman whose care to correct my mistakes or oversights has so greatly obliged me. I have been able to profit in every case by his suggestions, and beg to thank him for a display of knowledge, as well as intelligence, such as would have indeed advantaged me had I experienced it in my critics of old days.

"*Robert Browning.*"

MORE obviously notable is the following letter, given in *The Academy*, which a friend of Browning persuaded Tennyson to make public:

"29 DE VERE GARDENS, W., Aug. 5, 1889.

"MY DEAR TENNYSON,—To-morrow is your birthday,—indeed a memorable one. Let me say I associate myself with the universal pride of our country in your glory, and in its hope that for many and many a year we may have your very self among us,—secure that your poetry will be a wonder and delight to all those appointed

to come after. And, for my own part, let me further say, I have loved you dearly. May God bless you and yours!

"At no moment from first to last of my acquaintance with your works, or friendship with yourself, have I had any other feeling, expressed or kept silent, than this which an opportunity allows me to utter,—that I am and ever shall be, my dear Tennyson, admiringly and affectionately yours,

"Robert Browning."

MR. J. LLEWELLYN DAVIES, in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* of January 18, gives us a better humorous distinction of Browning's own between his vigor and Tennyson's smooth sweetness than invidious criticism can hope to elaborate. Mr. Davies tells us that "Browning himself expressed the difference in characteristically vivid words when he once spoke to me of 'Tennyson's *parfait amour* and my broiled bones and brandy.'"

THE inadvertent speech Browning made at the Edinburgh University Tercentenary, in the spring of 1884, is commented on by the *Pall Mall Budget* as the only one he ever made in public. But it appears that neither would an Eisteddfod audience let him off without a few words, once, during a visit in Llangollen in September, 1886. The sudden emotion he was surprised into at Edinburgh, however, makes the story especially interesting.

"At the end of the famous week, a 'Student's Reception' was organized in the United Presbyterian Synod Hall, and Mr. Browning was present, not as one of the savants who had agreed to address the students, but as a guest. When he appeared to take his seat on the platform, he was hailed with a perfect storm of applause by the students, who seemed for the nonce to have formed themselves into a frantic and frenzied Browning Society. Cheers for 'Browning' burst from every throat, hats and sticks were waved wildly in the air, and the noise recalled another students' day in the same hall that Lord Rosebery knows about. Mr. Browning was profoundly affected by the heartiness of the welcome; he could scarcely believe that he had conquered such a position in the enthusiasm of the younger generation. He turned to the writer of these lines, who, as a platform steward, had the honor of ushering the poet to his seat, and embraced him as a kind of convenient epitome of the

students in general, and exclaimed, in a voice full of feeling, 'You dear young men, how I love you all!' At the close of the reception, after Lesseps, Laveleye, Virchow, Helmholtz, Lowell, and the other famous men had spoken, shouts for 'Browning!' 'Browning!' once more broke out tumultuously. Mr. Browning could not resist the appeal: the antipathy to public speaking had to vanish on an occasion like that. 'My dear young friends,' he said, 'some people are good enough to say that my writings are sometimes unintelligible; but I hope to make myself intelligible now, when I say how affected and impressed I am by this noble, this magnificent welcome, which you have given one so unworthy as myself.'"

BROWNING'S practical help and interest were given freely and simply, as his contemporaries know, to many movements that seemed to him in line with the enlightened principles he expressed so tersely and strongly in the well-known lines answering the question, "Why am I a Liberal?" Mr. O. J. Simon, in the *London Jewish Chronicle*, prints a letter called out by a memorable form of Russian intolerance. Mr. Simon says,—

"The revelations of persecution in Russia in the winter of 1881-82 aroused Browning's deepest feelings of indignation at the outrages, and sympathy with the sufferers. He attended the memorable meeting at the Mansion House on the 1st of February, 1882. In reference to that agitation the following letter was written by the poet, which we are now able to reproduce for the first time:

"Feb. 2, '82.

"DEAR SIR,—I was greatly obliged by your kind letter of the 17th ult. I hardly needed it, however, to be induced to attend the meeting yesterday, little help as my presence could possibly render. No words can sufficiently express my abomination of every species of religious intolerance, and execration of such an instance of it as the late outrages in Russia astonish us with. You are quite at liberty to add my name to the Oxford requisition.

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Yours very sincerely,

"OSWALD JOHN SIMON, Esq.

Robert Browning."

A LATE instance of his kindly urgency of a man's purpose to the mastery of evil conditions is given in the following letter, published in *Merry England*:

"ASOLO, VENETO, ITALIA, Oct. 7, '89.

"DEAR MR. MEYNELL,—I hardly know how to apologize to you or explain to myself how there has occurred such a delay in doing what I had an impulse to do as soon as I read the very interesting papers written by Mr. —, and so kindly brought under my notice by yourself. Both the verse and prose are indeed remarkable, even without the particulars concerning their author for which I am indebted to your goodness. It is altogether extraordinary that a young man so naturally gifted should need incitement to do justice to his conspicuous ability by endeavoring to emerge from so uncongenial a course of life as that which you describe. Surely, the least remunerating sort of 'literary life' would offer advantages such as are incompatible with the hardest of all struggles for existence,—such as I take Mr. —'s to be. Pray assure him, if he cares to know it, that I shall have a confident expectation of his success if he will but extricate himself—as by a strenuous effort he may—from all that must now embarrass him terribly; he can have no better adviser and helper than yourself,—except *himself*, if he listens to the inner voice.

"Pray offer my best thanks to Mrs. Meynell for her remembrance of me,—who am, as she desires, profiting by the quiet and beauty of this place,—whence, however, I shall soon depart for Venice, on my way homeward. I gather, from the absence of anything to the contrary in your letter, that all is well with you,—and so may it continue. I do not forget your old kindness, though we are so much apart in London; and you must account me always, dear Mr. Meynell, as yours cordially,

Robert Browning."

IN ANOTHER letter, given in the *Nonconformist*, appears the sympathetic yet unself-compromising way in which he met the sincere approaches of readers to whom he spoke words of cheer upon their paths of spiritual aspiration. This letter was written, we are told, by Browning in 1876 to a lady who, believing herself to be dying, wrote to thank him for the help she had derived from his poems, mentioning particularly "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Abt Vogler," and expressing her satisfaction that one so highly gifted with genius should hold to the truths of religion, and to a belief in the crowning of life beyond the grave.

"19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W., May 11, '76.

"DEAR FRIEND,—It would ill become me to waste a word on my

own feelings except inasmuch as they can be common to us both in such a situation as you describe yours to be,—and which, by sympathy, I can take mine by the anticipation of a few years at most. It is a great thing—the greatest—that a human being should have passed the probation of life, and sum up its experience in a witness to the power and love of God. I dare congratulate you. All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope, and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; and for your sake I would wish it to be true that I had so much of ‘genius’ as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I know I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of ‘genius’ have thrilled my soul to its depth, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ—‘Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, He was no man!’ (‘*Savez-vous que je me connais en hommes? Eh bien, celui-là ne fut pas un homme.*’) Or as when Charles Lamb, in a gay fancy with some friends as to how he and they would feel if the greatest of the dead were to appear suddenly in flesh and blood once more, on the final suggestion, ‘And if Christ entered this room?’ changed his manner at once, and stuttered out,—as his manner was when moved,—‘You see, if Shakspeare entered we should all rise; if *He* appeared, we must kneel.’ Or, not to multiply instances, as when Dante wrote what I will transcribe from my wife’s Testament, wherein I recorded it fourteen years ago,—‘Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there where that lady lives of whom my soul was enamoured.’ Dear friend, I may have wearied you in spite of your good-will. God bless you, sustain, and receive you! Reciprocate this blessing with yours affectionately,

“*Robert Browning.*”

FROM BROWNING’S letter to Edmund Yates about the London Browning Society, one sentence is often quoted,—probably because, if taken away from its context, it seems to discredit the Browning Societies,—this, namely: “As Wilkes was no Wilkite, I am quite other than a Browningite.” As it stands in its connection, it is, clearly, only a modest forswearer of such personal responsibility for the movement as any honest and unconceited man would depre-

cate, while the whole letter shows the rational nature of the man who refuses to set rules and restrictions, rewards or penalties, for favored or conventional ways of literary influence. Evidently, this poet made his Works because it seemed good to him to make them, and he cared that, in some way, they should "mix with men and prosper." The letter runs thus :

"The B. Society, I need not say, as well as B. himself, are fair game for criticism. I had no more to do with the founding it than the babe unborn ; and as Wilkes was no Wilkite, I am quite other than a Browningite. But I cannot wish harm to a society of—with a few exceptions—names unknown to me, who are busied about my books so disinterestedly. The exaggerations probably come of the fifty-years-long charge of unintelligibility against my books ; such reactions are possible, though I never looked for the beginning of one so soon. That there is a grotesque side to the thing is certain ; but I have been surprised and touched by what cannot but have been well-intentioned, I think. Anyhow, as I never felt inconvenienced by hard words, you will not expect me to wax bumptious because of undue compliment ; so enough of 'Browning'—except that he is yours very truly, 'while this machine is to him,'

"Robert Browning."

To this letter may be added the words of good-will he sent this magazine, and which, after his death, we took the liberty to give Dr. Brinton to cite (as given in POET-LORE for January, p. 42) in the course of his address at the Memorial Meeting of the Browning Society of the New Century Club of Philadelphia.

WHAT Mr. Talcott Williams then told us of the talk he had with Browning last summer, and of what the poet said of his own works (see also POET-LORE for January, p. 47), is admirably supplemented by the record Professor Hiram Corson has given in *The Nation*, also from Browning's own lips and spoken only a little later, in the final year of his life, while he sat with the American professor and his wife in Asolo. Professor Corson says,—

"He talked as if he looked forward to many more years of productive work. My wife remarking that he could not be accused of letting his talents lie idle, he replied,—

“‘It would have been quite unpardonable in my case not to have done my best. My dear father put me in a condition most favorable for the best work I was capable of. When I think of the many authors who have had to fight their way through all sorts of difficulties, I have no reason to be proud of my achievements. My good father sacrificed a fortune to his convictions. He could not bear with slavery, and left India and accepted a humble bank office in London. He secured for me all the ease and comfort that a literary man needs to do good work. It would have been shameful if I had not done my best to realize his expectations of me.’”

FROM the “Lounger” in the *Critic* we learn of an interesting note Browning sent to Mr. Edmund Gosse, in answer to an inquiry Mr. Gosse had made, on behalf of a compiler of a volume of poetical selections, as to which poems of Browning’s should be chosen.

“19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W., March 15, 1885.

“MY DEAR GOSSE,—‘Your poems, of moderate length, which represent their writer fairly:’ if I knew what ‘moderation’ exactly meant, the choice would be easier. Let me say—at a venture—lyrical: ‘Saul,’ or ‘Abt Vogler;’ narrative: ‘A Forgiveness;’ dramatic: ‘Caliban upon Setebos;’ idyllic (in the Greek sense): ‘Clive.’ Which means that, being restricted to *four* dips in the Lucky-bag, I should not object to be judged by these samples,—so far as these go, for there is somewhat behind still!

“Ever truly yours,

“Robert Browning.”

Some words of Browning on Shakespeare and Shelley Professor Corson also touches upon in the *Nation* as follows:

“The talk turned upon Shelley. He showed himself the careful literary man (which many people have not thought him to be) in what he said of the text of Shelley’s poetry; mentioned a number of errors (quoting readily, at the time, the passages in which they occurred) which he had pointed out in it when a certain edition was going through the press (I don’t remember the edition he alluded to); spoke of Mrs. Shelley as having but very little understanding of her husband’s poetry, as was shown in some of her readings and notes; spoke particularly of mispunctuations and other defects in the text of the ‘Ode to a Skylark.’ I asked him about the verse in the ode which is sometimes printed, ‘Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun,’ and sometimes, ‘Like an *unbodied* joy.’ He re-

plied, 'Oh, "an *embodied* joy," certainly; "an *unbodied* joy" is nonsense, in its connection.' In his allusions to other poems he showed, by his ready quotations, how intimately he knew his favorite poet.

"The talk turned upon Shakespeare. He spoke of the strangely limited range of reading which even habitual readers of the dramatist give to the plays. They read, perhaps, 'Macbeth' and 'Hamlet,' 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'Lear,' and 'Othello' and 'Julius Cæsar,' but know nothing about 'Timon of Athens,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Cymbeline,' and other plays. Of 'Titus Andronicus,' he said, he could find nothing of Shakespeare in it,—the whole play was in utter violation of his spirit and his art. He spoke of talks he had had with his friend James Spedding, the editor and biographer of Lord Bacon,—the opinion which Spedding had expressed that the composition of the plays of Shakespeare was entirely outside of Bacon's powers, great as those powers were of their kind. If, Spedding said, any doubt could be maintained of the authorship of the Shakespeare plays, that Bacon could not have written them was an absolute certainty. He alluded to the complete demolition of Ignatius Donnelly's 'Cryptogram' by the Rev. Dr. Nicholson, of Leamington, England."

WHAT BROWNING thought of Shakespeare, in so far as his attitude towards him is implied in his poems, which we cannot enter upon here now (we mean to do it later), is very interesting. He was the president who never presided over the New Shakspeare Society of London. So far as he could unite in spirit with a body of men without compromising himself, he seems always to have done that, and to have given some sign of it. If he did no more, it was, probably, we think, because it would have involved him further than he chose to commit himself. That is not a pretty quarrel into superficial and apparent contact with which his merely official position in the New Shakspeare Society forced him. The whole affair is best forgotten, but it has surged up again of late, so it may be well to set down here a letter that has not surged up, the least known, yet best result, as we think, of the whole occurrence, and that is Browning's own note sent in reply to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's complaints.

"Jan. 27, '81.

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry indeed to receive your letter of yesterday's date, and doubly sorry that there should have been occasion for your writing it. I never saw the Preface in question, and altogether

fail to understand the meaning or relevancy of the language you quote from it. My position with respect to the Society is purely honorary, as I stipulated before accepting it, nor have I been able, hitherto, to attend any of its meetings; and should I ever do so, my first impulse will be to invoke the spirit of 'gentle Shakespeare,' that no wrong be done in his name to a member of the brotherhood of students combining to do him suit and service.

"Pray believe me, dear sir,

"Yours very respectfully,

"*Robert Browning.*"

— SPEAKING of the discussion which has been so widely circulated as to whether Browning was a Jew, the London *Jewish Chronicle* says,—

"We give the facts. It was his brother, Reuben Browning (uncle of the poet), who held a position at New Court for fifty years. His son, nephew of the poet, is still at New Court. The poet's grandfather was in the Bank of England for many years, and was captain of the Bank's Volunteers during the Gordon riots, his son, Thomas, was also a clerk in the Bank of England. Thomas had two brothers, named William and Reuben. William was a clerk in the Paris house of Rothschild for many years, but he left there and went into partnership with Venn's, the notaries, in their translations business. He was a good linguist, and published several works."

But, adds the London *Jewish Standard*,—

"The strongest argument is found in the frequency with which he treated Jewish themes and the familiarity he displayed or seemed to display with Midrashic legends and Rabbinical literature. Occasionally he would add to the unintelligibility of his poems by sticking in a line or lines of Hebrew. But if we are to judge from his encyclopædic work, and from his wonderful insight into characters of all lands and periods, he can be proved to be anything or anybody, everything and everybody. An induction based on his works would certainly convict him of being an Italian. But, howsoever it be, in a racial sense, in a religious sense, Robert Browning was much more Jew than Christian. For, as Schopenhauer rightly contends, the essence of Christianity is pessimism, of Judaism, optimism. And only the other day a famous member of the Browning Society told me that what he couldn't stand in Browning was his 'shallow optimism.'"

— IT WILL be news to readers, of the rising generation, at any rate, and probably to many others, that the first issue in this country of Browning's first collected works (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1868) was in a western railway time-table. An inquiry we made concerning a brief note, bracketed and almost lost among the many larger entries of the valuable Browning Bibliography of the London Browning Society, resulted in the following letter sent us by the man to whom the American public owed this unusual service,—Mr. James Charlton, general passenger agent of the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company. He writes us:

"The Browning reprint was commenced in the December number, 1872, of the Official Guide of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, and was continued up to and including June, 1874. In July and August, 1874, the reprint was discontinued to make place for views of scenery and summer resorts in Wisconsin and Minnesota. In September, 1874, the reprint was continued, and it was ended with the number for October, 1874.

"This reprint attracted much attention at the time, and was noticed in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other English newspapers, and in the press of this country. I had applications for copies of it from Edinburgh and Aberdeen, Scotland, and from various places in England, as well as numerous places in this country. The secretary of a railway in Texas—the late Mr. Robert Avery, of Galveston, Texas—sent copies to Mr. Browning and advised me that Mr. Browning was pleased and interested with the publication. In a letter to me of September 9, 1873, he says: 'I sent the first seven numbers of your Guide to Robert Browning. A few days since I received his acknowledgment of their receipt. He says that this publication has afforded him "not a little pleasure," and desires me to send him the Guide as long as his works are connected with it.' More recently, an old friend of mine in England being present at a dinner at which Mr. Browning was also a guest, they had some conversation respecting this publication, and at the request of my friend I forwarded to him a complete set to be given to Mr. Browning. These copies were placed by Mr. Browning in the British Museum, having been procured by him for that purpose.

"I had very kind and flattering letters in relation to this publication from high railway officials, whom I no more suspected of caring for this kind of literature than they had suspected me of caring for it. I have now only one complete set left, which I have had bound

for my own private use; besides this, I have only copies of the issues for April, May, and June, 1873, and these I have the pleasure to enclose to you herewith. The 'Prefatory,' which precedes the reprint in the copies sent you, will explain its object. Beside this general statement, I may add that I had in view in selecting Browning, to bring him to the notice of new readers and to secure for him a larger audience. In this, I hope that to some extent I succeeded.

"J. Charlton.

"CHICAGO AND ALTON RAILROAD CO., CHICAGO, ILL."

NOTES FROM PARIS.

BROWNING'S DEATH has passed almost unnoticed by the French press, and it is probable that he was only known to a small minority of the journalists. The *Figaro* devoted an article of some length to the poet's career, but the writer of the sketch did not seem to catch the lofty sides of the man or the poet. "Browning's great merit," according to the *Figaro* writer, who signs himself T. de Wyzewa, "will have been to have given his name to the woman he married about 1846, and who died in 1861, after having written some of the purest and most lyrical verses in the English language." Further on, "He was a man of short stature, with brilliant eyes, and a jerky, rapid volubility, just like his poetry. For the rest, he looked like a well-educated and intelligent merchant, superior to the average, but having all the snobbism which is implied in an extreme respect for titles and an immoderate regard for opinion. This respectable old gentleman, in spite of the nobleness of his intentions, has contributed above all to make English girls love two things which are least fitted for them, metaphysics and Florence, where they all dream of living in *tête-à-tête* with Botticelli, but where the wind is so icy, the odors so disagreeable, and the cooking so painful."

The *Temps*, more appreciative, says that Browning was gifted with a refined culture, an intelligence open to all the most delicate problems of psychology, a faculty of individual creation, and a dramatic characteristic rarely equalled since Shakespeare. His work was, perhaps, says the writer, less majestic than Victor Hugo's, but with a much more penetrating and subtle interpreta-

tion of the infinite shades and contradictions of the human soul. No one has made men think more than Browning; no one has penetrated further into the mystery of human destiny, into this conflict of the soul with its Divine spark and its infinite flight, and of the inexorable laws that necessity forges for it.

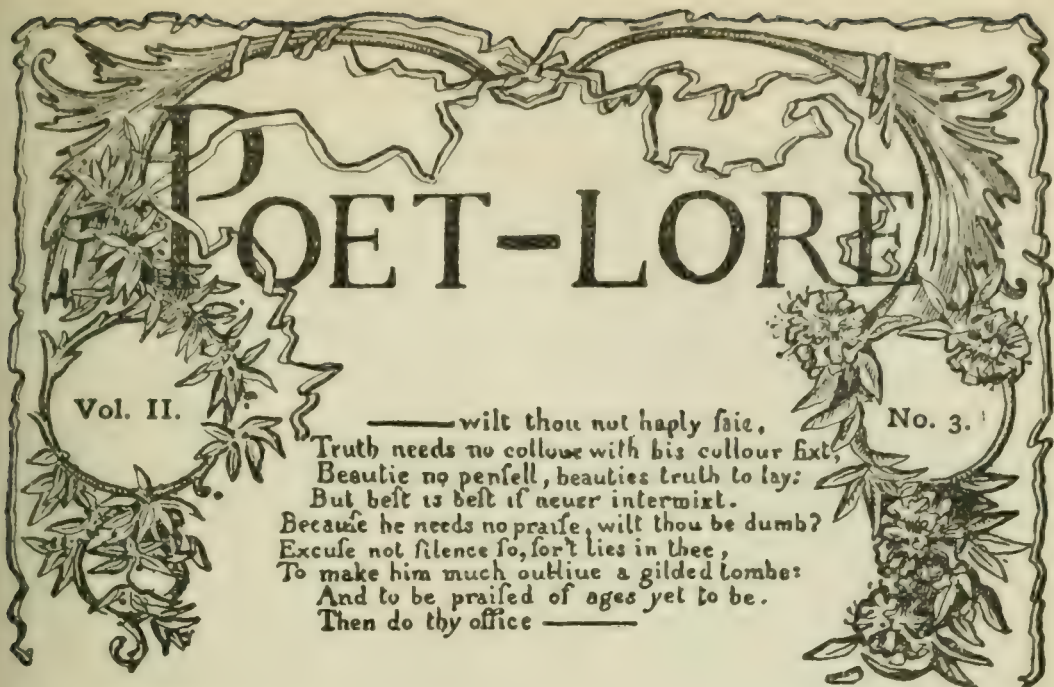
Charles Seymour.

PARIS, December 25, 1889.

— THE NEW edition of Mrs. Browning—the second volume of which has just been issued—is evidently becoming very popular.

In the prefatory note to the first volume, Mr. Browning sets at rest the controversy as to the birth of his wife,—this event having taken place at Coxhoe Hall, West Durham, on March 6, 1806. Mr. Browning also points out that in the relationship of Mr. H. Stuart Boyd to Mrs. Browning there was nothing “tutorial,” as Mr. Ingram has hinted in his life of the poetess. It appears that Mr. Boyd lived at Malvern, and that Elizabeth Barrett frequently visited him, “partly from her own love of Greek, and partly from a desire for the congenial society of one to whom her attendance might be helpful,”—Mr. Boyd having lost his sight. Indeed, as regards her being taught Greek by Mr. Boyd, we are here told that “she was self-taught in almost every respect.” The little note is ended by Mr. Browning as follows: “Many other particulars concerning other people in other ‘Biographical Memoirs which have appeared in England or elsewhere’ for some years past, are similarly ‘mistaken or misstated;’ but they may seem better left without notice by anybody.” In the light of Mr. Ingram’s observations of other biographical notices of the poet, the reader will not fail to trace the spirit of sarcasm in which Mr. Browning indulges.

— IN THE Browning Memorial Service held January 28 in King’s Chapel, Boston, under the auspices of the Browning Society, Colonel T. W. Higginson, Professor C. C. Everett, Mr. Dana Estes, Mr. B. J. Lang, the Rev. A. P. Peabody, and the Rev. Phillips Brooks took part. A record of the proceedings will be given in the March
POET-LORE.



SHAKESPEARE AND THE RUSSIAN DRAMA.

PART II.



USHKIN'S great drama, "Borís Godunóf," is not formally divided into acts and numbered scenes, nor is there any pretence of following the technical laws of the "unities."

It has four-and-twenty rapidly-recurring episodes, as it were, which carry the reader or spectator through the tragic maze. Pushkin went further even than Shakespeare in emancipating himself from traditions; but the drama, if not Shakespearian in form, is Shakespearian in the deeper significance given to the characters as types,—in the inner light that seems to illumine them, in that wonderful freedom of interweaving motives which gives the student such absolute confidence in the author's mastery, which often by a transcendent flash of genius places the protagonist before the mental eye more clearly than pages of realistic description can do. The verse also, owing to that rhythmic quality of the Russian language where the flexibility of English and German is joined to the powerful regularity of the Greek and Latin, is far more Shakespearian in spirit and form than, I fear, would be gathered from the specimens which I have given or may give.

I will now try to analyze the play.

It opens on February 20 (O.S.), 1598. Ioánn (or Iván) the Terrible had died fourteen years before. A brief extract from an historical novel by the dramatist Count Alexeï Tolstoï, who also chose this same period for his trilogy (to be examined later), will throw a side-light upon the state of affairs. It gives a rapid retrospect:

“Borís Godunóf during the last years had been rapidly climbing the mountain. He had become the brother-in-law of the Tsarévitch Feódor, who had married his sister Irina, and he now bore the important rank of Master of the Grooms. It is said that the Tsar, wishing to show how near to his heart were Borís and his daughter-in-law, once lifted up the three fingers of one hand and, touching them with the other, said: ‘This is Feódor, this Irina, this Borís, and as my hand would be entirely spoiled if one of these fingers were cut off, so would it be hard for my heart if any one of my three beloved children were taken from me.’

“Such extraordinary kindness did not engender in Borís Godunóf either conceit or haughtiness. He was discreet as before, cordial to every one, reserved in speech; but his behavior assumed greater dignity and that quiet stateliness suitable to his high position. But, looking at the Tsarévitch Feódor, it was impossible to evade the thought that the hands destined to sustain the empire at Iván’s death were weak. His good-natured but lifeless face showed in its small features neither intellectual strength nor spiritual depth. He had been married already two years, but the childish look still remained. His stature was small, his build slight, his complexion pale, and his features puffy. Moreover, he smiled incessantly and looked timid and scared. Nor was it whispered without reason that the Tsar, mourning for his oldest son, sometimes said to Feódor: ‘You were born for a sacristan Fédyá, and not for a tsarévitch.’”

Borís Godunóf had made the most of his opportunities: his power was enormous; he could bring one hundred thousand retainers into the field; the patriarchate was his creation; the patriarch Job his creature. Sorcerers had predicted that he should be Tsar, but reign only seven years. When Feódor died, being childless, he appointed his brother-in-law his successor; but Borís, with real or feigned humility, retired with his sister to the Novodyevitchi monastery, and long resisted the supplications of the people, the demands of the patriarch, and the wishes of the small nobility, who were

favorably disposed to him, because for their benefit he had chained the peasantry to the soil. On the other hand, the ancient princes of the blood of Rurik were ill disposed to a man of Tatar origin thus taking precedence of them. It is with these opposing forces in equilibrium, the calm of the approaching storm, that the first scene of Pushkin's drama opens in the palace of the Kreml. The two great princes, Vorotynsky and Shuisky, meet, and, without preliminary parley, instantly begin speech upon the subject uppermost in all minds. The city is empty; all the people have gone to the Novodyevitchi monastery, where for a month Borís has been stubbornly resisting the popular will, which, like will in love,—the coy maiden easiest binding the wooer's heart,—kindled by refusal and ever fanned by resistance, must be gratified. Shuisky is shrewd enough to read the wily Tatar's purpose. The haughty prince divines the lurking ambition. His uncle, who had been at first associated with Borís in the primary council of Seven, had been removed, and perished in a dungeon on a charge of treason; the young Dimitri, who alone stood between Borís and the throne, had perished at Uglitch. Shuisky himself had been on the court of inquiry that had declared Borís free from the crime of murdering the tsarévitch. And here, after discourse upon the madness of the people and the refusal of Borís, Vorotynsky asks Shuisky why, when he was sent to Uglitch, he did not crush the murderer if he knew in his mind that Borís was guilty, Shuisky replies,—

“I must confess that by his calmness then,
His unexpected boldness, I was duped:
His eyes met mine with frankness as of truth!”

Besides, he goes on to say, even if he had been pronounced guilty, who would have believed it? If he told the Tsar it would have been wasted breath, for Feódor saw everything through Godunóf's eyes, heard everything with Godunóf's ears. And even though he had persuaded him, Borís would soon have undone the work, and he, for his part, would have felt Godunóf's iron hand. He adds, however, “But I am not a coward nor yet a fool.” Vorotynsky thinks that it is the blood of the murdered prince that prevents

Borís from mounting the throne ; but Shuiský knows his temper better ; he knows that Borís will take the step, and he exclaims, bitterly,—

“ What honor ’tis for us, for all of Russia,
That he, the slave of yesterday, the Tatar,
The hangman’s son-in-law, and he himself
In soul a hangman, should assume the ring
And coronation-cap of Monomákh.” . . .

That, indeed, is the key to their virtuous indignation ; for are not we, Vorotynsky asks,—

“ For are not we the Shuiskys, the Vorotynskys,
Princes by birth ?”

“ Ay,” replies Shuisky,—

“ Princes by birth and of the blood of Rurik !”

But here their conversation, which of course is the first root of the seed of conspiracy, is interrupted by the return of the people, who come pouring into the Red Place still more excited and amazed by Borís’s steadfast refusal of the honor and responsibility thrust upon him, and ever more determined to have him for their Tsar. Their cries—“ Oh, God, what will become of us !” “ Alas for us !”—reach the ears of the disaffected princes.

Then silence falls for a moment as the *dúmnui dyák*, the clerk of the *duma* or city council, speaks to the throng from the Red Staircase, telling them that on the morrow the most holy patriarch will hold a solemn service in the cathedral of the Kreml, and then all the orthodox people of Moscow, the boyárs, and the assembly of nobles will repair to the monastery to make one last appeal to beseech the Tsáritsa Irina, Borís’s sister, to have pity upon orphaned Moscow and to bless the crown for Borís. The people are urged to disperse to their homes and pray Heaven to hear their prayers.

The scene is next transferred to the great Novodyevitchi monastery, where the people are assembled in the Dyevitchye Polye, or Virgin’s Field. This scene is, in the Shakespearian manner, hinting at the action by short staccato utterances of “ first citizen,” “ second citizen.” The mind is filled with a light wholly reflected like moon-

light, and therefore most poetical. Number one remarks, with that superiority of knowledge always possessed by one in a crowd,—

“And now they’re gone to the Tsáritsa’s cell,—
Borís, the patriarch, and all the throng
Of nobles.”

A woman, anxious to hear, hushes her crying infant (the touch of nature), “Agú, stop crying, stop, the búka’ll eat you!” But her threats are of no avail, and a citizen cleverly utilizes the infant’s tears as symbol and expression of the universal grief. Borís yields, of course, and the people rend the air with their acclaims,—“Long live the Tsar, he has consented!” “Borís, our Tsar!” “Long live Borís, our Tsar!”

The scene again shifts to the Kreml palace, where Borís addresses the patriarch and the boyárs, his voice broken by emotion,—

“Thou holy patriarch and ye boyárs!
My soul is now revealed before you all:
Ye see that I accept the power supreme
With fear and utter humbleness of heart.
Too great the vast responsibility
To be the mighty Ioánn’s successor,
Successor also to the angel Tsar. . . .
Oh, holy one, my glorious father now,
Look down upon thy faithful servant’s tears,
And send from heaven to him whom thou didst love,
Whom thou on earth didst mightily exalt,
Thy sacred benediction on his reign,
That I may rule the people in the law,
That I may be as good and just as thou.”

He then demands of the boyárs their aid and encouragement, and when it is freely granted and promised, he invites them to the banquet.

Shuisky and Vorotynsky, who are present, linger in the rear to exchange their traitorous confidences.

The following scene is the one at the Monastery of the Miracle (Chudof, it should have read), which I translated for my first paper (see POET-LORE for November, 1889),—the time, as will be recollected, being five years later, 1603, the monk, Grigori Otrépief, drink-

ing in the words of Father Pimen. And as a corollary to this, the abbot of the monastery appears before the patriarch, and, in a brief scene in prose, tells of the young monk's disappearance. The patriarch asks who he was, and the abbot replies that he was of the Galitian family of Otrépief, who, after a wandering life, had come to the Chudof monastery and had been put under the instruction of Father Pimen. The patriarch is greatly exercised because of the boast that he had been heard to make,—*Budu Tsarem na Moskvye*,—"I shall be Tsar in Moscow." The connection of this short scene is made perfectly manifest when later we find the Tsar's emissaries on the track of the escaped monk.

Again we return to the Kreml palace. A hint at Godunóf's mental state is given by an interchange of confidences, occupying less than eight lines, spoken by two characters, unnamed, but labelled. It is dramatically intensified by Borís himself, who, in a wonderful monologue, lays bare the worm gnawing at the heart of the royal oak,—

"I have attained the height of power. . . .
 Six years already have I reigned in peace,
 But joy has not been in my soul. In youth
 How eagerly we yearn for love's delights,
 But hardly have we still'd the hungry heart
 By passing ownership, before, grown cold,
 We lose our zest and feel new pangs. . . .
 The sorcerers vainly promise me long days
 And years of undisturb'd sovereignty,—
 They gave me not delight in life and power:
 I scent the storm from heav'n,—the coming woe.
 No joy is mine. I thought to keep my race
 In glory and in comfort reassured,
 To win their love by liberalities;
 But all my efforts have been spent in vain:
 A living power is hateful to my race:
 The dead alone it has the will to love."

He goes on to recapitulate his experiences during the terrible famine which he had tried to alleviate for his people: how they blamed him for all the disasters, the fires, and plagues, which had ravaged Moscovy. Their distrust is the recompense for his ambition, his dearly bought crown. His head whirls; he sees the blood

of a murdered youth before his eyes ; there is no hope of escape, no place of refuge.

“ 'Tis horrible !

Yea, wretched is the man whose heart is seared.”

The following scene, written in prose, has an element of comedy, though it is free from the burlesque dialogue which Shakespeare is too wont to introduce. We are transported to an inn on the borders of Lithuania. Misaïl and Varlaam, two vagabonds in the guise of monks, and Grigori Otrépief, now disrobed entirely, meet. Two of the Tsar's officers, charged with the apprehension of the escaped monk, arrive at the same time. Unable to read, they are in doubt which of the men to arrest. They give the warrant to Grigori, who avails himself of the chance to vary the description of himself contained in the fatal paper : instead of reading twenty, he says fifty, and, instead of being true to the verbal description, he describes Varlaam's appearance. Varlaam snatches the warrant from his hand and reads it correctly. Grigori, taking advantage of the confusion, draws his dagger and dashes out of the window. The action of the two ignorant bailiffs will not fail to remind the reader of the two city officers in “ *Much Ado About Nothing*.”

Instead of following Grigori directly to Poland, whither he makes his way, there to mount upon the advantage of ancient jealousies between Russia and the Catholic kingdom, fomented by Russian refugees, ready to avail themselves of any adventitious aid, we find ourselves once more back in Moscow. The conspiracy, which was in the air, has taken more definite shape. Shuïsky's house is the centre. While they openly pray for the Tsar and his success, there in secret is disaffection at Borís's liberal policy, his “ *Westernism*” so opposed to the *Orientalism* of former reigns. There is a gathering of the nobles, and among the visitors comes A. M. Pushkin, lately from Warsaw, with the startling news that a claimant to the Russian throne has arisen,—none other, in fact, than Dimitri Ivánovitch, the young Nagoï Prince, whom all the world supposed dead and buried years before.

The atmosphere becomes heavy with impending tempest. It is

likewise felt even in the short domestic scene which follows. Borís's young son Feódor is seen studying the map of "our realm," and the Tsar enters and commends to him the proper realization of the meaning of the boundaries which his fingers follow. This touch of peace is quickly broken by deeper cares: the news of the pretender, and that his cause has been adopted by the Polish pans or nobles. Shuisky is summoned, and the conversation between the Tsar and the prince, who secretly hates him, is composed upon the highest plane of tragic significance. Borís knows only that Pushkin has arrived from Warsaw with important tidings, and that Shuisky had entertained a company of nobles at his house. He gathers that a pretender to the throne has appeared. Only when he shrewdly draws from Shuisky that it is Dimitri, whom he knew to be dead, does he slightly lose self-possession, instantly regained. This is one of the most Shakespearian episodes in the whole play. It rises to portentous height of dramatic force by his threatening demand upon Shuisky to answer him truthfully whether the young Dimitri could by any possibility have escaped. Shuisky fears not his threat of punishment "so cruel that even Iván the Terrible would turn in his grave" at horror at it; he declares, solemnly, "No, sire, there is no shade of doubt: Dimitri sleeps in the tomb." And a short monologue, when Borís is left at last alone, ends magnificently with the famous line,—not yet so famous as Shakespeare's, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,"—

"Okh! tyazhelá tui, shápka Monomákha!"
 ("Ah! heavy art thou, cap of Monomákha!")

The transition to Poland is now natural. We find ourselves in the mansion of the great Pan Wishnewetsky. The pretender's somewhat boastful interview with the Romish priest is interrupted by a delegation of disaffected Russians and Lithuanians who see in the supposed prince a hope of political change. Among them is Prince Kurbsky, son to that redoubtable prince with whom Iván the Terrible carried on for so many years that strange and sinister correspondence,—a dramatic incident dramatically utilized. The pretender cries,—

"I trust, O knight of most illustrious birth,
That his son and my sire's will be at peace :
The fathers' feuds should not remembered be :
Peace to their tombs! Come, Kurbsky, give thy hand!
How strange! The son of Kurbsky helps to throne. . . .
Whom? Why, the son of Ioánn!"

He then invites them all to follow him. Among the throng is a poet who offers him homage in Latin verses, and this detail, while calling forth the great lines in praise of Latin poetry, also subtly hints at the inherent weakness and effeminacy of the young man's character as well as his natural affection for Western civilization, which, after he had won the throne, more than anything else brought about his tragic downfall. His gift at winning hearts is shown by his acceptance of the poem; his generosity by his epigrammatic line also in Latin: *Musa gloriam coronat gloriaque musam.*

We are now introduced to the heroine of the drama, the ambitious Marina, to whose beauty the pretender falls a speedy victim, to whose overweening ambition he has to sacrifice his preferences, to whose lead he henceforth becomes subject. In the next scene, which takes place in her father's—Mniscek's (Mnishek)—castle, Pushkin's lyric flow bursts out into rhyme. We learn that the pretender in her presence

"Forgets the war, forgets the Russian throne;
He wastes his days here in our castle
With feasting and with wassail,
And makes with rage the Poles and Russians groan."

He has already so long delayed that the people are beginning to whisper that he is not the tsarévitch after all, but only a disrobed monk. Marina's maid tells her these rumors while she is dressing for the ball. Marina determines to sound the mystery: at all cost, however, she must be tsáritsa. At the ball the Shakespearian model is again used in dramatically telling the story by isolated snatches of conversation. It is more life-like than the ancient way of bringing in a chorus to tell the spectators what is going on. Mniscek and Wishnewetsky discuss in a few pregnant lines the prospect of Marina being seated on the throne of Moscow. Polish dances

sound. The pretender and Marina pass, and we hear her make an assignation to meet him in the garden (in her mind no thought of love). Meantime, a lady and cavalier pass observation upon them,—

“Cavalier. Now, what in her can our Dimitri find?

Lady. Why, she's a beauty.

Cavalier. Oh, yes, a nymph of marble! See her eyes;
Her mouth has not a trace of life, no smile.

Another Lady (passing). He is not handsome, but his face is fine:
You see in him the very race of tsars.”

The transition is, therefore, not abrupt to the scene in the garden where Pushkin so marvellously contrasts the characters of the Polish maiden and the monk-pretender. It is night,—the beautiful night of the Ukraïna. Marina is waiting by the fountain which sends up its musical waters tinkling with silvery tones.

“Marina. Dimitri! Is it you?

The Pretender. Sweet, witching voice!

Is't thou at last? Behold I thee indeed
Alone with me in shade of gentle night?
How slowly dragged the hours of weary day!
How slowly paled the sunset's ruddy glow!
How long I waited for the gloom of night!

Marina. The hours for me sped fast,—the time was dear:

I made not this appointment with thee now
That I might hear the tender words of love:
Unnecessary all thy protests are,
For I believe thou lov'st me well. But list!
I am resolved to join my fate with thine,—
Though dubious it be and full of storms!
But one thing must I claim: I must demand
That thou disclose to me thy secret hopes,
Thy plans, and also—'tis my right—thy fears,
That boldly, leaning on thy arm, may I
Take hold of life, and not with childish blindness,
Not like a bondmaid to a man's desires,—
A silent uncomplaining concubine,—
But like a wife with equal powers to thine,—
The helpmeet of the Tsar of Muscovy!

The Pretender. Oh, let me for a single hour forget
The labors and the dangers of my fate!

Forget thou, also, that in me thou seest
The tsarévitch! Marina, see in me
The lover of thy choice, whom thou canst fill
With rapture by a single glance of love.

Oh, heed the supplication of my love,
And let me tell thee all that fills my heart!

Marina. There is no time, prince! While thou loiterest here
Cool grows the zealous ardor of thy men,—
Each hour the danger and the toil for thee
Grow into greater danger, greater toil.
Already doubtful rumors fly abroad;
Already change treads close on heel of change,
And Godunóf hastes on the ripening plan.

The Pretender. And who is Godunóf? Has this Boris
Within his grasp thy love, my only joy?
Nay, nay, now look I with indifference
Upon his throne, upon his royal power.
Thy love—without that what were life to me,
The gleam of glory and the Russian realm?
Upon the lonely steppe, in poverty,
Thou, thou wert worth to me the crown of Tsar!
Thy love——

Marina. For shame! Let not thy soul forget
The claims of thy high, holy destiny!
Thy rank must lift thee far above all joy,
Above all life's temptations. Thou canst not
In anything compare thyself with him.
Not to a youth, seething with mad desires,
Intoxicated by my loveliness,
Did I in solemn mood bestow my hand;
But to the heir of Moscow's splendid throne,
The Tsar's son, saved for us by destiny.

The Pretender. Torture me not, Marina, loveliest!
Confess not that it was my rank, not me,
That thou didst choose. Marina, thou know'st not
What wounds upon my heart thy words inflict!
What! if—oh, terrible suspicion! Say,—
If blind fate had denied me royal birth,—
If I was not the son of the Ioánnis,—
The royal boy forgotten by the world,—
Then, then wouldst thou still love me? Answer me!

Marina. Dimitri, thou couldst not be else than he!
I could not love another!

The Pretender. 'Tis enough!
I do not wish to share a dead man's love,

Who still is bound to him by sacred ties.
 No! I have had enough of false pretence.
 I now will tell the truth, so thou mayst know
 That thy Dimitri is still stiff and stark,
 And has not ever risen from the tomb!
 And wouldst thou know who I am among men?
 'Tis well. I will not hide it!—A poor monk!
 I, wearied of my dull monastic life,
 Thought mighty thoughts beneath my capuchin!
 I thought to give the world a mighty shock,
 And so at last I fled my cell and came
 Among the Ukrainians, in their canvas towns!
 I learnt to curb the horse and wield the sword.
 Dimitri then among you I appeared,
 And easily deceived the fickle Poles!
 To this, thou proud Marina, what say'st thou?
 With my avowal art thou satisfied?
 Why art thou silent?
Marina. Oh, the shame! the pain!"

He goes on to tell her how love has caused him to confess to her the truth: he might deceive the universe, but not the mistress of his heart. But Marina, already so eaten up by ambition that it is later scarcely surprising to see her accepting the pretender of the pretender as her husband, urges him—even though he be but a rash vagabond, a nameless monk, who has deceived two nations—to hide his audacious lie under the veil of eternal secrecy. She still will be his if he will prove himself worthy of his high destiny. Dimitri, inspired by her confidence, proudly declares that the shade of the great Ioánn, whose son he pretends to be, has descended upon him and given him power. He promises to make the usurper Godunóf tremble on the throne: he then declares that he will not see her again until death or the crown shall await him in the white-walled city. She, to try him, threatens to reveal his guilty secret: he dares her. Then, aroused by his gallant words, she once more calls him back, names him prince, and bids him march with the Polish soldiers against his foe.

He is true to his word, and we next find him on the Lithuanian border once more entering Russia with his followers. This gives Pushkin a chance to put into Kurbsky's mouth one of those patri-

otic outbursts about holy Russia which, as the expression of nationality, make the heart swell with pride. The pretender calls down the vengeance of heaven upon Borís and Kurbsky, and summons the warriors forward, echoing it,—“Woe to Godunóf!”

In another article we shall see how Pushkin ends the drama.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

II.—THE DRAMATIC SITUATION AND MOTIVE.



It is natural to distinguish between those plays that have an historical and those that have a romantic plot. But the name historical play is misleading, since it may imply that the historical is more prominent than the personal element. There is a difference also between treating a plot based on history historically, and making this subservient to the element of character development. In the English historical plays the national movement is strong; the national greatness with which Shakespeare sympathized so fully being a modifying element, and character development less prominent. The Roman plays are as truly based on history, but character portrayal is more largely an integral part. In “Antony and Cleopatra” the imperial movement, with all its grandeur of circumstance, is but a background. The real plot is a personal one, culminating in the double tragedy at the close. Not only is the historical not the essential element in many a play founded on history, but it is equally wrong to suppose Shakespeare has embodied his sentiments in regard to politics, religion, philosophy, in any play or series of plays. The essential quality of the dramatist is to sink himself completely in his work. It is thus that Shakespeare, in fullest degree, “holds a mirror up to nature” in her human relations. Thus he gives the “touch of nature that makes the whole world kin,” the world of man under

the stress of human aspirations and passions. In accordance with this method, the Roman dramas are not the medium of a political philosophy, but studies of men and women, play of motive, movement of passion.

"Antony and Cleopatra" is a passion tragedy, as are "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Lear." Its historical character, though it follows history so accurately, is subservient. The tragedy was itself historic, and its dramatic character required little modification of historical material. The dramatic motive of the play is the ruin of Antony under the stress of sensual passion,—“the ruin of a noble nature through voluptuous self-indulgence.” It is in sharp contrast with Shakespeare's first tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet." In each two lovers are brought to death, in each are two beautiful women and two noble men. But in "Romeo and Juliet" the lovers are united in a pure, though passionate love, the love of youth, and their deaths are brought about by causes outside and uncontrollable by themselves. In "Antony and Cleopatra" a pair long past the pardonable warmth of youth is united in a sensual amour, but with no trust, no real sympathy, no depth of affection. Their ruin and death are due to their own guilty passion, and to causes wholly within themselves. "Romeo and Juliet" represents love's purity and sweetness; in the kiss of the lovers, two virgin souls plight troth for eternity. "Antony and Cleopatra" shows only love's debased coin; the kiss of Antony is that of a profligate, bestowed on one who receives it only with soiled lips and an empty heart. Antony gives himself to Cleopatra's charms; Cleopatra captivates Antony for her own sensual pleasure, and, less distinctly, for her own love of power.

To the greater motive, the ruin of Antony by Cleopatra's magic, is to be joined a lesser,—the ruin of Egypt's queen through the temptation she presents to another. These two motives are united by the underplot, the imperial movement. Not only does Antony lose his share of the Roman world by reason of his passion for Cleopatra, but she also loses her kingdom by the means she hoped would retain it,—her hold on Antony's power. From each slips away a cherished object, and in each case the loss is a nemesis. Shakespeare has changed slightly the Cleopatra of history. Plutarch

represents her as gaining influence over Antony simply for political interest. Shakespeare has added the baser motive, sensual enjoyment, and obscured the other to present the crime in a less favorable light, and throw into relief the fall of Antony by reason of his own yielding to temptation.

The dramatic situation is finely given in the first scene. Antony is presented as infatuated with the queen, but there is difference of opinion as to the result. Clearly Demetrius has been apologizing for his general when Philo breaks in with, "Nay, but the dotage of your general's O'erflows the measure." His after-words anticipate the whole play,—

"Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world, transformed
Into a strumpet's fool."

At once the lovers appear, Antony to profess extravagantly his love and Cleopatra to show how thoroughly he is in her toils; even Demetrius is surprised at the slighting reference to Cæsar, and Philo apologizes for his lord "when he is not Antony." The situation presents here three main persons in characteristic attitudes, Antony and Cleopatra in royal dalliance, Cæsar successful in driving Antony's wife and brother from Italy,—an augury of the greater conflict. The Antony for whom his friend apologizes has spoken his infatuation and his disregard of the empire he holds,—

"Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space."

In this dramatic situation Shakespeare shows his art, as well in what is suppressed as in what is presented. Plutarch tells us that after Philippi, Antony gave himself up to all forms of pleasure, living in the luxuriance of an Eastern prince, and spending the tribute of Asia with a lavish hand. It was in these revels that he earned the title among his followers of Bacchus, the giver of joy. Nor is there in this Antony any trait of the shrewdness and insight with which he played upon the conspirators and the people of Rome. He is still the great soldier, but frank, open, ingenuous, fond of pleasure, and easily giving way to it. Shakespeare has omitted

reference to facts and qualities that would detract from the simplicity of situation essential to a great play. He has emphasized the noble qualities of Antony to present a more striking picture of downfall and disgrace. He has omitted references to Antony's former life, lest they preclude our sympathy with the hero.

If the dramatic situation were left thus, we might well believe Antony already so much infatuated as to be unable to extricate himself, and we should have only pity, not a feeling of justice, at his fall. Shakespeare has carefully guarded against this, for Antony perceives his position clearly, as shown by the next scene. "A Roman thought hath struck him," and he says, "These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, Or lose myself in dotage;" and, again, "I must from this enchanting queen break off." Nor is he unable to carry out his purpose. He gives orders to his officers, maintains his course against all the arts of the queen, and is gone to Rome. Antony is still a free agent, and he can yet snap the threads woven about him while saying to Cleopatra "my full heart remains in use with you." "I go from hence Thy soldier, servant." In addition to this manly act of Antony's, our sympathy for him is increased by the praise of his colleague Lepidus and his rival Octavius. We should expect this from the former, but Octavius also tells of his famous exploits, his courage, and his indomitable energy. He increases our admiration for the man while he bemoans his faults. As Antony is already on his way to Rome, the effect of the praise is not neutralized by displeasure at an inactivity now no longer a fact.

The situations as to Cleopatra and Octavius are interesting. She is a charming woman, with a hold upon Antony she tries to retain by every wile and every deceit. "She's cunning past man's thought." There is an "infinite variety" in Cleopatra's magic. She acts a new part before her lover in every scene; she studies her part in his absence. But she is a licentious woman, never displaying a loyal devotion or a heart-felt affection. She does not know the meaning of love. She possesses only a bewitching coquetry. Antony is to her but another conquest in the list including Cæsar and Pompey, and best only as the last. Antony's rival, Octavius,

pretends no ill-will to him, but regrets his indulgence of less-weighty matters. Cæsar has the Roman state continually in mind, and in behalf of this alone he pretends to lament Antony's Egyptian revels. He does not care that Antony "filled his vacancy with His voluptuousness,"—

"but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours;"

this the methodic magisterial Cæsar thinks should "be chid as we rate boys." Octavius is represented in the play always in his relation to Antony: His own ambition is not made the visible motive of his actions. The Roman state is to come to him, not so much by his own efforts as by reason of Antony's criminal negligence. He is an agent in the play, not a hero of it.

One other character belongs to the dramatic agencies, and without him the situation would be incomplete. The chorus of the ancient drama is reflected now and then in a play of Shakespeare. But the contrasts in its use are marked. In Shakespeare a single character takes the part, and he does it unobtrusively. The epic element is an integral part of the play, but it never delays the action. It is used both to narrate what has taken place and to foreshadow what is to come; it explains past action, it prepares the mind for following scenes. The chorus in Shakespeare does not act alone as narrator, but always appears in character, the part being taken by a personage necessary to the play. In "Antony and Cleopatra" this chorus is Enobarbus, the interpreter of the play, the friend of Antony. He narrates facts most important to the play, but not dramatized, as the meeting of Cleopatra with Antony on the river Cydnus. Through him we see beneath the externals of actions apparently sincere to their real character, as in the reconciliation of Cæsar and Antony. He is the first to perceive the significance of the arrest of Lepidus, and to foresee the probable issue of the contest between the remaining triumvirs. Even in his death he is made to reflect the nobleness of Antony, imparting a last ray of glory to the man of great possibilities so soon to fall in ruin.

Oliver Farrar Emerson.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF BROWNING.

AS I stood at the open door of 29 De Vere Gardens one bright Sunday morning in August, last year, and felt the hearty grasp of Robert Browning's hand as he was bidding me "good-by," I little realized then that I was to see his face no more. And yet, as I walked up the street towards Kensington Gardens, amid the warm sunshine and the chirping of the birds, a strange feeling of sadness came over me; unaccountable, save for one circumstance: In the course of our talk that morning, the old poet had mentioned some things he was going to show me when he came home again, and more than once he had used the expression, "If I live." He had all his old geniality and kindness, and was bright and cheerful on that Sabbath morning; yet for all that, there seemed a touch of weariness about him, and his voice sounded strangely pathetic. Long afterwards those words haunted me,—"*if I live*:" had he, I wonder, any foreboding that his end was so near, his work almost done? In the light of his last poems, it would surely seem so; and when the news of his sudden death reached me, those three words of his came to my mind with terrible distinctness.

Some one-and-twenty years ago I saw him for the first time; he was then seeing "The Ring and the Book" through the press, and the spell of work on that poem had evidently put him a bit out of gear. I had for some few years been under his influence, and when at last admitted to his presence I felt a sense of awe and of reverence which I fear sealed my lips. But how well I call to mind the charming manner with which he at once put me at my ease, the frank youthfulness of his nature, the warmth of his welcome. He was then living at Warwick Crescent, and I remember his taking me up to the drawing-room, and pointing out from the window Land-

seer's house, half hidden among the trees that fringed the canal opposite. Of the conversation that morning I have now but an indistinct recollection: of his own works little was said, but he adverted to the tapestry on the wall, and pointed out the "blind red horse, his every bone a-stare," familiar to all readers of "*Childe Roland*." On leaving, he warmly pressed me to call again; and thus began a friendship which continued to the end. I recollect once, when the talk had ranged round the great name of Shelley, his referring to the little poem "*Memorabilia*." ("And did you once see Shelley plain?") He said he well recollected the circumstance that gave rise to the stanzas. He was in the shop of a well-known bookseller, when a stranger to himself came in, and, entering into conversation with the bookseller, began to talk about Shelley, stating, among other things, that he had both seen and spoken to him. Suddenly the stranger turned round, and burst into a laugh on observing how Browning was "staring at him," with blanched face: "and," said the poet, "I have not yet forgotten how strangely the sight of one who had spoken with Shelley had affected me."

At times the old poet would recall some reminiscence of his "Pauline" days at Richmond; on one occasion narrating how, walking with Wordsworth and some friends, one of the number said, "There's Browning's house, over by that hill." "Call *that* a hill?" exclaimed Wordsworth, "why we only call that a *rise* in my country." He would show you, too, the lock of Milton's hair, given to him and his wife by Leigh Hunt,—a relic he was exceedingly proud of, and for which he had a small glass medallion made, a protection he seemed to think necessary, as on one occasion he said he was showing the "relic" to a lady, who evidently thought she might help herself to an infinitesimal portion thereof,—a proceeding which the poet justly resented. Then, too, he would show you the original "square old yellow book," with its "crumpled vellum covers," which he picked up on that memorable day on a bookstall in the Square of Florence.

But it was a rare privilege to be shown mementos of his wife: the poet would unlock a drawer in the desk at which he wrote, and taking out a book or faded paper, "tell all about it." I recollect his

once showing me a small volume in which was a pen-and-ink sketch by Mrs. Browning of a fig-tree under which they had often sat ; and in the same volume was the plan of a house, drawn by the poetess, which they had intended having built at Florence,—but, alas, ere *that* had taken visible shape she had entered the house not made with hands. As the poet handled and spoke of this book, there was a wistful yearning tenderness in his voice that told only too well where his heart was.

It was always pleasant to hear Mr. Browning speak of his contemporaries in literature,—you could not fail to note the large-hearted generosity of the man. Of Landor, Dickens, Forster, “Barry Cornwall,” and others, Browning would speak with enthusiasm ; but he always had a tender word for Thomas Carlyle,—from whom, early in his career, he had received several kindly and encouraging letters. The poet would tell how, soon after the publication of his first poem, he received a most cordial letter from Carlyle, asking him to call at Chelsea. He duly called, and was received with the greatest kindness by the philosopher and his wife ; and on subsequent visits they would often accompany him part of the way home. In fact the Carlyle portrayed by Browning is an altogether different man from that of Mr. Froude. Indeed, the poet was one of Carlyle’s most ardent champions, and much resented the portrait drawn of him, “warts and all.” He told me once he had offered Mr. Froude the use of Carlyle’s letters to himself (and which are now in the hands of Professor Norton), but that Mr. Froude refused them. Shortly before his death, Mr. Carlyle called at Warwick Crescent, but Mr. Browning was out. The old man (who was too weak to leave his carriage) left a message with Miss Browning : “Tell your brother I should like to see him once again before I die.” Needless to say, the next morning the poet went over to Chelsea.

His personal kindness to myself I shall never forget. He was always the same,—the hearty grasp of the hand, the kindly ring of the voice, the hopeful, buoyant manner. But of late years one detected a touch of pathos in the voice : “That is my room,” he said to me, soon after he moved to Kensington, “I shall die there ; this will be my last home, *here*, at least,” he went on, “for one may

surely hope it will not be the *last*." But not *there*, after all, was the end to come; but away, in the land of his early love.

So he has gone; but he died at his post. It is but a year or two ago that he said to me, "I cannot be idle; I shall die in harness. I have been writing some small things lately, but I want to write one or two more large works before I die." Brave words! and he did die "in harness," though the "larger works" were left undone,—*here*, at least; but, "behind the veil," who can tell?

And so this good man and great poet has vanished from our sight; yet he lives still in our memories, and "his works do follow him." By and by England will discover all that she owes to this man, and how, living and dying, he was loftier than the world suspected. In the mean time, let it be ours who have loved him to "pass on" to others the knowledge we have gained, the help we have derived from his work; and, living his life, "do out the duty," until the day break.

William G. Kingsland.

LONDON, February 5, 1890.

THE PASSING OF SCYLD.

BEÓWULF, 26-53.

[Scyld is an ancestor of Hrôthgâr, whose hall Beówulf frees from the deadly visits of the monster Grendel. At Scyld's death, he is laid upon a richly-adorned ship, and left to drift out to sea.

The following version has four accents and a cæsura in each line.]

THÉN Scyld passed at the fore-doomed hour,
The war-keen to go to the keeping of God.
Théy then bare him to the stream of the sea,
Dear companions, as he himself bade,
Whilst the friend of the Scyldings ruled with words,
The lovèd land-prince long held *sway*.
There at the haven stood the ringèd-prow,
Shining and ready, the atheling's craft.

Laid they then the belovèd lord,
 Giver of rings, in the bosom of the ship,—
 The renowned by the mast. There was many a treasure,—
 Curios brought from the ways afar,—
 Never heard I more grandly a keel to grace
 With weapons of battle and weeds of war,
 With bills and byrnies. In his bosom lay
 Many a treasure that should with him
 Into the power of the flood go far.
 By nó means they decked him less with gifts
 The peoples'-jewel, thán those did
 Who at the beginning sent him forth
 Alone over the wave, being a child.
 A golden banner moreóver they then set
 High over head; they let the deep sea bear,
 They gave unto the flood: to them was a sad heart,
 A mourning mind. Men know nó
 To say, in truth, the allotment of fate,
 Heroes under the heavens, who received that burden.

Anna Robertson Brown.

THE STUDY.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

(Continued.)

THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—There is no list of the *Dramatis Personæ* in the Folio of 1623; the only plays in that edition which have such lists being the “*Tempest*,” the “*Two Gentlemen*,” “*Measure for Measure*,” “*Winter’s Tale*,” “*2 Henry IV.*,” “*Timon of Athens*,” and “*Othello*.” The earliest edition of the “*Merchant*” that gives “*The Actors’ Names*” is the Quarto of 1637. *Leonardo*, *Balthazar*, and *Salerio* do not appear in this list.

Shylock seems to have been a Jewish name in the time of Shakespeare. A pamphlet entitled "Caleb Shillocke his prophecie, or the Jewes Prediction" (as Steevens prints it) was published in 1607; and, according to Staunton, it was "a reprint of a much older copy." The name of *Richard Shylock* (whether a Jew or not, we have no evidence) is found in the "Battel Abbey Deeds," the document being dated "4 July, 1435."

Tubal and *Chus* (iii. 2. 287), Elze says, "are taken from Genesis, x. 2, 6, without change;" but there the latter name is *Cush*. According to the dictionaries, *ch* has the hard sound (like *k*) in all Hebrew proper names, with the single exception of *Rachel*. As Colonel H. B. Sprague has reminded us, *Chus* should properly follow the rule, though commonly made an exception,—as I myself should prefer to reckon it.

The name of *Portia* was probably suggested by that of "Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia," to whom, as Bassanio says (i. 1. 165), she is "nothing undervalued." Furness aptly remarks that the choice of the name, and this allusion to it, may be cited in illustration of Shakespeare's interest in "Julius Cæsar and the characters grouped about him" (well set forth in Craik's "English of Shakespeare"). Ruskin, in his "Munera Pulveris," says that "Shakespeare would certainly never have chosen this name had he been forced to retain the Roman spelling" (*Porcia*). He adds that "like *Perdita*, lost lady, or *Cordelia*, heart lady, *Portia* is fortune lady;" but this etymology, with the comments he adds upon it, is "far out."

Equally fanciful, to my thinking, is Elze in supposing that Shakespeare, "with deep knowledge," has placed the black hair of Nerissa (or *Nerrissa*, as it is more commonly spelt in the early editions) in contrast to the "sunny locks" of her mistress. This "the poet has indicated in the finest way, which has not, perhaps, been generally detected,—to wit, by her name," which is "the Italian *Nericcia* (from *nero*), and thereby signifies 'the black-haired.'" Elze also suggests that, in making Portia a blonde, contrary to what we should expect in an Italian, Shakespeare followed the example of "the great masters of the Venetian school in the sixteenth century," who "gave to their ideal of female beauty red-golden hair." It is more

likely that he had in mind the favorite type of beauty in England at that time. "In the old age black was not counted fair," he tells us in Sonnet 127; and the medieval preference of the blonde to the brunette (which it is hardly necessary to say is the meaning of *black* here) still lingered in the Elizabethan age.

Steevens inferred from the name of *Gobbo* that Shakespeare intended the character "to be represented with a hump back" (*gobbo* is Italian for *hunchback*); but the name was probably then a family one in Italy as it is now. The Washington Hotel, in Florence, is now kept by a Gobbo, and I have seen the name in Pisa also. If the poet was ever in Venice (as Mr. C. A. Brown and others have supposed) he must have seen in the square just beyond the Rialto bridge and in front of the ancient church of San Giacomo—which square, not the bridge, was his "Rialto," or merchants' exchange—the crouching statue, known as *Il Gobbo di Rialto*, which supports the short pillar from which the laws of the Republic were proclaimed in the early days when the Rialto island was the commercial centre of Venice; and tourists who have been in Verona will recollect another venerable *Il Gobbo* which sustains a holy-water basin in the church of Santa Anastasia.

W. J. Rolfe.

(To be continued.)

SOME QUESTIONS ON CHAUCER'S LIFE AND WORK.

I. As accounts of the date of Chaucer's birth disagree, and it is not certain which of the universities can claim to be his Alma Mater, explain why such discrepancies arise? Why does Gower call him old in 1392, if he was born in 1340, as Mr. A. W. Ward prefers to believe?

II. What extenuating circumstances, if any, can be brought out to account for Chaucer's action in disclosing the names of his associates in the Lollards' disturbances in order to secure his release from the Tower?

III. What is the meaning of Philogenet in the "Court of Love?"

IV. What forms did Chaucer imitate in his "Court of Love," "Testament of Love," and "House of Fame?"

V. How was the idea in "The House of Fame" copied by a later English poet?

VI. Chaucer, in "The House of Fame," gives a place therein to Josephus,—has any other writer, English or Continental, honored him by such notable mention?

VII. Who is the prototype of the "very parfit, gentle knight" in the "Canterbury Tales?" What comment has been made by a celebrated historian on the tale he told?

VIII. Who are the prototypes of the lean "Clerke of Oxenford" and the "poore Persounne?"

IX. Whence did Chaucer derive the story of Griselda?

X. What was the motive in the "Rime of Sir Thopas?"

XI. Is there anything in any literature answering to the "Priorresse, Madame Eglentine?"

XII. Whence did Chaucer derive the idea or plan for the "Canterbury Tales?"

XIII. In which poem of Chaucer's is there a long dissertation on predestination, and in what contemporary or older authors is there any allusion to this doctrine?

XIV. What is the meaning of the poem beginning "I am so sorrie now that ye be light?" Give some account of it.

Mary Lloyd.

QUERY AND ANSWER ON BROWNING SCIENTIFIC ALLUSIONS.

IN CURIOUS contrast to those critics of Browning who dwell on his pernicious habit of treating too frequently of scientific matters in his poetry is the opinion of a specialist on one or two of these scientific passages.

The question was asked as to the scientific accuracy of the process described in these lines from "The Ring and the Book,"—

"the artificer melts up wax
With honey, so to speak; he mingles gold

With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both,
 Effects a manageable mass, then works:
 But his work ended, once the thing a ring,
 Oh, there's repristination! Just a spirt
 O' the proper fiery acid o'er its face,
 And forth the alloy unfastened flies in fume;
 While, self-sufficient now, the shape remains."

And this from "Ferishtah's Fancies,"—

"Once I saw a chemist take a pinch of powder—
 Simple dust it seemed—and half-unstop a phial:
 Out dropped harmless dew. 'Mixed nothings make' (quoth he)
 'Something!' So they did: a thunderclap, but louder,—
 Lightning-flash, but fiercer,—put spectators' nerves to trial."

To this we received the following reply, which is only added proof that Browning's use of applied science was mainly symbolic, and, therefore, perfectly in keeping with the art of the poet:

"In answer to your queries, I would say, to the first, the figure about honey and wax is quite unchemical; they might be mixed up in the manner described by a person totally unacquainted with chemical reactions, but no result could follow as described.

"To the second, this figure is not wholly unscientific. There are unstable nitro-compounds in solid form which would become instantly dissociated into gas by the addition of a liquid like concentrated sulphuric acid. But reports *louder* than thunder, and flashes *brighter* than lightning would not follow.

"Yours truly,

"Geo. A. Koenig."

AN AUTHORSHIP QUERY.

To THOSE who are interested in the unfailing literary question of "Who wrote it?" we refer a query, sent us by J. E. Lester, of Providence, R. I., as to the authorship of the following lines:

"The pilgrim and stranger who through the day
 Holds over the desert his trackless way
 Hears at last, through the mercy of Allah to all,
 From his tent-door at evening the bedouin's call," etc.

THE STAGE.

"SHYLOCK" IN PARIS.



THE manager of the Odéon, M. Porel, is a fervent lover of Shakespeare, and during the past five years has presented, each season, an adaptation of one of the great poet's works. We have thus seen "Macbeth," "The Winter's Tale," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "The Merchant of Venice." This last adaptation, which was produced a few evenings ago, is the work of a young poet, M. Edmond Haraucourt. The French literary men of to-day are very much divided in their appreciation of Shakespeare; some, following Victor Hugo's recommendation, "admire him like a brute," while others—generally those who are unable to read him in the original text—contest his universal genius. M. Haraucourt is one of the younger men whose faculty of admiring has not been destroyed by the withering spirit of analysis that blights the modern French school. He comprehends Shakespeare, and therefore admires him. Like the other Shakespearian pieces that have been transferred to the French stage, "Shylock" is only a very free adaptation of the original. M. Haraucourt has taken the plot and characters of "The Merchant of Venice" and then written his piece without respecting the English text very closely. But he has endeavored, and I think succeeded, in presenting the spirit of the primitive work, and this is, after all, the most we can ask of a French author dealing with one of Shakespeare's comedies. The greatest liberty that M. Haraucourt has taken with the English comedy is to develop the scene of Jessica's abduction, which is only summarily presented by Shakespeare. The opportunity to make an effective tableau was probably the cause of this wide departure from the original piece; and, excepting that it is not in Shakespeare, the scene is a very beautiful and striking one. M. Haraucourt's verse is

strong, limpid, and sufficiently supple to express the joyous fancies of Portia, and the sombre and touching appeals of Shylock. The actors in this comedy are not quite up to the mark. Mlle. Réjane, who impersonates Portia, is an intelligent actress whose special line is the ultra-Parisian woman of the present day, so faithfully sketched by Meilhac; consequently she lacks several qualities that we are in the habit of associating with Shakespeare's heroine. M. Albert Lambert, although very conscientious, has made Shylock too melancholy and melodramatic. The piece is mounted at the Odéon with a richness that would astonish even Mr. Henry Irving, who has, however, surrounded his Shakespearian revivals with a sumptuousness that is well known. M. Porel has resuscitated the Venice of Titian and of Veronese, while the costumer seems to have sought in all the wardrobes of the sixteenth century for the richest stuffs imaginable.

This is not the first time that "The Merchant of Venice" has been arranged for the French stage. A prose version, entitled "Shylock," by MM. Dulac and Alboize, was produced at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre in 1830; the same year, "The Merchant of Venice," in three acts, in verse, by M. Lamarche, was played at the Odéon; in 1853, an adaptation called "The Venetian Jew," by M. Ferdinand Dugué, was presented at the Ambigu. None of these pieces met with any success. Alfred de Vigny, as is well known, made an excellent translation of Shakespeare's comedy, but it was never performed.

Charles Seymour.

PARIS, January 24, 1890.

WHAT IS IT TO BE DRAMATIC?

IBSEN is not one of those who "oft delight to season his fireside with personal talk," but Bernstein wrote recently in the *Berliner Tageblatt* (as reported in that interesting collector of foreign items of news, the *Transatlantic*, from which we borrow this quotation) that Frederike Gossman once recited "The Doll's House" to Ibsen in his own home, and that, upon some discussion of the variety of opinions the play had aroused, Ibsen was stirred into saying, "in his

labored, halting German, 'They make a senseless objection who maintain that I have said a woman shall or may leave her husband and children. I have not said at all what any woman may or shall do. I have spoken only of one woman. Of my Nora. Of this single woman. I have asked myself, What will this woman here do, according to her nature? And I thought to myself, She will go away. Another one, perhaps, would have done something else.'"

A "senseless" objection, indeed, it is, and one which the ordinary undramatic-tending mind finds fatally easy. Witness Besant's catchpenny impertinence in concluding the play after his own fashion.

None so ready as the didactic and the undramatic—that is to say, the ordinary critics—to accuse the artist and the dramatist of considering only what they themselves involuntarily consider, namely,—not life, but questions of external literary form and abstract moral rules. The poets of the greatest dramatic gifts of this century—Browning and Ibsen—are constantly being accused of preaching, or of preaching wrong, by dogmatists who are not only incapable of doing anything else themselves, but who cannot recognize nature when the mirror is held up to it, unless not only the "mirror" but the "nature" is Elizabethan. That is to say, these competent critics are so bent upon harking back to a few things they have learned about archaic motives, and a "nature" which is no longer distinctively true to present conditions, that they see nothing of the new and kindred "nature" at their elbow, and pedantically blind themselves to the rarest and best quality in the work of the new poets,—its dramatic reality.

C. P.

HARAUCOURT'S version is in favorable contrast to the stock adaptation of "The Merchant" as originally produced at the "Ambigu." In this play, Shylock, just as he is about to raise his knife in the trial scene, was made to recognize a mark upon Antonio's breast which convinces him that his intended victim is no other than his long-lost son; whereupon, abashed and conscience-stricken, Shylock becomes a Christian and makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

PAPERS OF THE WOODLAND SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

WAS FALSTAFF IMMORAL?



THE selection of the most prominent characters in the drama of "1 and 2 Henry IV." is not promptly accomplished, if indeed it be possible at all. While Falstaff is undoubtedly the chief character in the play, for the second place there are several, which to my mind are equally important. The two Harrys stand in marked contrast, and it is this contrast that gives to each such distinctness.

In this drama we find no fool, for none is needed, but in his stead a deeply-dyed rogue, in whom folly and knavery are so closely wedded that there are no grounds for separation. It might be said of Falstaff with about the same propriety as Francis I. said of Rabelais, "Innocent and delectable." If Falstaff were to appear to me completely separated from the play, I should pronounce him a creation of the great French jester. Perhaps the sixteenth century demanded that kind of wit,—coarse, gross, obscene, beastly. Falstaff as a nineteenth-century character would scarcely be tolerated, much less pronounced delectable. Taine calls Falstaff moral, presumably so, on the ground that he is so frankly immoral, and in so high a degree that he oversteps the limit of conscience; hence, does the thing he likes simply because he likes it,—that is, he becomes but as an animal, therefore not morally responsible. To me, it is only too evident that he is highly immoral, and has a conscience by which he knows it, from the many times he speaks of his determination to reform. In the first scene he says, "And now am I . . . little better than the wicked, I must give over this life, and I will give it over." Again, "Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking." And still another, "Do thou amend thy face and I'll amend

my life." And "I'll purge and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do." That he is immoral and knows it, and confesses it, makes his humor the more humorous and himself the more tolerable.

Falstaff likes the company of Prince Hal, not only for his good nature and mirth-creating propensities, but also for his money. Not that Falstaff is mercenary: he knows no value of money except as it administers to his physical enjoyments. His great greed for money conspicuously crops out on all occasions; notably in the scene where he so readily assents to the robbery of the travellers. And again, on finding Prince Hal has been through his pockets, he exclaims, with much remorse, "O, I do not like that paying back, it is a double labour." On learning Prince Hal has made friends with his father, Falstaff blurts out, "Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too." The very absurdity, effrontery, and unexpectedness of the last part of his speech render it novel and unique.

His greed as well as his craft and villany are shown in levying recruits for his army. The king's press, a commission for forcing men into public service, was used by him as a means to extort money, as he himself relates,—“I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons, inquire me out contracted bachelors, such a commodity of warm slaves as had as soon hear the devil as a drum.” That is, he made it an especial business to seek the cowardly who preferred paying to fighting, and thus his recruits consisted of a motley number of rag-tags. Nor does any possible means, honorable or dishonorable, escape him for obtaining money,—begging, borrowing, stealing, lying, all are resorted to, but none prove to be a remedy, as he says, against this “consumption of the purse;” “borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.” His sole desire for money is that he may swim in old sack, and stuff his capacious stomach with roast capon. “If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be to forswear *thin* potations and to addict themselves to sack.”

We feel that many a jest is spoken in earnest when Falstaff says, “To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast fits a dull

fighter and a keen guest." His humor in bountifulness is only equalled by his person,—to laugh and grow fat was his only regimen. His species of wit was unquestionably humor; there is no hostility, no animosity in it, but it looks leniently, though with some roguishness, upon the weaker side of humanity. His jollity consists not in ridicule of others, but more often mirthfulness, with no malice in it. He is equally as ready to laugh at himself as at another; is never angry when defeated, but fences equally well with words as with swords.

In repartee, where shall we find his equal? This style of humor occurs over and over throughout the drama. As a single illustration, in Part II., Act i., Scene 3, the chief-justice says, "Sir John, you live in great infamy." Falstaff replies, "He that buckles him in my waist cannot live in less."

In figure he is pot-bellied, slender-legged, blear-eyed, swollen-faced, or, as he himself puts it, "A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; an', as I think, his age some fifty." His wit, wisdom, weight, greed, lying, and cowardice are all turned to humor. While Falstaff revels in the obscene and the company of the low and illiterate, he himself is a knight of learning; his jokes are not those of the clown, and he is, above all, at home, whether drinking old sack at the Boar's Head with questionable company or in conversation with royalty. He is conscious of the fact that he is no fit companion for the heir-apparent, for when he learns of the meeting of Prince Hal and his father about to take place, he proposes that he, Falstaff, play the father, secretly hoping to coach the son, and thus retain his company. He reminds him that "pitch doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest." Then he grows truly king-like, "for Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also."

But Prince Hal knows his subject when *he* plays the father; he says, "Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies,—that huge bombard of sack. . . . Wherein is he good but to taste sack and drink it? . . . wherein crafty but in villany? wherein villanous but in

all things? wherein worthy but in nothing?" Falstaff has reached the zenith of trickery, chicanery, villany, licentiousness, gluttony, absurdity, and uncompromising beastliness, all of which culminate in convulsions of laughter.

L. D. Lawhead.

DEPARTMENT OF THE BROWNING SOCIETY OF THE NEW CENTURY CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

Abstract of Proceedings.—The first of the meetings to be devoted to the study of "Strafford" was held on Thursday evening, January 16, Miss Cohen presiding. The meeting was opened by a vocal duet sung by Mrs. E. Dexter and Mr. Frederic Peakes. Acts I. to III. of "Strafford" were read by Dr. G. H. Makuen and Miss Harriet T. Babb, but the discussion of the drama was postponed and the evening devoted to an overflow of art discussion. A paper was read by Professor A. H. Smyth on "The Ethical Import of the Art-Poems," an abstract of which follows:

"Idealist, transcendentalist are common labels commonly misplaced. There can be no doubt of their fitness when applied to the poet of the Dramatic Lyrics. There is abundant proof of the most positive kind of the reality of Browning's faith in the spiritual life and in great moral ideas, which sustain and animate the universe. Nothing could be clearer or more conclusive than the essay on Shelley, in which we are distinctly told that the poet's worth is not to be measured by impeccable verse or magnificent single poems, even though they be 'utterly perfect in a lower moral point of view, under the mere conditions of art.' Browning's own definition of poetry is 'the presentment of the correspondency of the universe to Deity, of the natural to the spiritual, and of the actual to the ideal.' He regarded the products of creative art as indications of spiritual progress. To him the artist's aim and the nature of the truth he bore were essential,—the form and result of his toil, transient and insignificant.

"The object of 'Old Pictures in Florence' is to show that Greek art in all its matchless perfection is no more admirable than dim and almost indecipherable ruins of efforts, merely monastic, on smoke-stained walls of Christian churches. The latter have a value beyond Phidias, because they reach above the human and draw down into it the divine."

Browning's ideas of spiritual discipline, and his unfaltering grasp of personal immortality, were illustrated from the art-poems and parallel passages read from Lowell's "Cathedral."

In his paper on Browning's Art-Poems, Dr. Daniel G. Brinton said that Browning placed music above the other arts, and quoted passages from "Parleyings with Charles Avison" and "Abt Vogler," in support of his statement, saying that this fact seemed to him to be a refutation of much that has been said against his form in the discussion of harmony in verse.

"It is quite clear from some passages in his poems that Browning belongs to the romantic or Renaissance school. This is obvious from his entire willingness to discard all the classical rhythm or method. While granting them to have fulfilled in their day and time the highest mission of art, he does deny that they fulfilled the complete mission of art as it is in our day. He expresses this more particularly in a verse in the poem 'Old Pictures in Florence,'—

"On which I conclude, that the early painters,
To cries of "Greek art, and what more wish you?"
Replied, "To become now self-acquainters,
And paint man, man whatever the issue!
Make new hopes shine through the flesh they fray,
New fears aggrandize the rags and tatters:
To bring the invisible full into play!
Let the visible go to the dogs—what matters?"'

He wanted the truth of human nature expressed in art, and all his poems may be considered a commentary on that well-known passage of Terence,—'I am a man, and nothing human is foreign or strange to me.'

Dr. Brinton then spoke of Browning's attitude in regard to the nude in high art:

"Nowhere have I ever read such true and competent argument for the proper treatment of the nude, according to the high laws of

art, as in this poem, 'Parleyings with Francis Furini.' Browning moralizes that he or she who feels conscience-stricken in looking upon the nude in high art is mentally disabled.

"In connection with this we find that more than once he carefully considers the reaction which his art has upon the artist himself,—art as conditioned by a strong and noble and artistic soul. He defines distinctly between art as technical procedure, and art as an expression of an inspiration which the soul feels. He sees this in the lives of many artists, and he acknowledges and teaches that outward success is far from being inward, true success."

A discussion followed on the ideal and realistic in art. Professor Leslie Miller said,—

"I cannot think of the realists as very different from the idealists, but only as those who, in a somewhat different way, are working towards a substantially common end. I think that realism as we understand it is a result of evolution. One is impressed anywhere in the galleries of Europe when he sees a good portrait. It looks as if it had been painted recently; it brings us near to our own times. But it is an ideal of divinity that beams in this baby or its mother. Frankly, I do not see that they are very much like real babies and mothers; but they do glow with the divine light of the ideal. Who is most like Raphael in modern times? who has expressed as glowing ideals, as tender lessons? who is as distinctly a painter of ideals,—not painted them half as well, not painted them well at all,—yet has painted them in such a way that they glow on his canvas? I do not know how it impresses you, but when I look at the 'Angelus,' it seems to me that no one since Raphael has done anything so distinctly comparable to his work as this modern artist, who paints peat-diggers and not seraphic young Hebrews half in mist. To me they stand for the same thing,—precisely the same exaltation of purpose as I see in the ideals of the 'old men.'

"Does not the patron genius, if not saint, of this assembly stand for the same thing in poetry? Is he not an idealist in the purpose which underlies his work? So far as I understand Browning, there is the same high ideal, yet associated with types, and expressed by the mouths of actual people, who talk not like angels, but like real men and women who have cherished these ideals too. This is the ideal and the realistic associated."

Professor Lincoln agreed with Professor Miller that the idealistic and realistic are not necessarily antagonistic, and spoke especially of art in America.

"The commercial spirit was very depressing, and crushed out all the creative faculty, every young artist being brought sooner or later to the necessity of laying aside what he wants to do to suit the publisher's want. Another depressing influence is the intense desire on the part of a great many people to associate art with ethics. I think that the necessity which so many people see that art should teach morality, that it must have a great or invincible principle in it, is just as destructive to the creative faculty. That high art and true art always does have an ethical influence is unquestionable; but that is not the highest art which carries such a purpose upon the title-page of the book or in the title of the picture. It must not say to us, 'I am preaching you a sermon.'"

THE GENERAL meeting of January 30, Miss Cohen presiding, was opened by a piano solo by Mr. Frederick Law. Act I., Scene 2 of "Strafford" was read by Mr. Homer Dalby, *Pym*; Professor D. Bachellor, *Wentworth*; Miss Constance Mackenzie, *King* and *Lady Carlisle*; Miss Adele Mackenzie, *Queen*. Professor McElroy, on "How far Browning had correctly represented the character of Pym," said,—

"The question is not easy to answer, all representations of Pym, Hollis, and the rest being partisan. In Hume, Macaulay, and Greene the contrast is almost laughable. And, like the historians, we love these patriots or half despise them as our sympathies are against or with Charles. Browning's sympathies were with Strafford, and hence he could hardly be fair to Pym."

He found no warrant in history for Browning's idea that Wentworth and Pym were especially close friends,* and concluded that Pym, as seen in the play, was hardly the true Pym.

Professor H. N. Hoxie then read a paper on "Browning, and some aspects of Contemporary Thought."

"Contemporary criticism is recognizing the fact that there is a very permanent relation between an author and the reading constituency which is personally swayed and moulded by his genius. What

* [See Forster: "There had been a long and intimate friendship between Mr. Pym and Sir Thomas Wentworth, and they had gone hand-in-hand in the House of Commons." Gardiner says: "Mr. Browning took a hint from the old story, which is without any satisfactory evidence which has reached us, that Pym and Strafford were once intimate friends." We take this occasion to call the attention of our readers again to the fact that Browning has founded the play entirely on the facts in Forster's "Lives," seizing those points which were best adapted to dramatic purposes and developing them. (See POST-LORE, Study Department, 1889).—THE EDITORS.]

should emphatically claim its notice is the completeness and energy with which he has grasped and expressed the best thought of his time. He has touched all its great problems with high solution; co-ordinated its prophecies of science and knowledge with the spiritual life of the hereafter. What, then, are some of those conceptions—the most fruitful of our time—contemporary with us yet, and as yet filled with undeveloped promise, along which Browning has organized and expressed his thought? I conceive the first one to be the theory of evolution. The new era of philosophy it introduced to the world has been to the thought of Europe and America what the French Revolution was to history.

“This new ability, on the basis of scientific proof, to enter into warm relations with all politics and cults and religions and societies of men, comparatively, has broadened our humanity. From this one conception all history and philosophy have been remade, and whole sciences previously unknown—comparative philology, comparative mythology, comparative religions—have sprung into being. It would take a long time to show how all these conceptions enter into Browning’s poetry, yet I account in no other way for such types of life as Caliban upon Setebos, Ned Bratts, the ‘Soliloquy of a Spanish Cloister,’ and Guido in ‘The Ring and the Book.’ There, too, in direct line are those wonderful studies of ‘Balaustion’s Adventure’ and the ‘Apology of Aristophanes’—vivid pictures of Greek life as turning-points in history—to show the laws of expansion and growth in historical continuity; there that graphic picture of the bishop who ordered his tomb at St. Praxed’s—that illustration of the spirit of the Renaissance—and ‘Luria’ glowing with its color of the Orient. His point is to exhibit life in historical territories broadly, poetically, and scientifically as related to each other in the sequence of historic evolution, and not as artificially distinct and separated, which was the old view. From this view, too, comes Browning’s insistence on the incompleteness of life here, its failures as tentative to future success, his large and generous treatment of the pathos of human life, his robust vigor of heart, his cheerfulness and serenity. Life here is a grand fragment, a broken arc, a prophecy, under law, of an ultimate perfection.

“Another great conception of contemporary thought has impressed itself more powerfully upon the work of Browning than that of any other English poet. I mean the large spiritual vision of this last half of the century. The world under science has been found to be a realm of forces, and all forms of matter in their molecular constitution have resolved themselves into centres of force. The old conception of matter as a concrete substance has passed

away in the proof that it is continuous, palpable, alive, and that with the diffusion of ether there is emptiness of neither place nor space.

"So it is with the law of the conservation of energy first announced in 1843,—the doctrine that no force is ever lost,—that eternal energy is ever redistributed in various forms. It is unthinkable that the energy of the soul is the only instance of the destruction of force, and it is upon this fact—that no force can be destroyed or lost; that the energy of mind and soul must go on—that Browning, assimilating this theory as no other person has done, preaches from first to last the doctrine of personal immortality based on the proofs of scientific analogy."

Professor Francis N. Thorpe followed. He found his text in a confession Browning made about five years ago, and which bears the title, "Why I am a Liberal."

"'Why?' Because all I haply can and do,
All that I am now, all I hope to be,—
Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
God traced for both?"

"Browning seems to approach the nineteenth century before it was born; in those antique gems of thought which exhibit the world, in 'The Ring and the Book' particularly, which always seem to me to be written not retrospectively, but prospectively. He approaches us by a longer route than Shakespeare, by a more direct route than Tennyson, by a less simple route than Longfellow. He arrives with the dust of ages on his shoulders, with gleams of suns which never rise on us in his eyes, and with thoughts that never darkened our intellects. He seems to have been born to set right a great deal which was wrong, to burst the fetters of convention, to strip the husks of prejudice, and show the monstrous kernel of neglect, by simply striking from the beaten path and showing how much can be said in English more vigorous than simple, more powerful than plain, more sounding than the most famous of the ancients or any other writer of the nineteenth century.

"The Liberal party has been described as the conscience-stricken party; also, as the voice of one calling in the wilderness. Between these extremes of description, we have those who do and those who do not belong to the Liberal wing. Whether or not the kingdom of heaven is at hand, we are certainly getting nearer the kingdom of earth,—the kingdom of humanity,—by translating into our own lives this, the meaning of Liberalism, which the great poet declared to be

his creed. His creed consists of several things that are yet unpopular; that is why we like him.

“ ‘ If fetters, not a few,
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me.’ . . .

But this word, convention,—that is what I will dwell on. He was a Liberal because he saw in the Conventional, one of the fetters which fortune throws about us as soon as we are born,—perhaps a long time before, if we believe in evolution.

“ Now, Browning, throughout his work, believes in immortality. He is the only great poet of our century who has taught immortality. That may seem very heterodox,—the only *great* poet. Our little writers for the press have not yet found many words that rhyme with immortality; consequently they say nothing about it. He found a great many words that rhymed with immortality, and he found a great many thoughts that rhymed with immortality. He believed in the immortality of justice, of truth, of freedom. He saw five revolutions in France, four in Germany, three in Italy, three almost vital changes in his native land. He witnessed the sweep of the rod of wrath break away the shackles of the serf in Russia; he saw the dark cloud change its shape in America, but not its substance; and he witnessed throughout the world some tokens of the coming of the kingdom. But he did not witness the arrival of the kingdom. He bespeaks the death of prejudice and conventionality, and blind self-worship, which is another form of conventional selfishness.

“ I believe the reason we do not understand Browning is because we are too selfish. I believe we do not like him because we do not like anything that is unselfish. The voice of one crying in the wilderness is exceedingly unpleasant; and, more than that, when the kingdom of heaven can be had for the asking, we do not propose to pay a great deal for the kingdom of earth.

“ Browning found in his early days an almost adamantine wall of prejudice. In his latter years, the lesion of the wall gave some hope of its ultimately falling. I suppose that at last it will come down,—at last, with that silent crash which will not disturb even the dust upon the edge. But this wall of prejudice and conventionality among men he has always aimed the virtue of his mind against, and in this lies his relation to the nineteenth century.

“ I should say that Browning was a whole, not a fragment; that he was sound, not unsound; that his vision was multifarious, and that he had poetic insight. His rhythm does not trouble any one who can read it. It is not his fault. In viewing Browning, in taking him up year after year and piecing him out like shingles on the roof,

with the expectation that we shall keep out the denser clouds of ignorance, we forget that the man who wrote was a whole, a man of unity, a living entity. And, therefore, when he declared himself a Liberal, a lover of freedom, he did not do so as ten thousand men have done, more or less : they fought for and died for it. He, in his lofty way, says,—

“ ‘ Why ? ’ Because all I haply can and do,
All that I am now, all I hope to be,—
Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
God traced for both ? ’

“ One of the characteristics of the nineteenth century is the courting of responsibility. It indicates responsibility to court it. The man or woman who is satisfied with ordinary obligations is considered mediocre ; and he only is a reformer who wishes to do something extravagant. There is nothing of this in Browning. His extravaganzas are simply those which have been upraised by critics ; and those who stumble over the spelling, of course, never enjoy the poem, and those who halt over the rhythm have no idea of the melody of the thought. We find a poet of gentle directions ; we lose our soul temper and throw him down with a degree of diffidence which is merely incense on the altar of our own selfishness.

“ Browning is the poet of the idea of emancipation. He is the poet of the idea of man Godward,—the poet of the idea of illumination of the soul. Not as Goethe said,—self-illuminated, but God-illuminated. And when we read Browning with that affectionate interest with which he viewed the world, the hopefulness with which he described it, and the confidence with which he saw the ultimate victory of faith over doubt, I think we will have no difficulty in understanding the relation of Browning to the nineteenth century.”

THE BOSTON BROWNING MEMORIAL SERVICE.

ON Tuesday afternoon, the 28th of January, an unusually large audience assembled in King's Chapel to do honor to the memory of Robert Browning. The church was still decorated with Christmas evergreens, to which were added, for the occasion, wreaths and

festoons of laurel. In the midst of the laurel which festooned the pulpit were placed these lines from "Christmas-Eve,"—

"And I shall behold thee face to face,
O God, and in thy light retrace
How in all I learned here, still wast thou!"

In front and to the right of the chancel-rail, on an easel, was a crayon portrait, hung with laurel, of Mr. Browning.

After the playing of a Bach prelude on the organ, by Mr. B. J. Lang, Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe, vice-president of the Browning Society, rose, and prefaced the address of Col. T. W. Higginson in these few well-chosen words,—

"Friends of the Browning Society, and you who belong to that larger unorganized Browning Society composed of those who honor the poet, I am very sorry that Col. Higginson cannot be here to-day, and you will all be very sorry, I suppose. But you will be relieved to know that in taking his place I speak for him and not for myself. He has kindly written out what I am to say to you. You will miss his graceful and felicitous utterance, and this is no slight loss, but unfortunately it cannot be helped."

He then read Col. Higginson's address, in which he spoke of the American appreciation of Browning having preceded the English,—

"Those of us who look back forty years can remember that he had even then, in this region, a circle of grateful readers; and he was praised in print by Margaret Fuller, Lowell, and John Weiss at a time when, as Lady Pollock has lately testified, he had scarcely an admirer in London save the actor Macready. . . . To say that his work is unequal is to say that he is human. Every poet's work is unequal; but, in judging of the value of a mine, we do not measure the dross, we test the ore. He who has made life richer and ampler, youth more beautiful, age more venerable and hopeful, has been the friend of mankind. He passes away from us, but he has peopled the world of imagination with beings who will not depart. Paracelsus and Pippa, Colombe and Luria, Hervé Riel and Andrea del Sarto, and Rabbi ben Ezra,—as Macready said of the personages in the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Who is alive, if they are not?' . . .

"Five hundred years after Dante's birth, Voltaire wrote this of him: 'The Italians call him divine, but it is a hidden divinity; few people understand his oracles. He has commentators, which, per-

haps, is another reason for his not being understood. His fame will go on increasing, because scarce anybody reads him.' Voltaire wrote thus of Dante, in words which, if their source were left unexplained, might well pass as having been used of Robert Browning by some dissatisfied critic of to-day; yet Voltaire was the keenest intellect of his age, and stood for what seemed the prevailing sentiment; and, in spite of him, Dante has passed to a final seat among the highest kings of song. Fortunately, it is not needful that we should thus weigh our benefactors in a balance.

"We know that the public and private life of Robert Browning, the vast range of his thought and observation, the world of characters to whom he has introduced us, the poetic dignity and sweetness of his marriage—that all these things not merely secure our affection, but guarantee his fame."

After the address, "I go to prove my Soul" was sung by Mr. Winch. Mr. Christopher P. Cranch gave some personal reminiscences and the sonnet of his own which follows:

"Themes strong—verse bloodwarm with the limbs and veins
Of life at full-flush—yet as when one sees
Some unknown Grecian youth Praxiteles
Or Phidias raised from flesh on Attic plains
Into perennial marble—the coarse stains
Of corporal frailty cleansed by ministries
Of art divine from all impurities—
Till of crude fact the living soul remains;
So, with the touch of genius wrought this seer
Of passion and of truth, till heart and mind
Share in the vigor of the fleshly frame.
Though palpable to sense his forms appear,
In the soul's life, transfigured and refined,
The higher art that nature makes, they claim."

"The Year's at the Spring," set to music by Clara K. Rogers, was sung by Mr. W. J. Winch, and followed by a brief prayer by the Rev. Francis G. Peabody, and the singing of Mrs. Browning's lines "What would we give to our beloved?" the music being written specially for the occasion by Mr. Lang. Dr. Rolfe then introduced Professor Charles Carroll Everett, D.D., who gave the memorial address, which held the interested ear of the audience for three-quarters of an hour, and charmed by the simplicity of its form while it convinced by the fairness of its spirit and the discrimination

of its judgment. Mr. Dana Estes, after giving some of his own agreeable reminiscences of the poet, read letters from various literary men who were unable to be present; among others, Charles Dudley Warner, George William Curtis, and R. W. Gilder, who also sent the following poem, entitled "The Twelfth of December:"

"On this day Browning died.
Say, rather: On the tide
That throbs against those glorious palace walls,—
That rises—pauses—falls,
With melody, and myriad-tinted gleams;—
On that enchanted tide,
Half real, and half poured out from lovely dreams,
A Soul of Beauty—a white, rhythmic flame—
Passed, singing, forth into the Eternal Beauty whence it came."

The audience then joined in the singing of the hymn "O God, our help in ages past," which was sung at the Westminster service, and the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.

Alice Kent Robertson.

THE LIBRARY.

CORSON, HIRAM, LL.D.—"An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare." D. C. Heath & Co.: Boston, 1889.

It is what people have idly craved to know about Shakespeare rather than what it would serve their appreciation of him to know, which has made the assured facts concerning him seem meagre and inadequate. What is there of the best acquaintance to be had with a man, which is not open to the public he has made the heir of his thirty-six dramas and sundry other poems?

To this acquaintance Professor Corson invites his readers. He calls attention to the fact that, after all, "we really know more of Shakespeare than we know of any other author of the time, either in English or European literature, who *was not connected with state affairs.*" But it is the especial excellence of this book that it ever

reminds its reader that "the play's the thing," and that inquiry as to the playwright's parcel-gilt goblet and favorite mulberry-tree is snobbish in comparison with the knowledge of any "necessary question" of the play. To a public prone to devote a cheap and excessive attention to biographies of great men,—and most unexemplary little fishes also, not to say sharks of a more objectionable kind,—he points out the higher value of literature, and leads the way to a consideration of the Plays as plays, and of the moral spirit as distinguished from the moralizing spirit of their workmanship. His book is therefore especially needed. The objection often justly urged against the literary guide—that it stands between the student and the light—does not apply to it. With all its references to special books, and other illustration of an informational nature,—and its nearly four hundred pages are full enough of such matter to make it a good reference book merely,—all this is duly subordinated to the artistic and moral values of Shakespeare's work, so that this "Introduction" throws a clear light on hitherto darkened paths of approach to his genius.

Especially noteworthy are Professor Corson's observations upon the development of Shakespeare's verse. He points out the limitation and the usefulness of the results of the special metrical studies of Shakespeare which have been made, showing the subservience of the poet's employment of any special forms to his supreme governing sense of their dramatic fitness; and fortifying this discriminating exposition of the relation of the art *per se* to the life-current of the Plays by some pertinent and original suggestions. These suggestions have evidently found their hint in Professor Corson's own reading aloud, and anybody who has ever had the good fortune to hear him read will remember how such reading was not "elocution" but interpretation, and will know how to appreciate the force of these observations. It is open enough, however, to any critical reader, who, as Professor Corson says, will read two or three of the earliest plays and then two or three of the latest, and then contrast these as to the elocution they require. He says,—

"The elocution of the former, whatever may be any one's habits as a reader, will naturally run more or less into the *recitative* style of

expression—will be such as a reader is apt to give to matter previously prepared; the elocution of the latter will, as naturally, *dwell* more upon the thought, as if it, the thought, were having its genesis in the mind at the time of its expression. In the composition of the earlier Plays, sentiment with the poet was predominant over thought,—his mood was often more poetic than dramatic; . . . later, when sentiment was to a considerable extent displaced by thought, when the poetic mood yielded almost entirely to dramatic identification, the plain song was sunk in the descants. . . . The gradual and regular changes which Shakespeare's language-shaping underwent, must have wrought changes in the stage-elocution; which changes may, in turn, have had a reactionary effect upon his latest style. At the first great outburst of the Drama, the stage-elocution must have been more or less of the recitative style, and inflated withal. . . . There was, no doubt, a traditional style, dating far back, which had to be counteracted to some extent, before the way was open for the effective, natural, and deliberate style which, there is evidence, Richard Burbadge must have practised."

Within the recitative limits of the earlier style, Shakespeare's verse reached an extraordinary degree of freedom and vigor before passing into the exercise of a spontaneity, of which the obvious characteristics, says Professor Corson, are sinking of the metre, through the weakening of emphasis on the fifth beat of the verse, through a more arbitrary use of breaks and pauses, and through the increased use of extra end syllables.

Of the increasing use of breaks and pauses, there is, by the way, a curious new piece of corroboration in L. M. Griffiths's "Evenings with Shakspeare," a book just published in England, which will be noticed here later more fully, and in which a special count has been made of the number of lines broken up and given out to two or more speakers, and the results given in a table which shows that such lines accumulate in the later Plays.

One of Professor Corson's suggestions, to the effect that "Shakespeare must sometimes have heard some of the speeches of his characters independently of the thoughts expressed, and that he fashioned them after the sound that was in his mind," seems to be inconsistent with the emphasis elsewhere most justly laid on the inseparableness and the organic unity of his thought and form.

Possibly, here is a flaw in criticism, rare here, but all too common generally, an instance of the critic's approaching the poet through his own special knowledge,—in this case, a special knowledge of reading effectiveness,—not in order to be guided in his theories and appreciation by his specialty, but controlled by it and prompted to a dictum that limits Shakespeare's art within the bounds of the experience which approached it. Did Shakespeare ever fashion to his ears an effective series of sounding incoherences, and then interpenetrate the sensuous chaos with thought of later birth? Browning's searching exclamation is again the fitting comment: "Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!" Shakespeare generally needs a little more room than the Shakespeare in us allows. Is it not only through the Shakespeare in us that we shall apprehend the Shakespeare in him? Yes, but the two Shakespeares are neither coequal nor coextensive.

The distinctive use of verse and prose in the Plays, and the appropriate relations of the Latin and Anglo-Saxon elements in Shakespeare's English to his special dramatic purposes are, in this "Introduction," also discussed; and these three chapters on his verse, prose, and vocabulary, make up an important body of suggestive criticism upon the most neglected and the most essential branch of any study to enjoy Shakespeare.

In the consideration of special plays,—*"Romeo and Juliet," "King John," "Much Ado," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra,"*—which make up the greater remainder of the volume, the distinctive merit of Professor Corson's treatment of the Plays, as above all dramatic, is most stimulating. His treatment of *"Hamlet"* will help to restore the play from the bias—utterly thwarting its dramatic beauty—with which it has been viewed by theorists on "insanity," on the dwarfing of the will by the intellect, and other expert dogmatisms of that ilk. In this wholesome view of the play, however, others have marshalled the way, and with all honor to Professor Corson for his most valuable book, it will not be the slightest discredit to him to point out, what no doubt he would also wish to acknowledge, that no such adequate introduction to Shakespeare as his is would be feasible without the stores of material—the sifted harvest

of inaccessible and costly collections—which the critic who knows how to use it finds ready to his hand in the Furness “*Variorum Shakespeare*.”

Among the plays especially considered, one, “*Romeo and Juliet*,” may be seen to be losing its hold on nineteenth century readers. Professor Corson looks at this with a glance of insight that to many such cooling critics will restore its inborn charm; and his treatment of “*Antony and Cleopatra*” sets before them a complementary picture.

A number of questions on the preceding matter completes the book and increases its serviceableness to a special class of Shakespeare teachers and students.

Charlotte Porter.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE WELCOMBE ENCLOSURES AGAIN.

TO THE EDITORS.—Referring to Mr. Stuart Glennie’s paper in your January number, let me say that this “tythe” business seems to me simple enough.

In 1605 the poet purchased half interest in the outstanding thirty-two years’ lease of certain local “tythes”: premium, £440; net income, £60, per annum.

When the proposed enclosures came on, he entered opposition by suit in Chancery, 1612, jointly with Thomas Greene; followed in 1614 by an independent suit of the “ancient freeholders,” and, as may be supposed, he canvassed his court friends in London in support of his interests; subsequently he obtained a covenant to compensate him for any loss he might sustain in consequence of the enclosures.

In 1618, after his decease, an order in council was issued to stop all further enclosures there: the interest in this lease was bequeathed to the son-in-law Dr. Hall, who sold it in 1625.

As to the quotation, I read it verbatim, thus: "Sep [1615] W. Shakspeare tellyng J. Greene that 'I was not able to beare the enclosynge of Welcombe.'" The "I" refers to the poet, and the words are retrospective; so it is a merely casual remark in the past tense. I take it that the poet depended on the income, equal to £600 per annum now, and could not afford to lose, for he was a great sufferer by the Globe fire of 1613. It is alleged that the "enclosing" might raise his income, but "while the grass grows the steed starves."

A. Hall.

LONDON, January 31, 1890.

BOOKISH BITS.

MR. ROBERT S. LAFFAN, the head-master of King Edward's School at Stratford-on-Avon, sends me an appeal for funds to enable him to create a sufficient number of exhibitions for the purpose of paying the expenses of any promising youth at a higher collegiate institute after he has graduated from the Stratford school. The latter institution has a double claim on the interest of all lovers of Shakespeare; it was founded in 1482, re-constituted by Edward VI. The boy Shakespeare here received his education, and it contains within its walls the old Guildhall, in which he witnessed for the first time the performance of a stage play.

I HAVE recently been reading Dr. Field's "Medical Thoughts of Shakespeare" (H. T. Freueauf, Easton, Pa.), and was astounded at the quantity of subjects and citations which the compiler has collected as illustrative of Shakespeare's knowledge of the medical sciences. And yet with all these results before him, is not the doctor half inclined to disbelieve in Shakespeare's exact knowledge of the subject? In a recent work which he has edited, he claims that "the medical lore in 'Romeo and Juliet' was so horn-book and elementary as hardly entitled to be called 'medical' at all. Such original propositions as that poisons kill, or that rapiers wound, can scarcely give Shakespeare a diploma in general medicine." I do not intend to enter into a discussion concerning these matters

with Dr. Field, who is only known to me through correspondence, but I will simply state why I had occasion to use his "Medical Thoughts," and the readers of POET-LORE can judge for themselves whether my search was rewarded. I desired to find quotations concerning the mandrake, and Dr. Field (p. 38) asserts that commentators think that Shakespeare found the name of this root in Bateman's "Commentary on Bartholomew *de Proprieta Rerum*" (xvii. 87),—

"Henbane (*Hyoscyamus*) is called *Insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perillous; for if it be eate or drunke, it breedeth madnesse, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is called commonly mirilidium, for it taketh away wit and reason."

Dr. Field then cites "Antony" (i. 5.), "Othello" (iii. 3.), "Cymbeline" (iv. 2.), and "Macbeth" (i. 3.): the quotation from "Antony and Cleopatra" may be appropriate and it may not. I have always understood that the mandrake was considered an aphrodisiac more than a narcotic, and if this sense be accepted, it will agree well with the citation concerning the longings of Egypt's queen. The quacks of antiquity roundly asserted that the mandrake grew only in one small spot in China, whence it was procured at great risk and danger. Bulleine, in his "Bulwarke of Defence Against Sicknesse," 1579 (p. 41), says,—

"They doe affyrme that this herbe commeth of the seede of some convicted dead men: and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawnen out of the earth to man's use. Therefore they did tye some dogge or other lyving beast unto the root thereof wyth a corde, and digged the earth in compasse round about, and in the mean tyme stopp'd their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this mandrack. In whych cry it doth not only dye itselſe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."

These properties are also alluded to by Lyly in his "Sapho and Phao," 1584 (ii. 1.), and his "Mother Bombie," 1594 (v. 3.), in the play of "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600 (v. ii.), and by Massinger in his "Beleeve as You List," 1631 (Percy Soc. ed. p. 61). Dr. Field's quotation from "Othello" pertains to the narcotic principles of the

weed and is correctly cited, but I am at a loss to understand why the extracts from "Cymbeline" and "Macbeth" have been given at all. Surely henbane and mandrake are two distinct plants?

WHILE writing thus concerning the mandrake, with due justice to Dr. Field, I must add that I have found a good illustration of the narcotic properties of this root,—a better one, in fact, than he adduces. Lyly, again, in his "Euphues and His England," 1580 (Arber reprint, p. 315), says,—

"No, no, Philautus, eyther swallowe the iuce of Mandrak, which maye cast thee into a dead sleepe, or chewe the hearbe Cheruell, which may cause thee to mistake euerything."

MR. BERNARD QUARITCH sends me a catalogue of a collection of books which he has on exhibition in New York City at the Albemarle Hotel from January 27 to February 17. The collection embraces about five hundred lots, and is divided into illuminated manuscripts, early specimens of typography, artistic book bindings, and works remarkable on account of their great scarcity. It is impossible now to enumerate all the treasures of this collection; suffice it to say that it contains five Caxtons, among others, "The Game and Play of the Chesse," 1474, and "The Golden Legende," 1503. The latter is quite perfect, and only one other copy is known in such a fine state of preservation. The copy of Arnold's "Chronicle," 1503, is not only the original edition, but it is celebrated as containing the ballad of "The Nut-brown Mayde" in its earliest known form. Another work that deserves to be mentioned is the Coverdale Bible, of 1535. This is the first-printed English Bible, but the copy in question has about a dozen leaves in fac-simile.

I confess that I was disappointed when I saw the Shakespeariana, for of the quarto editions only "King Lear" (Butter, 1608) is a really rare book, the other quartos being all comparatively late editions. The Poems (1640) have the portrait in fac-simile, and the Folio (1623) has the title and leaf of verses inlaid. There is, however, a fine copy of the second issue of the third impression (1664), a book that, I venture to predict, will be as scarce as folio 1 in less than another century.

Among the miscellaneous writers, I find Dekker, Chapman, Daniel, and Stubbes. There are, also, good copies of "The Mirour for Magistrates" and Painter's "Palace of Pleasure;" but of the host of men who worked *with* Shakespeare and knew him and loved him—not a book.

Frank Folio.

(More anon.)

— IRELAND and other forgers have written up Shakespeare's title with usurping hand so craftily, and the trail of dishonesty has so often been traced in the work of "Shakespearians" who take up the cult to make their little selves important, that it must be, unfortunately, very hard to distinguish true signatures from false. One can scarcely dare to be assured that now an important and genuine Shakespeare autograph is found, yet Judge Chamberlain has himself most carefully examined the Shakespeare autograph found in the filling at the back of a copy of North's "Plutarch" of 1603, bought in 1880 for the Boston Public Library and now in its possession; and his detailed description of it in the Library Bulletin, No. 79, recently issued, presents "many reasons in favor of its genuineness, and too few objections to warrant an adverse statement." He shows, at any rate, that the ink and paper of the autograph are contemporary with those of the volume; that a worm hole which passes through the volume passes as well through the signature, and that the stitching through the filling was done at the time of binding. The writing in question is as follows: "Wllm Shakespeare" on one line, and below, "hundred and twenty poundes." Two Latin quotations, elsewhere on the filling paper, seem to be in the same hand,—*"Cur honor quæris"* and *"quod natura dedit tollere nemo potest."*

— MR. HENRY IRVING has a four-act drama in his possession, written for him by the late Francis Albert Marshall, and yet to be produced. It is founded on the story of Robert Emmet. Mr. Marshall had written as many as nine or ten light plays and libretti; and had made various contributions to journals and maga-

zines; but he is best known for his Shakespearian work, "A Study of Hamlet," the first of a projected series on Shakespearian plays published in 1875, and his edition of Shakespeare called "The Henry Irving Shakespeare," and on which he was engaged in conjunction with Irving.

Mr. Marshall died December 28, 1889, at his home in London; his previous ill-health having interrupted his work on his edition of Shakespeare and compelling him to resign the closing volumes into the hands of Mr. Joseph Wright, the editor of *Notes and Queries*. To the seventh volume, which was issued the week of his death, he was able to contribute only a few notes. He was born in London in 1840, and educated at Harrow and Oxford. He was among the earliest friends and subscribers of POET-LORE, and we remember an appreciative letter he sent us at the beginning of our work in this magazine.

— THE "VARIORUM HAMLET" is in its sixth edition. Final work on the new "Variorum" edition of "As You Like It" has taken rather more time than Dr. Furness counted on. It will give, among other matter illustrative of the sources of the plot, a full reprint of Lodge's "Rosalynde."

— SPEAKING of the distinctively English charm of Shakespeare, the indigenous flavor of the turn of the words, the very air of the allusions, and the impossibility, therefore, that the peculiar native value of all this could be open to any foreign-born reader, Dr. Furness says he has noted in the new "Variorum" a palpable instance of how hard it is for the foreign critic to enter fully into the kingdom of Shakespeare. Where Charles explains to Oliver ("As You Like It," i. 1.) that the old Duke has gone already to live "in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him, and there they live like the old Robin Hood," and that "many young gentlemen flock to him every day and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world,"—the special significance of the passage and all its association to English minds with ballad and story of the "golden world" is lost, for example, to a German Shakespearian who fits it to Conti-

mental comprehension by cutting off ballad and story, and Robin Hood and all his merry men, and substituting in their stead "a band of gypsies!" But let the "Variorum" editor point his own moral. For exact citation and for appropriate comment, we would refer our readers to the forthcoming volume, where, among many another note, steeped as the book is in the lore of libraries, other than specialists may "spy entertainment."

— THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL at Stratford has had a recent addition to the collection of Shakespearian paintings now on the walls of its picture-gallery. The Stratford-on-Avon *Herald* says of it,—

"It is a small painting of the witch scene in the fourth act of 'Macbeth' by one of the boldest and most original of English painters, the famous John Martin. He is now known chiefly through engravings of his brilliant and extraordinary works, 'Feast of Belshazzar,' 'The Plains of Heaven,' 'Revenge,' and other compositions, in which the grandeur of immense space and vastness are expressed as they have never, perhaps, been expressed by any other artist. The picture, or, more probably, preliminary sketch for a picture, represents that weird procession of shadowy kings passing before Macbeth to 'show his eyes and grieve his heart.' The gigantic figures are seen through the misty gloom in their ghostly robes, and move, cloud-like, through the air, gradually diminishing in size and distinctness as they retire. The last unsubstantial, best-defined figure, gigantic in size, raising a mirror which flashes its light over the murky, fire-reddened gloom, in which the witches are indistinctly seen about their magic caldron, and is reflected in star-like gleamings on the armor of Macbeth as he stands above them in black shadow, upon jagged and fantastic fragments of heaped up rock, and under an overhanging precipice. The general effect is striking. The picture is generously presented to the 'Memorial' by Mr. George Jennings, of Newmarket. One would think that no class of men would be more eager to contribute their 'stones' to the grand memorial cairn of our greatest poet, who has done so much for art in all its varied forms, than the painters, yet there is, perhaps, hardly a picture in the gallery that is a painter's gift! A time will assuredly come when this fact will rest upon the memory of the great painters of our day, and be spoken of to their disparagement."

— HERE is the gist of the recent comment of the French press on Shakespeare, as he is now played in Paris. "You may call me what you like," says the critic of the *XIXe. Siècle*, "but I hold that if the Divine William often displays genius he just as often shows that he has no talent. With the exception of 'Macbeth,' the majority of his pieces are full of holes, faults, and defects." The critic of the *Événement* passes a similar judgment, and refuses "to go on his knees to worship the overestimated bard." He cannot understand the fuss which some of his countrymen make about him. Another scribe says that if the truth were told, the "verdict of the audience last night" would be, "Shakespeare m'ennuie." On the other hand, there are critics who complain of having only adaptations of Shakespeare placed before them. "For some time past," remarks the *Matin*, "we have had to put up with these condensed versions of the great playwright, whom, thank God, we can now appreciate as he deserves. Why on earth do we not have him represented in full? One would suppose it was dangerous to place him on the French stage without making him undergo all sorts of modifications, which deprive his works of so much of their power and originality. When will theatrical managers learn that we are ripe enough to listen to Shakespeare as he is written?" The *Gaulois* asks the same question. "It is not the public," it says, "that objects to having Shakespeare performed in his integrity. It is the managers and critics, who are eaten up with old prejudices at which our children will laugh as we laugh at those of our ancestors." The writer adds that it is all nonsense to pretend that Shakespeare as he is would not be suited to the French stage. Let the trial be made, and he prophesies a victory far superior to that obtained by the production of adaptations, which furnish only a scant idea of the great poet, and are, in fact, libels on his genius.

— GLADSTONE, whose opinion seems to be readily citable on almost any subject, has been quoted as putting the name of the late Constance Naden in a list of English women he considers genuine poets, from which he excludes George Eliot along with Felicia Hemans, and in which he places, foremost, Elizabeth Barrett

Browning. Without yielding to Gladstone's judgment more than the popular vogue it appears to have, it must be said that Miss Naden was gifted with such varied aptitudes for scientific, literary, and artistic studies that the work she accomplished in her short life was of especial promise and interest. She was but thirty-one years old when she died, last Christmas-day. She was prominent as a lecturer before scientific associations, and she was a magazine writer of much weight. Her first work of importance, "Songs and Sonnets of Springtide," was published in 1881; in 1887, "A Modern Apostle, and other Poems" followed. Two specimen passages, one playful, the other more severe, may serve to show an especial characteristic of her verse,—its use of scientific allusions,—

"I'll sing a deep Darwinian lay
Of little birds with plumage gay,
Who solved by courtship life's enigma;
I'll teach her how the wildflowers love,
And why the trembling stamens move,
And how the anthers kiss the stigma.

"Or mathematically true
With rigorous logic will I woo,
And not a word I'll say at random;
Till urged by syllogistic stress,
She falters forth a tearful 'Yes,'
A sweet *quod erat demonstrandum*."

"This is the Genesis of heaven and earth.
In the beginning was a formless mist
Of atoms isolate, void of life; none wist
Aught of its neighbor atom, nor any mirth,
Nor woe, save its own vibrant pang of dearth;
Until a cosmic motion breathed and hissed
And blazed through the black silence; atoms kissed
Clinging and clustering with fierce throbs of birth
And raptures of keen torment, such as stings
Demons who wed in Tophet; the night swarmed
With ringed fiery clouds, in glowing gyres
Rotating; æons passed; the circling rings
Split into satellites; the central fires
Froze into suns; and thus the world was formed."

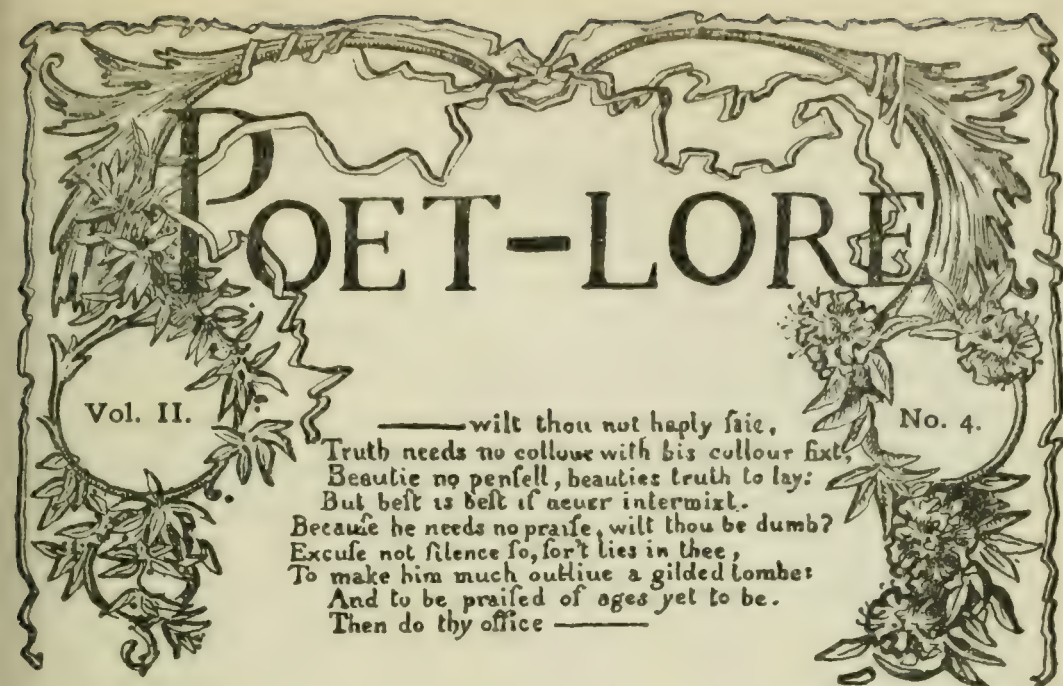
— OUR LONDON correspondent, Mr. W. G. Kingsland, in conjunction with the Rev. J. S. Jones, a well-known Browning student, has made an attempt to form a "Browning Union" for Islington and Clarkenwell, two exceptionally busy, if not prosaic, quarters of London. With what success, says Mr. Kingsland, remains to be seen.

— MRS. LUCY MADOX ROSSETTI, the wife of the well-known and accomplished critic, has finished her life of Mary Shelley for the "Eminent Women Series." It will be in all respects an absolutely unbiased narrative of the life, circumstances, and writings of Godwin's daughter; while for the first time, perhaps, some measure of justice will be meted out to Claire Claremont.

— ON DECEMBER 4, the birthday of the Chelsea seer, the annual meeting of the Carlyle Society was held in London. This Society, founded in 1879, consists of students of Carlyle's works desirous of extending his influence. It meets monthly during the winter, where various papers, suggested by the philosopher's works, are read, in an atmosphere redolent with tobacco-smoke, after the manner of the celebrated "Tobacco Parliament." During the past session papers have been read on the "Ruskin Reading Guild," on the "Tobacco Parliament," "Carlyle as a Prophet," the "Prevention of Pauperism by Compulsory Pensions," etc.

— MR. F. S. ELLIS writes us that his "Shelley Concordance" is growing surely, although the editorial work is so arduous that it may be two years before it will be out. When completed it will make a book about the size of Schmidt's "Shakespeare Lexicon."

— PROFESSOR EVERETT's address, together with a full report of the Browning Memorial Service in King's Chapel, with a portrait of the Poet, and several views of this historic edifice, including one of the floral and other Memorial decorations, will be published by the Boston Browning Society. Copies may be purchased of the leading booksellers, or orders may be sent to the Poet-lore Co., 223 South 38th Street, Philadelphia.



ENGLISH AND GERMAN LITERATURE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

PART II.

WE come now to the greatest event to be recorded in the history of German literature as far as its indebtedness to England is concerned,—the advent of Shakespeare. In England the great dramatist was restored to public favor, through the genius of Garrick, about the same period when, in Germany, he came for the first time in full sight. It is a significant fact, showing how little was known of Shakespeare, that J. J. Bodmer, the author of a hundred books, meaning to refer to the English poet, calls him "Sasper."

A translation of "Julius Cæsar" in Alexandrine verse was made by Caspar W. von Borck (Prussian ambassador in London) in 1741: it was the proverbial solitary swallow which makes no summer. But it raised the ire of Gottsched, who thus formulated his indignation: "The most wretched spectacular drama of our ordinary comedians is hardly so full of faults and blunders against the rules of the drama and common sense as this piece of Shakespeare."

It is Lessing to whom the recognition of Shakespeare in Germany is due: gifted with the brightest of minds, magnificent powers, and unswerving devotion to truth, Lessing has done more than any other man to lift German literature out of the slough of despair in which it was struggling. Woe to him whom he judged an obstacle in the way of progress!—and in his eyes such a man was Gottsched, with his benighted rules derived from the French drama. Lessing opened the combat in the *Literaturbrief*, dated 10th of February, 1759. He there insists that Gottsched had done positive harm to the development of the German drama, that the English, not the French, drama should have been taken as a model; that Gottsched's approval of Addison's "Cato" showed plainly his French bias. "If the masterpieces of Shakespeare, with some slight alterations, had been translated for the Germans, it would have served them better than familiarity with Corneille, Racine," etc. This declaration was followed up by argument, and in the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* (1767–1769) he returned to the charge with redoubled vigor. By searching analyses of Shakespeare's plays and those of the French classical school, Lessing demonstrated that the ultimate aim of tragedy, even in the sense of the ancients, is better reached by Shakespeare than by the bungling imitation of Greek and Latin models.

In the mean time, Wieland furnished a translation of twenty-two of Shakespeare's dramas, all but one, in prose (Shakespeare's "Theatralische Werke," Zurich, 1762–1766); not a satisfactory performance, but, at all events, a handsome earnest of the poet's installation on German soil. The effect soon became apparent. At first the new ferment raised a good deal of froth. The dramas of Lenz, Wagner, Klinger, and Gerstenberg, men in the van of the storm and stress period, were wild, inartistic emanations of would-be genius. It was Goethe on whom Shakespeare acted as a truly regenerating power: his first acquaintance with the great English poet dates back to his stay in Leipsic, where, at the age of sixteen years, he was sent to study law. Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare" fell into his hands and filled him with delight. When Wieland's translation appeared he "devoured" it and recommended it to all his friends. At the second stage of his university life, in Strasburg (beginning 1770),

he found in Herder the friend who shared and even fanned his passion for Shakespeare. In an essay, written in 1773, Herder places Shakespeare on a level with Sophocles, high above the French classics, and indulges in the hope, which has been so fully realized, that Shakespeare should gain a permanent hold on the German people. Goethe, speaking for himself, Herder, and other friends in Strasburg, puts it on record that there and then they renounced all allegiance to French mastery. He refers to a different influence, which for some time had been leading them up to a more correct, free, and truly poetical contemplation of the world, and to intellectual joys of a higher order, an influence which, at first hardly confessed and moderate in degree, soon had gained an open, ever-growing control. It is scarcely necessary to say, he adds, that Shakespeare is meant.

Thus quickened to new energies, Goethe wrote his "Götz von Berlichingen," the drama that made him at once a man of national fame. In his dramatic works of a later period, the traces reminding of Shakespeare are less obvious, they recede from the surface to the inner spring of dramatic action. Goethe studied the structure of Shakespeare's plays as he would a perfect mechanism or a work of nature. We see this in the well-known episode of "Wilhelm Meister" treating of "Hamlet," and in his paper "Shakespeare und kein Ende," written in 1813. He is interested in the question how the dramatist deals with the relations of necessity (character) to freedom (will), and of both to action. What he learned of Shakespeare in this respect may be involved in even so classical a drama as his "Iphigenia," which differs from that of Euripides most strikingly in the psychological springs of action.

We will notice here a surprising remark made by Buckle in his "History of Civilization in England." Leaning on so poor a support as Tennemann, he declares that before the middle of the eighteenth century the Germans had no literature of real value, that the first impetus which they received was caused by their contact with the French intellect, and by the influence of those eminent Frenchmen who, in the reign of Frederick the Great, flocked to Berlin. Nothing could be said that distorts the true relation of

things more grotesquely. As has been shown, it was the antagonism to French prestige and the aid received from England in overcoming it, that finally evolved an independent, truly national, and forever glorious literature. Frederick himself wrote, in 1780, a little book, "De la littérature Allemande," which is remarkable for ignoring all writers of distinction, Lessing, Wieland, Klopstock, Herder, Bürger, etc. He noticed Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen," to call it "*imitation detestable de ces mauvaises pièces anglaises.*" Shakespeare's dramas, which the rising generation of poets hailed as a God-send, the king calls "*abominable pièces, farces ridicules et dignes des sauvages de Canada.*" Such was the attitude of the great Frederick, and the kind of impulse to be expected of him. Only one of his French protégés was a man of eminence, Voltaire. At Frederick's solicitation, he came to Berlin in 1750, and left in 1752. Whatever effect his writings had upon Germany can certainly not be attributed to his short stay in Berlin, and who would be bold enough to say that such weaklings as the Marquis d'Argens, Maupertuis, and Daget fertilized the German intellect? De Quincey charges in his brusque way that Frederick drew his companions from the very refuse and dregs of Parisian coteries. This is unjust, but it is also absurd to allow them any merit whatever in improving the German mind. Indirectly Frederick contributed to the rise of literature through his heroism as a warrior, evoking a national spirit, and making at least one state of Germany powerful and respected. But as an author he was a Frenchman, unable to understand, and fortunately unable, also, to control the new impulse which the German intellect received from the very quarters that he despised.

It is not and cannot be contended that during this period of regeneration, or afterwards, French literature was given the go-by in Germany. By no means: even Lessing translated Diderot's "Théâtre;" Goethe, Voltaire's "Mahomet;" and Schiller, Racine's "Phèdre." Rousseau's influence was subtle, powerful, and far-reaching, and the translator's mills were grinding out French literature as much as ever. Nevertheless, one thing was accomplished: the French code of correct taste was no longer recognized as binding upon German poetry. Shakespeare's plays were not only an inspira-

tion to writers, but became quite popular on the stage, mainly through the efforts of F. L. Schröder, director of the Hamburg Theatre. English dramatists of a later date, also, received a good deal of attention, pieces of Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Cibber, Congreve, Cumberland, Goldsmith, etc., being adapted to the German stage.

A very important innovation, as far as the choice of subjects is concerned, was the "domestic tragedy," and this, also, may be traced to English prototypes. Samuel Richardson had shown that the life of the middle classes furnished excellent material for the novel. Why not also, thought Lessing, for tragedy? A very crude piece of Lillo's, "The London Merchant," which found its way to Germany through a translation, and was repeatedly performed in Hamburg, though of inferior workmanship, convinced Lessing's discerning mind that the type was a legitimate one. "Names of kings and heroes," he says, "may give to a play pomp and majesty, but have no effect upon our feelings. The misfortunes of those whose circumstances most resemble ours, will naturally touch our souls most keenly, and if we pity kings, it is not as kings but as human beings that we pity them." Acting upon these principles, Lessing wrote "Miss Sarah Sampson," which, in spite of many defects, was warmly received. Another domestic tragedy of his, "Emilia Gallotti," is far superior and still on the repertoire of the German stage. It may be considered as the parent of a numerous progeny that up to the present day successfully competes with heroic tragedy. The two dramas of Lessing which have gained the greatest celebrity, "Minna von Barnhelm" and "Nathan der Weise," are not fashioned after nor suggested by foreign models,—both grew out of the complexion of his own time, the former being a vindication of German character and nationality, the other a plea for religious toleration. With the exception of "Nathan der Weise," which is in blank verse, all the dramas of Lessing are written in prose. In fact, prose was then generally preferred in tragedy; the metre previously in vogue, the French Alexandrine, was very properly abandoned when the affected and stilted pomposity of diction fell into disrepute.

Lessing did not exactly introduce blank verse: since 1758 (about two hundred years after its first adoption in the English drama) it had

been used by several writers, among them Wieland, J. E. Schlegel, and Klopstock. Meinhard's translation of Home's "Principles of Criticism" promoted a better knowledge of its advantages. Herder gave to "the Miltonian, or British measure," as he called it, his emphatic sanction; but it was, after all, "Nathan der Weise" that gave to blank verse its permanent and undisputed standing in the German drama. A real curiosity of literature Goethe's "Balshazzar" would now be, had he not consigned it to the fire with other youthful attempts. The first four acts were written in Alexandrine verse; then, becoming acquainted and quite taken with the "new measure," he finished the fifth in blank verse.

We are not yet quite done with the fertile germs of poetry that were wafted from England on the productive soil of Germany. The numbness and frigidity of the early decades of the century had been followed by a feeling of returning youth, attended by an almost feverish unrest. One of the symptoms of this rejuvenescence was a morbid sentimentality, and it happened that just during this stage Macpherson's "Ossian" dropped, apparition-like, upon Germany, to add fuel to the flame. Minds of the finest organization were most powerfully affected by the new stimulant, the misty sublimity and musical charm of "Fingal and Temora."

Youthful Goethe, then in love with Frederika of Sesenheim, knew no better offering to her than the "Songs of Selma," and in "Werther's Leiden" he instilled into the unhappy hero of the story intense fondness for Ossian's fantastic dream-world. At a riper age Goethe changed his opinion on the merits of Ossian. It is amusing with how much adroitness the old poet managed to parry the charge of inconsistency that Crabbe Robinson, during an interview with him, ventured to make. Says Robinson in his "Diary:" "Something led him [Goethe] to speak of Ossian with contempt." I remarked, "The taste for Ossian is to be ascribed to you in a great measure. It was Werther that set the fashion." He smiled, and said, "That's partly true, but it was never perceived by the critics that Werther praised Homer while he retained his senses, and Ossian when he was going mad." More lasting than Goethe's was Herder's enthusiasm. He thought he

recognized in Ossian a pure spring of folk-poetry gushing spontaneously from the very depth of the soul. Once he compares the Caledonian bard with Homer and Job, another time he finds a resemblance between the Ossianic strains and the chants of North American savages, notably those of the Five Nations. Even after his suspicion as to the genuineness of Macpherson's "Ossian" had been roused, he continued to exalt the supreme beauty and native simplicity of the poems.

Soon after Macpherson's publication several translations into German appeared. The most noted among them is that by Michael Denis, a Jesuit and estimable scholar in Vienna. Herder was much pleased with it, but objected to the use of the hexameter, into which Denis had forced the prose of the original. Major von Harold, an Englishman, living in Düsseldorf, who published in 1775 another translation, thought that Macpherson himself was the author of the pretended Gaelic relics. "Bardic" poetry, however, became quite the rage in Germany. Denis, who called himself Sined, the Bard, Gerstenberg, Kretschmann, and others, tuned their lyre to the Ossianic pitch. Klopstock adopted the word "bardiet" for some of his dramas on Teutonic subjects, under the mistaken idea that "bard" was a German etymon. But the "bardic howl," as Goethe called it, gradually lost its charm, and was abandoned as a foolish affectation.

This giddiness, however, did not prejudice the value of Ossian's or Macpherson's poetry, and still less that of unquestionable folk-songs. Herder, who had a very delicate sense, a sort of mental divining-rod for the precious metals of poetry, in whatsoever form they occurred, again and again drew attention to the neglected treasure of folk-songs. He was rejoiced to find that the English had in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" a very valuable collection of old ballads, romances, and songs. He wished to see something similar attempted for Germany, and paved the way by collecting from all quarters of the globe and editing the "Voices of the Peoples in Songs." The book made a great impression; it gave to folk-poetry in Germany a recognized standing, and led others to labor in the same field. Bürger, too, the writer of

"Lenore," availed himself of Percy's collection, and translated or paraphrased a number of the old ballads. No one entered more willingly into Herder's spirit than Goethe. When he met his friend at Strasburg, many years before the "Voices" were published, he was easily won for Herder's idea, and collected himself a number of Alsatian songs from the mouth of the people. His early lyrics very happily reflect the freshness, the vivacity, and the *cantabile* of the Volkslied. Later poets, also, like Uhland, Heine, Hoffmann, von Fallersleben, etc., have skilfully imparted to their lines the pleasing ring of artless simplicity.

The observations on the influence which English writers of the eighteenth century had upon their German contemporaries might be much further extended. There is the wide field of historical, philosophical, and scientific prose, but occupying, as it does, the borderland of professional and literary composition, we shall refer to it only by a few remarks. In general, it may be said, that didactic writers in England addressed themselves to wider circles than those in Germany, and therefore took more pains to cultivate a lucid and pleasing manner of expression. Historians like Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon deservedly occupy a high rank among the illustrious masters of style; in fact, the former two, and, to some extent, Gibbon also owe their reputation and popularity not in a small degree to the engaging manner in which they presented their facts. Germany had a large number of honest, industrious, painstaking historians, but their works lacked the artistic touch that converts heavy masses into impressive pictures. Carlyle, in writing the history of Frederick the Great, had to wade through much of this unattractive material and bitterly denounced the Dryasdusts. The greatest historian that Germany had during the eighteenth century was Frederick himself; alas, the more's the pity, he could write only in French. ("Histoire de mon Temps"—"Histoire de la Guerre de Sept Ans.") Yet there was one German work that went far towards making amends for these shortcomings, a work that opened entirely new aims and methods to historiography, it is Herder's "Ideas on a Philosophy of History." It is the first attempt to survey all elements of human culture in their connection and progress,

and to conceive history not as a mere succession of events, but as an evolution of moral forces and ideas. Thus Herder became the pioneer of the historians of human culture and civilization,—men like Guizot and Buckle, or the philosophers Hegel and Lotze.

All prominent or popular works on history written in England were readily translated into German,—not only Hume's, Robertson's, and Gibbon's, but also Goldsmith's,—even the "Universal History from the Earliest Account of Time," etc., filling thirty quartos. Among the historical and descriptive English works reproduced in Germany, those relating to America are quite numerous, especially since the War of Independence. To enumerate them would lead us too far out of our way; they were supplemented by original books on American history and politics, showing the great interest with which Germany viewed the events of the Western Hemisphere.

The three most prominent philosophers of England during the eighteenth century—Berkeley, Shaftesbury (both translated by Chr. Garve), and Hume—had a decided influence on German thought. Berkeley's speculations on the unreality of the material world were in a line with those of German metaphysicians, notably Fichte. Hume's analysis of causality became the starting-point of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." The great thinker makes himself the remark: "I must confess David Hume's observations first broke my dogmatic slumber and gave to my philosophical investigations quite a different turn." Shaftesbury, who, in England, pleased the Freethinkers and also the good Bishop Hurd, was acceptable in Germany to men of so different a stamp as Leibnitz, Gottsched, Wieland, and Herder. The latter owed a good share of his eclectic philosophy to Shaftesbury, whose heresies he was willing to condone on account of the lofty optimism that pervades his writings. The views of the English deists together with those of the French encyclopædists entered considerably into that current of thought which was called in Germany the "Aufklärung" of the eighteenth century.

At the same time, men of talent, competent to handle a philosophical subject or to raise commonplace topics to a higher plane of thought, following the example of English writers, gave to the Germans a new and very creditable class of literature, philosophical

essays for general readers. We allude to such men as Abbt, Garve, Moses Mendelssohn, Iselin, Engel, etc. They were not identified with any school or system, and preferred for discussion practical and moral problems to abstract theories. Even Emanuel Kant did not disdain, now and then, to descend from the empyrean of metaphysics to talk to ordinary mortals. K. C. Garve, who has just been mentioned, used his pen very industriously, too, in translating English works on moral, æsthetic, and economical subjects, such as Burke's "Inquiry into the Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," Ferguson's "Moral Philosophy," Paley's "Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy," Macfarlan's "On Poverty," and Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." Burke's work on the "Sublime and Beautiful" attracted Lessing's attention, who undertook to translate it with comments of his own. But before he was done, Garve's translation appeared, and this probably induced him to withhold his own. In Lessing's "Laocoon" æsthetic and literary questions take the foreground. Burke's "Inquiry" is mainly concerned with the psychological effect of the "Sublime and Beautiful;" hence, the two works occupy essentially different ground, and Lessing had no occasion to borrow from Burke.

In addition to the impulses which German literature received from England, other forces, of course, were at work to raise it to the eminence which it reached before the close of the century. The foremost among these were the quickened mental energy of the nation, the widened range of intelligence, the returning belief in a German fatherland, the revival of classical studies leading to a love of Greek art and familiarity with Homer, Sophocles, Pindar, Plato, etc.; finally, the acceptance of literary pursuits as a worthy object of life by the brightest men of the age. These inside forces grew more intense and active as the century neared its close. During the last two or three decades, whatever English influence continued to exist was almost lost in the rich spontaneous growth of national literature. Moreover, just at the period when the star of poetry began to brighten over Germany it was paling in England. The new luminaries that appeared on the British horizon, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott really belong, by the time of

their culmination, to the present century; they had no influence upon the writers of the classical era in Germany. The epithet, "classical," has, after the lapse of a century, not been withdrawn. Not only does the period stand unsurpassed in the admirable works of its great writers, but its impulses remain potent to the present day. No literature ever displayed so energetic an advance on the whole line of intellectual life as that of Germany in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. It was as if the spirits pent up for ages had been set free to assert their power. In France the trammelled energies of the people, bursting all restraints, revolutionized state and society; in Germany it was the realm of ideas and the sacred precinct of the muses that felt the reviving breath of a new time.

In the *début* of almost every prominent writer of that period there was something of iconoclastic vehemence. Klopstock broke loose from the customary forms of poetry and cast his lofty aspirations in the metres of Virgil and Horace, disdaining rhyme as well as popularity. Lessing dethroned Gottsched, the dictatorial arbiter of taste, and his critical knife dissected the French canons of poetry; Herder appeared in full armor against all pedantry, deadness, and scholasticism in literature; Schiller's earlier dramas breathe a spirit of political and social radicalism in passionate and, at times, ferocious language; Goethe, so much admired for his majestic repose, was anything but tranquil and conservative in the days of his "Titanism" when, like Faust,—

"Half conscious of his frenzied, crazed unrest,
The fairest stars of heaven he required."

In fact, "Sturm und Drang," by which the irrepressible spirit of the period was designated, meant aggressiveness, and the men, acting under its impulse, thought the time was out of joint and they were born to set it right. A corrective of this turbulent energy was the influence of Greek art and literature, which, thanks to Winkelmann's genial interpretation, found a new home in Germany. Not only Goethe was baptized in the spirit of that eternal beauty and tranquil grandeur that speaks from the works of the ancients, Schiller also, as his later dramas show, was by the same masters tutored to self-restraint and a refined sense of beauty.

Another characteristic of the new era was its broad sweep, far out-reaching the ordinary track of belles-lettres. The task which literature set to itself was co-extensive with the aims of human culture ; all questions pertaining to the elevation and enlightenment of our race were in order. While Lessing wrote for the stage, he also discussed fundamental principles of art, problems of philosophy, and mooted points of theology ; Schiller applied Kant's system to æsthetics ; Herder carried his plough-share into the wide fields of poetry, history, philosophy, art, and religion, braced up with the ambition of raising the standard of intellectual culture and human brotherhood ; Goethe proclaimed, in the very year when he gave to the world the first instalment of his "Faust," a principle of biology which science has essentially adopted. Even Jean Paul Richter, the humorist, was not debarred by his fancy and whimsicalities from writing an excellent book on education. The programme of literature had become wonderfully rich. No longer was it a mere side-show of life, an agreeable pastime, a relief from more important employment, or, on the part of the author, a display of skill, cleverness and fancy ; but it undertook to rule the minds, to regulate the conduct of life, to illumine the age with new and guiding ideas.

The question which remains to be answered, how and to what extent the German acted upon English literature during the last century, must be treated rather as an appendix to, than a part of, the present paper. Up to the last quarter of the century, Germany could furnish but little mental pabulum adapted for consumption in England ; and when the time had arrived for reciprocating the favors received, a prejudice of long standing against the value of German letters blocked the way and could not be overcome even by substantial proof. Says Macaulay : "Very few of the accomplished men who sixty years ago used to dine in Leicester Square with Sir Joshua, or at Streatham with Mrs. Trale, had the slightest notion that Wieland was one of the first wits and poets, and Lessing beyond all dispute the first critic of Europe." And when Carlyle undertook to enlighten his countrymen on the rich treasures which they had not deigned to notice, Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review* thought these efforts of his friend entirely hopeless, expressing it as his conviction

that England would never admire or even tolerate those German idols, and stigmatizing Carlyle's belief as a *faida superstitio*.

When we glance over the inventory of works that England really took from Germany, it is evident that the greater part of them were appreciated rather on account of their material than their literary merit. Thus, the consensus of certain religious bodies in England with the mystic, pietistic, and Moravian movement in Germany, led to the translation of a number of books that emanated from these sects. For the same reason, hymns written by Tersteegen, Freylinghausen, Schmolcke, Spener, Francke, and Zinzendorf were adopted in England by Methodists and other dissenters. (A collection of hymns translated from the German appeared as early as 1725 in London, under the title "Psalmodia Germanica, or German Psalmody.") The voluminous "Ecclesiastical History of Mosheim," translated by Dr. A. Maclaine (1763-69), went through many editions, one being published in Philadelphia in 1797. J. D. Michaelis's "Introduction in the New Testament" (1792-1801), and the edifying book of Sturm, "Reflections on the Works of God," likewise found favor.

The accession of the House of Hanover to the English throne directed the attention of England to the political condition of Germany, and hence to publications concerned with its history,—*e.g.*, Mascov's "History of the Ancient Germans," translated in 1738, and Potter's "Historical Development of the Political Constitution of the German Empire," translated in 1790. But works like these, except as examples, do not come within the lines of our discussion.

Polite literature, to which we now turn, had but a paltry show. An early favorite appears to have been Solomon Gessner, of Zurich. His idylls containing pictures of natural scenery, innocence, virtue, and simplicity, were, for a time, much admired both in and outside of Germany. They became quite popular in England, having some traits of Thomson and of Pope. The great German poets remained comparatively unknown, and it was reserved to Carlyle and De Quincey to rescue them from long neglect. It is true, Henry Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, the author of "The Man of Feeling," gave some impulse to the study of German literature in 1788, but with only feeble results. Of Goethe's "Werther," a translation by Wm. Render

appeared in London, 1779. Another, printed in Philadelphia in 1784, has the following curious title, "The Sorrows and Sympathetic Attachments of Werter. A German Story in a Series of Letters by Mr. Goethe, Doctor of Civil Law."

Other works of Goethe, rendered into English before the close of the century, were "Götz von Berlichingen" (in 1791, by W. Scott), and "Iphigenia" in 1793. "Hermann and Dorothea" was very poorly translated in 1801. Of "Faust," little was heard till 1820, when Retzsch's outlines appeared, with a synopsis and some passages of the text in English. Even Coleridge and Wordsworth gave only a chilling recognition to Goethe's genius. Of Schiller's true standing as a dramatic poet, Coleridge's translation of the "Piccolomini" and "Wallenstein's Death" might have given a fair idea. But neither "Wallenstein" nor "Don Carlos," which G. H. Noehden translated in 1798, attracted much attention. Schiller's calibre was judged rather by the sensational dramas of his younger days, "The Robbers," "Fiesco," "Cabal and Love," which were adapted for the London stage, than by those of his riper age, which disclose the poet's power, dignity, and ideal aims. His thoughtful lyrics and fine narrative poems had to wait for Bulwer's very indifferent translation to become known in England. Of Lessing's works only "Emilia Galotti;" of Wieland's, the worthless "Don Silvio," the brilliant "Oberon," and "Peregrinus Proteus," were honored by English renderings before the century closed.

The unfavorable view which the Anti-Jacobin writers took of contemporaneous German literature may have contributed to foster a prejudice against it. Making up their minds from Goethe's "Werther" and Schiller's "Robbers," they bitterly denounced the new departure in Germany as unwholesome and mischievous. Another misleading circumstance was the prominence accorded in England to the dramas of August von Kotzebue, whose level was accepted as the high-water mark of German poetry. This clever writer, catering to the taste of the multitude, swamped the stage with countless tragedies, comedies, and farces which for a time found favor, but have in his own country been long shelved as worthless rubbish. In England Kotzebue's base metal carried the day against

the sterling coin of true genius. His dramas deemed worthy of a translation into English outnumber those of Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing combined. In Benjamin Thompson's "German Theatre," published in the beginning of the present century, Kotzebue takes the lead, and even as late as 1830, Wm. Taylor, the author of an historic survey of German literature in three volumes,—which was up to that date the most complete and important publication on the subject,—deliberately makes the astounding assertion,—“According to my judgment, Kotzebue is the greatest dramatic genius that Europe has produced since Shakespeare.”

A few other specimens of German poetry like Bürger's "Lenore" and "The Wild Huntsman," translated by Walter Scott, obtained currency in England, but what may have been left unnoticed would not materially widen the range of works that attracted attention.

This is certainly a poor exhibit of the "golden era" of German literature as far as its recognition in English is concerned. In the times that followed, this attitude of indifference was abandoned. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, Byron, Shelley show distinct traces of German influence. Byron, inscribing his "Sardanapalus" to Goethe, uses the words: "To the illustrious Goethe, a stranger presumes to offer the homage of a literary vassal to his liege lord, the first of existing writers, who has created the literature of his own country and illustrated that of Europe."

But these approaches belong to a period later than that to which the present paper is limited, and fall outside of our discussion. Some of the most striking differences which a comparison of the two literatures, during the last century, brings into view, are the following:

In England the greatest concentration of talent belongs to the earlier, in Germany to the later decades of the century. The tardiness of the latter country in developing its dormant powers enabled it to profit by the remarkable advance made during "the century of illumination" in general culture, breadth of ideas, and freedom of thought.

In England it was prose rather than poetry that shone with a brilliant and unfading light. It has up to our time kept its old charms, while the poetry of the same period, whatever admiration

may be conceded to it, strikes the present generation as the product of a by-gone age. In Germany, on the other hand, poetry was in the ascendant. The great luminaries of its literature are extolled for their poetical works, which may be considered as the true exponents of their creative genius. There was only one great prose writer *par excellence*, Lessing, whose lucid, forcible, and bracing style has never been surpassed. Perhaps not entirely unrelated to the respective rank occupied by poetry and prose in each country, may be the fact, that England produced no superior tragedy, though several clever comedies, while in Germany the great masters made the serious drama a test of their power, leaving comedy to spirits of an inferior order. An exception is Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm," the only German comedy of the last century that has kept afloat and can still be enjoyed.

No foreign literature, save the French of the renaissance period, had an appreciable influence on English writers. The Germans at first followed, altogether too subserviently, the same lead, then paid their devoirs to English literature, and found in Shakespeare a regenerating fountain of youth; they felt the stirring impulses of the pre-revolutionary French philosophers as well as the sweet influences of the Greek classics, followed by the reaction of the Romantic school. Thus poised by many divergent forces, German literature acquired a cosmopolitan breadth, sustaining, at the same time, its national character.

In England all active minds appeared to gravitate towards its great metropolis, London, the seat of power, the arena of ambition, the hive of distinguished society, the centre of intellectual life. Even the authors not residing in London seemed to have their eyes turned towards it. Far different in Germany. Here decentralization was the rule not only in the domain of government but also that of literature. Instead of a common centre, numerous foci existed or succeeded each other, each radiating the combined energies of congenial spirits. Such places were Leipsic, Hamburg, Göttingen, Berlin, Halle, Weimar, and, in Switzerland, Zurich. Hence, it is seen, literature was not confined to a privileged home, but could at any place, favored by circumstances, strike root and thrive, draw

its inspiration from widely different quarters and diffuse its influence in many directions. This independence of literature from a controlling centre had its parallel in the distribution of universities and publishing houses, two other instrumentalities of culture, over different parts of the country, and this feature was not only then, but has remained up to the present time, eminently peculiar to Germany.

Oswald Seidensticker.

THE BATTLE WITH THE WATER-SPRITE.

BEÓWULF, 1493-1571.

[Beówulf seeks Grendel and his mother in their water-haunts. He is attacked by Grendel's mother, fights her, and finally slays the monster.]

AFTER these words, the hero of the Weder-Geats
Hasted with might, not at all an answer
Would he bide; the sea-surge received
The battle-man. It was a dayswhile
Before he could distinguish the sea-bottom.
Soon that one perceived—she who the expanse of the flood,
Sword-eager, held for fifty years,
Grim and greedy—that there a man
The haunts of strange wights explored from above.
She then gript at him, she seized the battle-man
With grisly claws, yet did not thereby scathe
The sound body: the ring-mail roundabout protected him
So that she could not pierce through the war-dress—
The link-sark interlocked—with loathly fingers.
Bare then the sea-wolf, when she came to bottom,
The ruler of rings to her dwelling,

That he might not (he was brave to that degree)
Wield weapons, but him many of these monsters
Swinked a-swimming, many a sea-beast
With battle-teeth the war-sark brake;
They pursued the sorrow-bringer. Then the noble-born perceived

That he was in he knew not what nether-hall,
Where him no water harmed a whit
Nor might touch him, for the hall-roof,
The sudden gripe of the flood. He saw the fire-light,
The dazzling gleam shine brightly.
The good *one* then perceived the wolf of the sea-bottom,
The mighty mere-wife. He made a furious onset
With battle-bill, *his* hand drew not back from the blow,
So that upon her head the ring-etched* sang
A greedy battle-lay. Then the stranger found
That the battle-light* would not bite
To injure life, but the blade failed
The hero at need: it had suffered before many
A hand-to-hand encounter, oft it clove the helm,
The war-dress of the death-doomed: this was the first time
That its force failed the costly treasure.
Thereupon he waxed resolute, he weakened not at all in strength,

Mindful of glory, the kinsman of Hygelâc.
He cast away the wounden-chased,* with ornaments inlaid,
The ireful hero, so that it lay upon the ground
Stiff and steel-edged; he trusted in *his* strength,
In the hand-gripe of hero-might. So shall one prevail,
When he in battle thinketh to reach
Long-lasting fame,—he careth not about his life.
Then grasped he by the shoulder—he recoiled not from the combat—

The hero of the Battle-Geats, the mother of Grendel.
Swung then the brave in strife, since he was an-angered,

* Epithet for sword.

The life-enemy, so that she sank on the floor.
Thereupon she quickly returned payment,
With grim claws, and grasped at him.
Stumbled then, weary-minded, the strongest of warriors,
The foot-soldier, so that he had a fall.
Then sat she upon the hall-guest, and drew her saxe,
Broad and brown-edged,—she would avenge her child,—
Her only son. On his shoulder lay
A woven breast-net;* it saved *his* life:
Against spear-point and sword-edge it withstood ingoing.
Then had perished the son of Ecgtheów—
The warrior of the Geats—in the deep sea-bottom,
Had not his battle-byrnie aided him with help,
The firm war-net; and the holy God
Wielded the war-victory, the wise Lord;
The Ruler of the skies decided it in accord with right:—
Easily he afterwards arose.
He saw then among the war-gear the victory-blessed bill,
The old sword of the giants, a doughty blade,
The glory of warriors; it was the best of weapons,
But it was more than any other man
Could bear in a battle-tilt,—
The good and splendid work of the giants.
He seized the sword-hilt, the wolf of the Scyldings,
Fierce and sword-grim; he swung the ring-etched†
Despairing of life, angrily he felled,
So that the hard *blade* grasped her neck,
And broke her bone-rings; the bill pierced through all
The death-doomed flesh-covering, she sank to the ground;
The sword was gory, he rejoiced in *his* work.

Anna Robertson Brown.

* Shirt of mail.

† Epithet for sword.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

III.—ITS MORAL PROPORTION.



MORAL proportion in the drama is the correspondence between the conditions of the action and the laws of the moral universe, by which the play moves to conclusions recognized as right, and carrying with them the fullest sympathy. The nemesis for wrong, the recompense for right must be nicely adjusted to our idea of poetic justice,—the justice that appeals to our highest humanity. Gross effects are excluded of necessity in the highest art form. It is by this moral proportion that the drama conveys its idea of right,—its morality. In its very nature as harmony, or proportion, it is felt from the action, not heard from the speeches of the characters. An attempt to convey it by words of one or more speakers indicates misconception of the dramatic art. Shakespeare never sermonizes, nor do his characters drop into moralizing, except in an altogether natural and unobtrusive way. The morality of a play belongs to the relations of its parts, so that it lies not in a single scene, but transfused throughout the whole.

The moral proportion of "Antony and Cleopatra" is subserved, first, by elevating and ennobling Antony so that he obtains our sympathy to the fullest extent. His historical character is softened, as by omission of his profligacy after Philippi, and by bringing forward his noble qualities,—the devotion of his soldiers, his valor, generosity, open-hearted good-fellowship. This sympathy with the possibilities of Antony is undermined constantly by his own actions, though enough is noticed to make us pity him while fully according with the justice of his fall. Even when we turn to the forsaken Octavia, and the brother who professes to avenge her, our sympathy is not wholly transferred from the hero, or the unity of

the play would be destroyed. The loyalty of his soldiers, even when they see his error, sustains him in our estimation when he disgracefully follows Cleopatra from Actium. His noble generosity to Enobarbus after his desertion, and his defeat of Cæsar at Alexandria, in the midst of enormous difficulties, show that Antony is still great. When defeat takes his last hope, the loyal treachery of Eros again inspires us with admiration for the Antony who could excite such devotion. Cleopatra is made to give him the first caresses of genuine affection, and, in his death, friends and enemies praise him for what was his fame, and what might have been his fortune.

In Antony moral proportion is exemplified by starting with sympathy for great potentialities and bringing this into harmony with our sense of justice. In the case of Cleopatra there is a reverse movement. With no character is the preservation of moral harmony more difficult, and in none has Shakespeare shown greater art. The power of Cleopatra must seem reasonable to us, but it must not be felt in ourselves, lest the magic of her charms should make us fall with Antony. To obscure her power entirely would remove her from the play, ending it with the death of Antony in the fourth act. Shakespeare has guarded against these two possibilities in two ways. He has employed the epic element largely in revealing Cleopatra's attractions, and when bringing her forward in the play she is shown in less favorable aspects. She is described in the first scene in the least flattering terms. The severe Roman opinion of her is reflected in the conversation of Cæsar and Lepidus, and in the words of Pompey. Then comes the description of Antony's first meeting with Cleopatra, and the effect of her marvellous beauty and no less wonderful charms of speech and action. Again she is drawn in no flattering way when Octavia comes to plead for peace and hears the faithlessness of Antony. Here we are told that, not satisfied with Antony's love, she has gained from him, besides the "'stablishment of Egypt," province after province of Roman territory. Finally, Antony himself describes her intrigue and treachery. To this climax of disgrace she is brought not only by the narrative element, but also by the scenes in which she is a central figure.

Her true character is shown by the means she employs to retain her power over Antony. She banters and chides, she favors and denies, she deceives and cajoles him many times a day. She does not allow him to leave her sight, and when he is away, sends him deceptive messages to bring him to her. She falls sick at his announced departure, is quickly well again when he delays, and when he insists on departure, gives him her blessing as if in acquiescence. When absent she remembers him only among her other conquests, but she sends a messenger each day to strengthen her influence over him. Her jealousy of Octavia, her spite against the messenger who announces Antony's marriage, her whimsical recall of him to inquire after the wife's height, voice, carriage, age, beauty,—all indicate the coquette having one aim, self-gratification. Her capricious advice to Antony to fight by sea, her equally capricious flight at Actium, and the attempt to excuse that treachery show the self-centred, heartless woman of the world.

Our sympathy is thus kept from Cleopatra as long as she is the means by which the folly of Antony completes his ruin. She is brought to the height of disgrace in the eyes of those about her, and of distrust by Antony. Sympathy, temporarily, goes over to Octavia, but not so much as to destroy the unity of the plot. Nor is Octavia to be brought forward. The relaxation of the strain of feeling is brought about in Cleopatra herself. When Antony's overthrow is complete and his death hastening, Cleopatra is left alone in the action. Pity for her desolation might now destroy the moral harmony, but Shakespeare saves us this by allowing the grain of goodness in her faulty life to appear, and we give our sympathy, in her last days, not to the life of self-gratification, but to the latent possibilities of that life now first awakened. The change is anticipated when she playfully helps to arm Antony, and by her woman's heart, first brought to surface by desperate fortune, wins again the smile and gentle "Ah, let be, let be, thou art the armor of my heart." It is true she again tries to deceive him as to her death, but apparently with no thought of evil consequences, and she turns to the dying Antony with a love as genuine as she is capable of. In her grief she would imitate, "after the high

Roman fashion," her "noblest of men." Shakespeare has purposely suppressed her attempt to captivate Cæsar, making her request only the kingdom for her son. She remains true to Antony's memory, dreaming of him and waking to praise him to her guards. Once more deceit and spite shows itself in her almost pardonable attempt to conceal the treasure, but her death with her faithful maids ennobles at the last a life of great possibilities thrown away in pleasure, so that we say with loyal Charmian, "It is well done and fitting for a princess descended of so many royal kings."

Thus the nemesis action, full and complete for both Antony and Cleopatra, is relieved of its harshness by praise of the one and the returning womanhood of the other in the last act. This prevents dramatic sympathy with the person actually represented from overcoming that true sympathy which is joined with a sense of justice. In both cases moral harmony is preserved. The nemesis action is the natural punishment of definite choices made in the full light of reason. But natural aversion to the ruin of those with whom we are in dramatic sympathy is counteracted by the new and reasonable sympathy with the magnificent possibilities of hero and heroine.

Moral proportion is seen also in keeping Cæsar and Octavia in the background. Octavius might have been represented as more distinctly a political rival of Antony, and Octavia as more than a foil to Cleopatra. Nor would unity have been necessarily obscured by this means. Two stories are united in "*Lear*," and three in "*The Merchant of Venice*," without in the least detracting from the unity of the plays. But the moral relations are thrown into greater relief by making Antony and Cleopatra the chief personages, and the downfall of character and consequent effect on the empire the result of their guilty loves. The empire falls to Octavius more by neglect and inactivity of Antony than by his own efforts. Cæsar is rather a part of the imperial movement than the prime cause of it. Similarly Octavia is kept from a pre-eminent part. Her purity would be soiled by contact with Cleopatra, even as a rival. She is sufficiently shown so that we see Antony did not leave her because she was not a true wife, comely of person, loving, faithful, but because of the less womanly charms of the Egyptian. Her retire-

ment from the scene seems appropriate, for she could take pleasure neither in the fall of her recreant husband nor in the victory of her brother over him she loves. Revenge has no place in her heart, and the sigh, as she leaves the action before the oncoming strife, indicates only love,—

“ Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other !”

A last evidence of the ethical spirit of Shakespeare's play may be gained by comparison with Dryden's treatment of the same story in “All for Love.” In the latter play Cleopatra is everywhere placed in the foreground, trying by every means to win Antony after the defeat of Actium. She pleads for his love, shows documentary evidence that she had refused reward for betraying him, and dies by his side with extravagant professions of affection. The rumor of her death, wholly her own deception in Shakespeare, is that of Alexis in Dryden. The hand-kissing scene, in Shakespeare an instance of her treachery, is in Dryden but a ruse to make Antony jealous. She is made the active cause of Antony's ruin, lessening the moral obliquity of the triumvir. Octavia is purposely kept in the background by Shakespeare, not to lower her by contact with Cleopatra. Dryden brings them together in the jealous wife and the naughty mistress, in accordance with the low moral tone of the restoration drama. Antony's character suffers both in comparison with Ventidius and in the mastery which Cleopatra gets by the weakest devices over his affection and his manhood. Dryden has painted the wicked loves of Antony and Cleopatra after the fashion of an age when profligacy and treachery to the marriage vow were most common. Shakespeare has portrayed the two as acting under the inevitable retribution to evil, both in the lives and circumstances of those who choose its mastery.

Oliver Farrar Emerson.

DIVIDED.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, Buried at Florence, July 1, 1861.

ROBERT BROWNING, Buried in Westminster Abbey, December 31, 1889.

QUI SCRISSE E MORÌ

ELISABETTA BARRETT BROWNING

CHE IN CUORE DI DONNA CONCILIAVA

SCIENZA DI DOTTO E SPIRITO DI POETA

E FECE DEL SUO VERSO AUREO ANELLO

FRA ITALIA E INGHILTERRA.

PONE QUESTA MEMORIA

FIRENZE GRATA

1861.

[Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who in the heart of a woman united the learning of a scholar and the spirit of a poet, and made of her verse a golden ring between Italy and England. Grateful Florence placed this memorial, 1861.—*Inscription upon Casa Guidi, Florence.*]

She sleeps near cypress-shadows blackly strown
Where white and tall the cross-crowned column stands;
All round her rest the dead from many lands;
Proud tombs that tower near some simple stone,
Nameless, and by a number marked alone;
Graves, graves, and flowers sown by loving hands
Crowded together, till the law commands
No more be buried. From their sunlit throne
The Apennines look o'er her as she lies
Where long ago their double tomb was made
That both might sleep beneath Italian skies.
Speak, "grateful Florence," let his dust be laid
By hers! From Venice, where he closed his eyes,
Bring Browning back, nor deem thy trust betrayed.

Venice, in English verse how oft have rung
The praises of the city of the sea!
Each poet brought his boon of love to thee;

Now noblest tribute take from laurels flung
O'er Browning's bier! By him thy song was sung,
And in thine arms he died. Rejoice, that he
Hath loved thee like a son, O Italy!
And watched prophetic while thy freedom sprung
From Apennines to ocean. Lo! complete
He hailed that vision, dawning ere she died,
His "lyric love," and graven on his heart
Was "Italy." O death, thy touch seems sweet,
So softly rounding, by the sea's fair bride,
That wondrous whole of life and love and art!

Divided! Earth to earth now lies at last
In sculptured aisle of England's abbey-shrine
The noblest son of Europe's poet-line
Since silence sank on Goethe's trumpet-blast.
Yet softly sighs a whisper, floating past,—
"Thine Italy adored, O love, grew mine,
With thee new life I won when loves divine
Called soul and song to freedom fresh and vast.
Fair is the Florence of our home, the tread
Of pilgrims pauses near my peaceful mound,
And I had thought my grave held room for thee;
Yet England claims thee, where her poet-dead
Rest round thy tomb. Among the laurel-crowned
For love's sweet sake—not fame's—find room for me!"

Not for the love of thy fair place of rest,
Nor even for thy verse, whose "golden ring"
Thine England close to Italy doth bring,
Should yonder grave upon the hillside's crest
Hold thee 'neath Tuscan flowers longer pressed
While he who helped thy heart's best blossoming,
Who soared beside thee on his own strong wing,
Lies far away. A sepulchre unblest!
Long like a dream of love before the lands

Ye stood in poet-union fitly bound
On some fair height, our common earth above,
'Twere shame did death divide those wedded hands!
Nay; bind Italian unto English ground
In golden union both of verse and love.

England and Florence linked in golden rhyme
Young Milton, when he "changed fair Thames's stream
For lovely Arno," while the early gleam
Of poet-glory prophesied his prime.
England and Florence met in matchless chime
When, love inspired, she sang of freedom's dream,
And bade Aurora's tale the worth redeem
Of woman's minstrelsy, with voice sublime.
England, thy roll of poet-graves reads wrong
If Florence, filled with all her mighty dead,
Keeps England's daughter of a deathless song!
Unclose that tomb, and lay her laurelled head
By his; more dear to her the abbey's gloom
By him than Florence when her flowers bloom!

Ursula Tannenforst.

PHILADELPHIA, January, 1890.

THE STUDY.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

(Continued.)

THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ (concluded).—The names of *Salarino*, *Salanio*, and *Salerio* have "bothered" the modern critics as they did the old-time printers. Were these the appellations of three persons or two? I have no hesitation in saying three. *Salerio*, it will be remembered, appears first in iii. 2, where he comes as a messenger from Venice. Here his name occurs five times in the text and once

in a stage-direction; and *in every instance*, in both the quartos and the folios, it is spelt *Salerio*. On the other hand, the names of *Salarino* and *Salanio* appear in these old editions as *Salarino*, *Salaryno*, *Salerino*, *Slarino*, *Solarino*, *Solanio*, *Salino*, *Solanio*, and *Solania*. The abbreviations at the beginning of the speeches are *Salar.*, *Sal.*, *Sala.*, *Sola.*, *Salan.*, *Saler.*, *Sol.*, etc.; while in iii. 2 *Salerio* is uniformly contracted to *Sal.* The fair inference from these facts would seem to be that about *Salerio's* name and individuality there need be no doubt; but whether the others were *Salarino* and *Salanio*, or *Solarino* and *Solanio*, or *Solarino* and *Salanio*, or *Salarino* and *Solanio*, might be matters of question. The weight of evidence seems to me to be in favor of *Salarino* and *Salanio*, notwithstanding the scattered forms with *Sol*—, but I will not quarrel with those who prefer *Solanio* to *Salanio*.

Those who object to recognizing *Salerio* as an independent character lay some stress on Gratiano's calling him "my old Venetian friend;" but that he may well enough be, though he has not appeared before in the play. The messenger sent on such a confidential errand would naturally be one of this group of friends, but not necessarily *Salarino* or *Salanio*. Grant White thinks that "the style of *Salerio's* speech shows that he is a person of inferior rank to *Salarino* and *Salanio*." Furness says in substance that, writing for the small theatrical companies of the olden times, Shakespeare would not, without special reason, add to the number of *dramatis personæ*; and if he did bring in a new character late in the play he would not be likely to give him a name liable to be confounded with others already familiar to the audience. The latter objection is hardly worth noticing. Shakespeare was careless about these little matters; and, besides, *Salerio* differs materially in pronunciation from either *Salarino* or *Salanio*,—quite as much as they do from each other. The other objection strikes one at first as very plausible; but a comparison of the number of characters in the "Merchant" with that in the other plays will show that it has no real weight. Including *Salerio*, this play has only twenty characters, aside from the supernumeraries. If I have made no mistake in a somewhat hurried examination, there are only ten of the plays that

have fewer characters (from fourteen to eighteen), while three have the same number, and *twenty-three have more*. In nine plays the number ranges from thirty-four up to forty-five. It is evident in many instances that unnecessary characters are brought in, showing that the dramatist did not trouble himself to limit the number. Of course one actor often played two or more parts; as, indeed, he might easily do in the "Merchant." Arragon, Tubal, Old Gobbo, Stephano, Leonardo, and Balthazar appear only in single scenes, and the last two speak but one line each. The *Servant* in i. 2 and ii. 9 may well be Stephano or Balthazar.

In the early editions the stage-direction at the beginning of act iv. is "*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.*" Capell added "*Salerino, Solanio, and others,*" and has been followed by most, if not all, of the editors who "count out" Salerio (Furness's collation, on which I have depended throughout this paper, fails me here), while the others add "*Salerio*" instead of "*Salerino, Solanio.*" There are but two short speeches in the scene that belong to any of these characters. The first ("He is ready at the door; he comes, my lord.") is headed "*Sal.*" in the early editions; the second ("My lord, here stays without," etc.) has the same prefix in the Folios, but "*Saler.*" in the first (Roberts's) Quarto, and "*Salerio*" in the second (Heyes's) Quarto. The editors who reject Salerio give both speeches to Solanio ("*Sol.*"). The lively and voluble Salarino, according to these critics, does not utter one word during the trial! When we remember how he and Salanio had ridiculed and abused Shylock in iii. 1, we may be sure that we should have something in the same strain here, if they were present. Gratiano would not have that sort of talk all to himself. On the other hand, the part played by Salerio is perfectly in keeping with that given him in iii. 2. There he comes as a messenger to Bassanio,—not an ordinary servant, and apparently not quite the equal of Salarino and Solanio, though recognized as a "friend" by Bassanio; and here he seems to be a messenger of the Duke, standing by to do his bidding. I am not aware that any editor or commentator has noted this; but, in my humble opinion, it is a point in favor of the separate existence of Salerio.

Lest I should be charged with overlooking or ignoring the fact, let me add that I am aware of the appearance of "*Salerio*" in the stage-direction at the beginning of iii. 3 in the second and third Quartos, where the Folios have "*Solanio*" or "*Salanio*," and the first Quarto has "*Salarino*." I believe that this is the only instance of *Salerio* in any of the early editions, except where the name (according to my view of it) properly occurs; and when we consider how much the three names are confused in these old copies, no particular stress can be laid upon the obvious blunder here.

[I do not propose to continue the study of the "Merchant" in this minute way. The remaining papers on the play will be devoted to the discussion of scattered passages over which critics have disputed, with a few others to which I think they have given too scant consideration.]

W. J. Rolfe.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OF "KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES."

GENERAL QUESTIONS.—How old was Browning when he wrote this drama? What plays had he written before? How is this one different or related in dramatic method and effectiveness to his earlier plays? Browning himself says something of the history that underlies the drama. If you take him at his word, what idea of the history do you get from the play? Afterwards, see what light you can get on the question whether the poet's claim to historical accuracy is justified. Can a play be truer than history? Can it be said of this drama that it is a play of action in character? Why?

SPECIAL CHARACTER QUESTIONS.—What idea do you get from "King Victor," Part I., of the relations of Charles and Polyxena and of Charles's past life and characteristics? Polyxena feels that a change is impending: what news of it does D'Ormea bring, and does he come from friendliness to Charles or to Victor, and why? What is D'Ormea's purpose in the strange warning, lines 185-200, "Not yet for king," etc.? How does Charles mistake this? Does

this show stupidity in him? Why does Polyxena want Charles to listen? Does she think any better of the minister than her husband does? Which reasons the more intuitively, Charles or Polyxena? Contrast the man's and woman's points of view here with those of Norbert and Constance in "In a Balcony."

What do you find from Part II. was Victor's real design in his abdication? Does Charles take him in earnest? Does Victor's estimate of Charles change? 229-249. Does D'Ormea read Victor clearly? See his conversation with him, 273, "For I see the end,—see you on your return," and 316, "Do you repent?" When Polyxena learns the real state of things, note the clever, yet honest, way in which she seeks to penetrate and frustrate Victor. What effect do her suspicions have on Charles? Pick out all the passages that show Charles's sensitive depreciation of himself. Why does Victor want Charles to retain his old minister? Compare Victor's, D'Ormea's, and Polyxena's estimates of Charles's capacity and its possibilities.

P. A. C.

(To be continued.)

SHAKESPEARE QUERIES.—What does the "Host" mean in "Merry Wives," i. 3, when he says to Bardolph, "Let me see thee froth and live," as it is in the folio, or "froth and lime," in the quarto? What does he mean in ii. 1 when he says, "Will you go Anheires?"

BROWNING QUERY.—Will some reader of POET-LORE explain the allusion in the phrase, "While the half-mooned boot we boast," in "Pietro of Abano," Dramatic Idyls, thirty-fifth stanza, last line?

E. S. F.

THE STAGE.

BROWNING'S "STRAFFORD" was presented at the Oxford Theatre, February 12, by an amateur company, consisting of members of the University Dramatic Society. The revival gains in interest as a homage to the memory of the poet, though it was not so designed in the first instance, the play having been selected before his death. An acting version was prepared by Mr. W. Courtney, Fellow of New College, and Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., designed the various scenes, some half-dozen in number, the actual painting being by Mr. Hall. The title *rôle* in the piece is assigned to Mr. Irving, of New College (a son of Mr. Henry Irving), who undoubtedly reached a very high standard both in speech and action, particularly in the last act, and in the prison scene. The part of John Pym was well given by Mr. Clark, of New College; the Younger Vane by Mr. H. T. Farmer, of Balliol; King Charles by Mr. R. C. W. Hunt, of Merton; John Hampden by Mr. Dearmer, of Christ Church; the Queen by Miss Kate Behrke, and Lucy Percy by Mrs. Charles. The get-up of the King and Queen were remarkably exact, but it was difficult to avoid a sense of slight caricature of the well-known portraits. The large number of minor parts were creditably filled by a host of young amateurs, and the two children of Strafford were represented by Miss Bessie Graves and Miss D. Gilfin. The point of the play lies in the contrast between the fanatical patriotism of Pym and the no less fanatical loyalty of Strafford. Between them stands the weak, selfish, irresolute King, with his glimpses of better things and his mean treacheries. The malice of the Queen and the love of Lucy Percy for Strafford, which he only seems fully to realize in his dying hour, introduce further elements of romantic interest. There were seven performances given in all,—two in the afternoon. The representations were decidedly successful.

THE LIBRARY.

TENNYSON.—“Demeter and Other Poems.” Macmillan & Co.: London and New York, 1889.

“DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE” continues the distinctive charm of the “Ænone” of nearly sixty years ago. The same smooth yet variously cadenced rhythms Coleridge condescendingly encouraged and criticised in 1833,—saying that there were “some things of a good deal of beauty” in “Mr. Tennyson’s poems,” though the “misfortune” was that he had “begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is,”—appear again, to the joy of readers, and the subjugated, if not slavish, approval of “metrists,” although the last beautiful finish of such harmonies may not have been acquired by the regimen Coleridge prescribed to any one following the “preposterous” course he ascribed to Tennyson, of dealing “in new metres without considering what metre means and requires.” What he did “with many wishes of success prescribe to Tennyson—indeed without it,” said Coleridge, “he can never be a poet in art”—was “to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two well-known and strictly-defined metres; such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or the octosyllabic measure of the ‘Allegro’ and ‘Penseroso.’ He would probably thus get imbued with a sensation, if not a sense, of metre without knowing it. . . . As it is, I can scarcely scan his verses.”

The next set of verses Tennyson printed, in 1837, was the original “Oh, that ’twere possible After long grief and pain,” afterwards embodied in “Maud”—the same stanzas the *Edinburgh Review* called “mysterious” and did not “profess to understand”—and neither these stanzas nor the work of his next published volume, five years after this, show traces of literal dutifulness to the prescription of his great metrical father, but rather a boundless claim to liberty of choice in fit experimenting; through which it comes, perhaps,

according to rules for original development superior to Coleridge's, that the art of "Demeter" echoes afresh, in its own way, the art of "Ænone" and "The Lotus Eaters." The original metrical touch persists and works under a similar process as to Nature-borrowed metaphors and images in his latest work, as in his first, in bringing up pictures that pass into one another and grow towards a whole before the inward sense. The story shapes itself by pictures, the pictures glow by many touches, the touches concern a thousand concurrent details, and all shine forth in the indirect light they borrow from the poet's own thought, and its application to man of the Nature outside of man. His images are always rich with the relation of his thought and purpose to this outside Nature; they are attained not by Wordsworthian analogies, any more than is his metre by Coleridgian prescription, but by an appropriating picturesqueness, distinctively Tennysonian, which is a step further along in the development of English poetry from Wordsworth's approach to nature.

"Demeter" and "Ænone" serve to show—though no better than his new "Progress of Spring," or "The Gleam" and his old "Timbuctoo," even, his old "Ode to Memory," "Oriana," "Adeline," "Maud," "The Princess"—this use he makes of natural aspects to suit the very mood and temper of his "situation" and to lend it its reflected color. For instance: a "noon-day quiet holds the hill" when Ænone begins her story, the "swimming vapor creeps from pine to pine" then "loiters," the lizard with his shadow on the stone "rests like a shadow," the "golden bee" is "lily-cradled," the "purple flowers droop," Ænone is alone awake, and she is "all aweary," her eyes "are full of tears," her heart of love, her heart is breaking, her eyes are dim. She cries to "mother Ida, many-fountained Ida," in a reiterated melody monotonously sweet, yet the treacherous event lurks behind it, awaits her telling, and its face peers out before the form of it is shown, in the very guise of her appeal to mother Ida, to Earth, "O Hills, O Caves, That house the *cold-crowned snake!*"

And so in "Demeter," metaphoric speech, born of the poetic perception of related natural objects, carries the meaning of the story

before the story is told. Persephone, "faint as a climate-changing bird" coming from the darkness to fall "dazed and dumb" on the "threshold of her native land," at "dawn," breaks from her "clouded memories," when first "a gleam as of the moon" wavers across her face as her eyes grow conscious, and then with a burst of sun "from a swimming fleece of winter gray," she sees clearly, remembers, cries "mother!" and is folded in that mother's arms.

Further illustrations in "Demeter" and elsewhere of Tennyson's especial relation of the Nature outside of man to his own thoughts and purpose, are easy to find and pleasant to give, but in the present space, the clue given invites close following towards a further apprehension of Tennysonian characteristics.

In 1845, Wordsworth wrote thus of Tennyson: "He expressed in the strongest terms his gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from indifferent, though persuaded that he is not much in sympathy with what I should myself most value in my attempts, viz., the spirituality with which I have endeavored to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances." The lover of Wordsworth and of Tennyson will feel the difference at which the elder poet thus drily glances, but he will not fail, also, to trace the kinship and the development of the method of the one from the method of the other, while he sees that the elder may indeed be said to have imposed his meanings on the material universe, where the younger has brought man and Nature into still closer sympathy by imposing the aspects of Nature on the feelings of man, or, rather, by relating both to each other, more on the same level, with less of the air of an archangel finding affinity with clay.

In a word, Tennyson revisits the glimpses of Wordsworth, and with him helps to reveal still more that unity of organism of man with the material universe which another pair of related poets—Keats and Browning—exhibit as surely and more subtly, yet less contemplatively, and with more warmth of light and joy, the one more sensuously and immaturely, the other so transcendently that, in his poetics, the universe grows man and God. Only last September Browning wrote,—

" . . . the purged ear apprehends
 Earth's import, not the eye late dazed :
 The Voice said, ' Call my works thy friends !

.
 At Nature dost thou shrink amazed,
 God is it who transcends ! " "

The contrast noted finds its basis not only in the external Nature-using art of these poets, but, also, necessarily, in the inmost spirit of their thought, and signifies their quick assimilation and the different temper of their kindred revelation of the knowledge the world is slowly, scientifically acquiring.

In "Demeter and Other Poems," Tennyson's picture-painting of man's thoughts with Nature's own colors is obvious. There is, also, a new touch of "the spirit that giveth life," quite new to "Ænone," though not unfamiliar to the famous passages of promise in "The Passing of Arthur,"—"The old order changeth, yielding place to new," etc.; in "Sea Dreams,"—"Their wildest wailing never out of tune with that sweet note;" in "In Memoriam,"—"The crowning race Of those that eye to eye shall look on knowledge." In "Demeter and Persephone" it is shadowed forth in the altogether modern elaboration of the ancient idea of Fate in conflict with the Will of Man and of the Gods. Following out a "league of labyrinthine darkness," Demeter came "On three gray heads beneath a gleaming rift," and heard one voice from all the three cry, "We . . . know not why we spin! There is a Fate beyond us." And when the shadow of Persephone, drawn by the God of Dreams without her knowledge from herself, declares that the bright one in the highest "Is brother of the Dark one in the lowest," and are sworn together that she, Persephone, child of the Earth Mother, the Power that lifts Earth's "buried life from gloom to bloom," must forever be joined with darkness and the underworld; then to Demeter's despairing eyes, "the man who only lives and loves an hour" seemed nobler than the "hard eternities" of the Gods. Will, clashing against blind Destiny, gets at last the comfort granted as a boon, according to the old myth, by the bright one in the highest, that nine white moons of each whole year the Life shall stay to gladden Earth and rest only

in the three dark winter months, in its necessary union with the under world. But the craving Will is still "but ill-content." Closer may be knit the bonds of Destiny, the Gods, the powers of Nature and of Man, the "Fate beyond the Fates," means but "younger kindlier Gods," to "quench, not hurl, the thunderbolt,"—"Gods indeed, To send the noon into the night" till "all the shadow die into the light" and "souls of men, who grew beyond their race" have made themselves "as God against the fear Of Death and Hell." This appeal, to which Tennyson's loftiest strain rises at the close of "Demeter and Persephone," reaches towards that unification of Power and Love, approached through the unification of Nature and Man, which Browning more confidently and vitally asserts.

Yet Tennyson says in "The Ring,"—a dialogue poem with attractive passages, but with neither dramatic life nor strength of intention,—“And utter knowledge is but utter love.” But the line stands alone, set in the context like a stone. It is not a living explicable part of its plan. "Romney's Remorse" is scarcely stronger, dramatically, than "The Ring." The "occasional" verses, "To the Marquis of Dufferin," "On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria"—with a refreshing flavor of Walt Whitman, "To Professor Jebb," "To Ulysses"—that is to say, W. G. Palgrave, "To W. G. Ward," "To Mary Boyle," their skill and grace being granted, attract neither much comment nor interest, compared, of course, with the more important productions which even this little volume yields. The clever dialect work of "Owd Roä" is sure to find popular attention, and "Crossing the Bar" reaches those easy heights that are readily overrun by newspaper quoters; "By an Evolutionist" and "Parnassus" contain complexer elements, their mixed whimsicality and significance bringing them into close relation with the poetic insight of the works of graver moment. "Politics," "Beautiful City," "The Rose on the Terrace," and "To one who ran down the English" are unmistakable trifles of laureateship, with naïve bits in them that remind us of the Wordsworthian lapses with which the ungrateful world has not scrupled to make merry. In "Forlorn" and "Happy" we have counterpart pictures: the one of a bride who is no bride, having given herself to an older lover, and who spends the night fighting

with the temptation to conceal the truth, but rises, at last, to "ease her heart of madness" and tell "her tale of sadness" at all cost; the other of a bride who claims her right to share the lot of a leper lover, though the church and he have separated her from such death in life. It is a repulsive subject, although Tennyson treats it in utter contrast to Swinburne's similar story, and accents always the love of the pure spirit, instead of the passion of diseased flesh. In them we have the poet's nearest approach to dramatic fire since "Maud." It must be a simple situation,—two figures are perilously near too much,—and but one voice to follow, if the writer's closer grasp of Nature than of man is not to be manifest. There is a stiff-fingered conventionality and short-sighted insularity about his treatment and conceptions of men and social systems that, with all his lyric charm and enlightenment of thought, cannot but strike crudely through his most skilful work when it has to do with men and actions or thoughts of much complexity, and at first hand. Like Antæus, he loses his superior strength when he is lifted from the soil. Earth in its out-door guise is his own domain, and he knows marvellously how to relate this with man, or with the abstractions and myths of mankind, in that original, significant, and harmonious way which in this last volume reaches the highest poetic magic in "Demeter," "The Progress of Spring," and "Merlin and the Gleam." In these, too, his highest power of moral insight speaks, in no unmistakable, though not in the free and joyous way, in evidence of the one increasing purpose "to which the whole creation moves." "Vastness" strikes the same low note of hope with even a more faltering and guessing quality. It hardly differs from settled melancholy but that in the depths of its despair there breaks a sudden wilful gleam. But this gleam is too lurid to be strong with anything but the "hate of hate," and the "scorn of scorn." It leads to no stir of strength in the burdened sympathies of the reader who follows the poet thus:

"Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanished face,
 Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a vanished race.
 Raving politics, never at rest,—as this poor earth's pale history runs,—
 What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?"

.

Wealth with his wines and his wedded harlots ; honest Poverty bare to the bone ;
Opulent Avarice, lean as Poverty ; Flattery gilding the rift in a throne ;
He that has lived for the lust of the minute, and died in the doing it, flesh without
mind ;
He that hath nail'd all flesh to the Cross, till self died out in the love of his kind ;
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is fair,
What is it all if we all of us end but in being our own corpse coffins at last,
Swallowed in vastness, lost in silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless past ?”

After seventeen such couplets have dragged us with him into this abyss, he gives us this hand :

“Peace, let it be ! for I loved him, and love him forever : the dead are not dead but alive.”

Here is his “love of love,” but it is almost overpowered by his “hate of hate” and his “scorn of scorn.”

The old myths he works upon in “Demeter,” and again in “Merlin and the Gleam,” seem to lend him a courage he does not venture upon with raw, untried, original material that would bring him face to face with the current order of the world. And that closer knowledge of Nature than of men, which he uses so effectively in embodying his impressions, gives him so large a view of her great being that men’s might looks puny beside her. And yet he has said this,—his “topmost Gargarus stands up and takes the morning,” in “Merlin and the Gleam,”—

“Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight !
Oh young mariner,
Down to the haven
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.”

Charlotte Porter.

KINGSLAND, W. G.—“Robert Browning, Chief Poet of the Age.”
J. W. Jarvis & Son: London, 1890.

THE FIRST book to appear on Robert Browning since the poet's death, is a dainty new edition of Mr. W. G. Kingsland's “Robert Browning, Chief Poet of the Age.” A warm friend of the poet, Mr. Kingsland has been able to increase greatly the value of the biographical sketch which has been added to this edition, by personal recollections of Browning. In his happy way, he has woven these and the various letters he has received from Browning into the better-known but rather scanty facts of his life. Occasional glimpses of the home-life of the Brownings are set off against the opinions of the poet and his work expressed by such great souls as Rossetti and Dickens. In this way he has succeeded in giving the reader a pleasantly alive picture of Browning, who was in no dreamy sense the friend of men. His letters are all remarkable for their utter simplicity and kindly expressions of sympathy. He was, indeed, a man in whom there was no guile. To our great satisfaction, Mr. Kingsland again calls attention to the falsity of the statement that Browning's acted plays have always been failures. Although Mr. Edmund Gosse has very conclusively pointed out that the so-called failure of “Strafford” was due entirely to extraneous circumstances, the critics with dogged determination have harped one after another on the unadaptability of Browning's dramas to the stage. Mr. Kingsland quotes from *The Examiner* of May 14, 1837, a criticism which we take the liberty of re quoting. “‘Strafford’ was winning its way into even greater success than we had ventured to hope for it; but Mr. Vandenhoff's secession from the theatre has caused its temporary withdrawal. It will be only temporary, we trust; no less in justice to the great genius of the author than to the fervid applause with which his last performance was received by an admirably-filled house.” If “Strafford” could call forth fervid applause in England fifty years ago, what might not be expected of a revival of it in this country to-day, with the added advantage of these years of intellectual culture? It would be worth while making the experiment.

We cannot imagine a more sympathetic guide to the beginner, for whom it is specially intended, than Mr. Kingsland's little book;

with true insight for his needs he leads him first to those poems most likely to find ready acceptance, enticing him deeper and deeper into the heart of the mystery by his clear analyses, until he may well nigh wonder what is meant by "Browning's obscurity." At the same time, the reader who has long revelled in the creations of Browning's wondrous genius, finds in Mr. Kingsland's recognition of his paramount right to the title of *Poet* in every sense of the word, a happy relief from the shallow criticisms so rife at the present time, which would limit this right by narrow, tread-mill conceptions.

The value of the book is further enhanced by photogravure reproduction of the last photograph taken of Browning, one of the most interesting portraits we have seen of him; there is also a fac-simile of an autograph letter of the poet. Such an entertaining, modest, and earnest tribute to the memory of the great poet should be in every Browning library, as well as in the hands of all those who wish to begin the study of Browning's poetry.

Helen A. Clarke.

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 ——— Extinction of. A. C. WHEELER, Mch. *Arena.*
 ——— "Hamlet," a Century of. L. HUTTON, Nov. *Harp.*
 ——— ——— iii. 4. 205. MOBERLY, Dec. 28 *Acad.*
 ——— "Merchant of Venice" (Haraucourt's). BRUNETIÈRE, Jan. *Rev. d. Mond.*
 ——— Molière and. C. COQUELIN, Oct. *Cent.*
 ——— Renaissance of. E. FULLER, Jan. *Lipp.*
 ——— Sonnets (see "Wm. Shakespeare, Gentleman"). C. W. FRANKLYN, Oct. *West.*
 ——— ——— F. J. FURNIVALL, Jan. 9 *Pall Mall B.*
 ——— ——— CHARLOTTE STOPES, Mch. 1 *Acad.*
 ——— ——— A. HALL, Feb. 1 *Lit. Opinion.*
 ——— Spots on the Sun. DION BOUCICAULT, Jan. *Arena.*
 ——— and Two Noble Kinsmen. H. E. SHEPHERD, Nov. *Mod. Lang. Notes.*
 Shelley, 'A New View of. OUIDA, Feb. *N. Am. Rev.*
 ——— The Poet. Feb. *New Engldr.*
 Tennyson, The Man. *Unit. Rev.*
 ——— "Demeter." ALFRED AUSTIN, Jan. *Nat. Rev.*
 ——— ——— HERBERT B. GARROD, Dec. 28 *Acad.*
 ——— ——— Dec. 28 *Ath.*
 ——— ——— Feb. 6 *Indep.*
 ——— ——— E. NENCIONI. Feb. 16 *Nouv. Ant.*
 ——— ——— Feb. *Neuphil. Centralblatt.*
 Virgil, Fourth Eclogue. Sep. *Educ.*

—— RECENT DISCOVERIES in Egyptian literature, about which Mr. J. Offord read a paper before the Royal Society of Literature, show that fiction has existed in Egypt since at least four thousand years before Christ. Among some of their ancient fables are "The Lion and the Mouse," supposed to have been by Æsop, and "The Stomach and the Members," attributed to Menenius Agrippa. The source of many things has been sought for in Egypt, but it seems in some senses to have been a country only of vast beginnings, for with all their wealth of fiction it never advanced beyond the folklore stage,—no great classical works, as far as is yet known, having been produced.

DEPARTMENT OF THE BROWNING SOCIETY OF THE NEW CENTURY CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

Abstract of Proceedings.—The third evening and second study meeting devoted to "Strafford" was held February 13, Miss Cohen in the chair. Miss C. H. Fulton and Mr. H. H. Dalby read acts iv. and v. of "Strafford." Miss M. E. Mumford then gave the short "Stage History of 'Strafford,'" which began with its first production at Covent Garden, in May, 1837, when Macready played *Strafford*, Vandenhoff, *Pym*, and Helen Faucit, *Lady Carlisle*, and was re-opened by the London Browning Society at the Strand in December, 1886, when Miss Webster played *Lucy Percy*, Mr. Foss, *Strafford*, and Mr. Gould, *Pym*.

Professor H. Willis followed with the "Historical Ground-work" of the drama. He outlined the main facts in the struggle of the Stuarts for royal prerogatives, and, speaking of Strafford's championship of Charles, made the following citation from a letter the Earl wrote to Lord Carlisle:

"'Tis true, this way is displeasing for the present, lays me open to calumny and hatred, causeth me to be by some ill-disposed people, it may be, ill-reported; whereas the contrary would make me pass smooth and still along without noise; but I have not so learnt my master, nor am I so indulgent to my own ease as to see his affairs suffer shipwreck whilst I myself rest secure in harbour. No, let the tempest be never so great, I will much rather put forth to sea, work forth the storm, or at least be found dead with the rudder in my hands."

Miss Gleim, in the course of her account of "The Characters in History," said:

"The tourist in the galleries of England has seen groups of English people gathered before the portraits of Charles I., gazing at the face which Vandyke has made so familiar, with an interest differing in kind and degree from that shown for the portrait of any other English king. There seems to be in this interest an echo of something stronger than the emotion stirred by the sad fate of Charles. We turn the leaves of history to find some reason for a devotion to the memory of Charles, and read that all of the Stuarts had a strange power of personal attraction, and that Charles I. had this to an unusual degree. Handsome in person, with dignified manners and manly carriage, he could win the regard of men with little effort, and when he chose to exert his powers of personal fascination there were few who could resist being drawn to him. This attraction was recognized by all his adherents in court, who had opportunities of personal intercourse with him; but it was felt, too, by subjects more remote. One Robert Baillie, a stern Scotch minister, one of the deputation sent at the time of the Scotch revolt against the liturgy, writes that he found 'his Majesty was ever the longer the better loved of all that heard him, as one of the most just, reasonable, sweet persons, they had ever seen.' With little effort Charles was able to win the affections of men. It is a fact of history that he roused in the passionate heart of Strafford a love capable of the most chivalrous devotion, and of a blind, unquestioning obedience. . . .

"At Petworth there is a portrait of Strafford painted by Vandyke. The figure is that of a chieftain, clad in complete armor, the raven hair and swarthy skin harmonizing with the black cuirass. The clear-cut, intellectual features, dark and glittering eyes, firmly-closed lips, bespeak a man of great power and endurance. Later in life, melancholy shaded that dark brow with an 'imperial gloom,' and the features, grown rugged with sickness and care, bore a resemblance which gave to him the nickname of 'the lion.' . . .

"His loyalty to the king was of such chivalrous kind that he declared, 'Your Majesty's least thought is of more value than such an inconsiderable creature as I am.' Among his maxims were these: 'A minister, in order to effect his object, ought to be entirely trusted by the king.' 'A minister, in this fortunate position, ought to be ready to pay for it with his head.' 'It is the absolute duty of a minister to take odium to any extent off his monarch's back.' . . .

"It was the weakness of Charles to neglect the counsels of the only man that might have saved him, and to sacrifice him to the fury of his enemies."

Then the following paper was given on

“STRAFFORD” AND “JULIUS CÆSAR.”

IN the two plays,—Browning's “Strafford” and Shakespeare's “Julius Cæsar,”—the differentiation of these two choice and master spirits is, perhaps, as distinctly marked as in any two plays or poems which might have been selected. One cannot help feeling, however, that Browning is handicapped by the vehicle he has chosen; the drama being of all others the form least adapted to reveal the subtle and minute workings of his mind. With Shakespeare, on the contrary, “the play's the thing,” the natural method by which he “holds the mirror up to Nature” and reflects human life—with its multiform passions—in all its most complex situations; his characters, being most “minutely elaborated presentations of typical individuals,” swayed by some master passion acting on the individual so directly, and with such obvious results, that while the student and the scholar find much food for thought, the masses are not obliged to go hungry. Browning himself says: “‘Strafford’ is a play of action in character, rather than character in action,” and while the former aptly describes “Strafford,” it is equally true that character in action applies perfectly to “Julius Cæsar.” This explains, perhaps, why it is that “Julius Cæsar” is read and quoted by the statesman and the scholar, spouted by the school-boy, and enjoyed equally well by the gallery-god and the occupants of the orchestra chairs. “Strafford,” on the other hand, is confined to that “fit audience but few” who delight in “those abstruse, ethical, intellectual, metaphysical problems” which the poet seems to have invented for the “rapture of lonely minds.” Browning's subtle analysis of the different phases of the mind, his keen dissection of the complexity of the motives actuating it, his evident delight in placing a soul in every conceivable environment,—all these things are “caviare to the general.” One can readily understand the fascination of such a play as “Julius Cæsar” for the youthful imagination, and the pleasure such a one must find in the purely ideal but easily understood patriotism of a Brutus, the nervous energy and bravery of a Cassius, and the altogether human anger and grief of a Mark Antony, but by no stretch of the imagina-

tion can one picture a mind—not previously prepared by numerous introductions and notes—carried away by the complex character of Strafford, the hypercritical patriotism of Pym, and the other equally involved characters. In fact, of them all, the character of Charles is the most clearly and sharply drawn. Here, indeed, the work of the poet calls for neither note nor comment. He stands the “king of shreds and patches” stripped of every kingly attribute, weak, vacillating, cowardly, the man “with the mild voice and the mournful eye” and a most plentiful lack of moral fibre, and “not of those who care the more for men that they’re unfortunate.”

The diverse methods of the two dramatists are clearly shown in the opening scenes of the two plays. Shakespeare, in his usual direct fashion, plunges at once into the very heart of every-day life and strikes the key-note of the tragedy at the beginning. At once we stand beneath a Roman sky, we almost “hear the troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,” we stand in a Roman street, filled with men, not Romans, perhaps, but men of flesh and blood with feelings and passions akin to ours; tribunes, carpenters, cobblers, waiting for the mighty Cæsar. In the brief but spirited encounter between the tribunes and the two artisans,—the carpenter and the “surgeon of old shoes,”—the interest is awakened, the imagination excited, and the mind prepared for what is to follow. In all of this scene, Shakespeare appeals directly to those emotions most common to all, and no previous study or knowledge of the history of the times is necessary. Now, to the “mere picker up of learning’s crumbs” who guilelessly takes up “Strafford” for entertainment, difficulties at once present themselves, making it almost impossible to obtain a distinct conception of the whole, or even a part, by a single or many readings. In the first scene some six or eight historical characters are introduced. All of these—Vane, Hollis, Rudyard, Fiennes, Loudon, Hampden, and Pym—are so inextricably woven into the web and woof of English history that it is necessary, not only to have a complete knowledge of them as a whole, but to have a particular insight into the character and motive of each so as to find the key to the “different plots and counterplots continually evolved in the subtle brains of the friends and foes of Strafford.” Thus, while the character of Strafford

is the main interest of the play, every other character is the centre of another system of interests, a wheel-within-a-wheel arrangement, somewhat confusing to a novice. In the first act the reader must digest a Parliament or two, the Bill of Rights, the Scottish League and Covenant, a considerable portion of the history of Ireland, and other historical data. All of these facts Browning evidently supposes to be "human nature's daily food," and, hence, he falls naturally into the error of taking it for granted that an allusion here and a hint there are quite sufficient to enable one to ride in triumph over all the obscurities arising from a somewhat hazy knowledge of the period of history covered by the play.

The two plays considered as a whole, then, differ essentially: the one being simple and direct, with a well-distributed organic unity of interest in all the characters, whether leading or subordinate, and not only appealing to the cultured and the critical, but to the ignorant and the illiterate; the other, complex and involved, limited in its influence, and dependent for a following on the few. The one is filled with the renewed life that set in with Spenser, and which reached its supremest summit in Shakespeare; the other partakes of the characteristics of the reaction which set in at the beginning or previous to the present century, and reached its supremest summit in Tennyson and Browning. Both are the natural products of the ages in which the respective poets lived. "In versification, 'Strafford' has none of the rich music and exquisite rhythm of 'Julius Cæsar,'" being a "hybrid of prose and verse." Shakespeare broods and sings; Browning talks and analyzes, and never hesitates to sacrifice poetical construction to the thought he wishes to express.

These same peculiarities and differences may be traced, also, by taking the characters in each tragedy one by one as the contrasts are suggested. Strafford and Cæsar naturally take the first place as being, in each case, the motive power of the play. When this is said, all similarity ceases. The character of Cæsar, while possessed of infinite variety, has been seized by Shakespeare at a period when the wonderful powers of his mind were concentrated on the possession of the crown, compared to which ambition all other ambitions became as warts to Ossa. With a singleness of purpose unsur-

passed, this one preoccupation of Cæsar's is never lost sight of. We do not need Brutus to tell us that because Cæsar was ambitious he slew him. It is the key-note of Cæsar's character during the period covered by his action in the play. Now, Shakespeare might have made Cæsar a great warrior, or a learned scholar, but he did not; instead, he presents him to us as ruled by a single absorbing passion, which we recognize at once. Can this be said of Strafford? Is he dominated by a single purpose?

Three master passions—ambition, patriotism, and loyalty to the king—seem to hold sway in Strafford. The first, ambition, is more implied than openly expressed, save by his enemies in such lines as, "It is indeed too bitter that one man, any one man's mere presence should suspend England's combined endeavor," or Pym's sharp retort, "I care not for titles, but you care, since you sold your soul for one." His patriotism was expressed by his determination to raise England above all other nations, and, though his scheme of "Thorough" may seem strange to us, at his time and in his day it perhaps embodied the principles which he and many others thought the foundation of a perfect monarchical form of government. There is no question, however, that loyalty to Charles was his chief characteristic; with this same key Strafford unlocked his heart, and what before puzzled us is in some measure made clear and intelligible. In this respect "Strafford" is unique in the annals of literature. From first to last the poet has accentuated this peculiarity; from his first entrance, when ill and weak, and fatigued by travel, he forgets himself, to inquire breathlessly of Lady Carlisle, "And the king?" down to the last bitter moment when his mind, sharpened by the nearness of that "bloody sea" which swept before him, turns to the weak, helpless monarch, and he cries in bitterness of spirit, "O God! I shall die first, I shall die first," and, "Oh, not that bloody head, not that!"

The character of Pym is next in importance after Strafford, and at once suggests a comparison with the "noble Roman Brutus" as drawn by Shakespeare. In both cases the portraiture is historically correct with a few justifiable exceptions. Both of these men were doubtless swayed by the same motive,—that of patriotism, but with a differ-

ence. In the case of Brutus, though critics may differ as to his merits as a statesman and a general, and hold him up to the world as an example of idealism gone mad, the verdict is unanimous as to the singleness and purity of his motives. His greatest enemy, Mark Antony, has voiced the general verdict in the familiar lines, "All the conspirators, save only he, did that they did in envy of great Cæsar. He only, in the general honest thought and common good, made one of them." This abstract and impersonal quality, which marks the patriotism of Brutus, is its most distinguishing feature. We look in vain for this quality in Pym. That he was moved by patriotism goes without saying, but it became a personal matter at an early stage, and the fact remains that in his hot-headed zeal and the belief that he was a special instrument "to right that England" by the destruction of Strafford, he really became a greater tyrant than those whom he wished to destroy; and allowed what may have been pure patriotism, at its inception, to degenerate into personal hostility and persecution. Charles recognized this fact, and in one of his intermittent spasms of virtue charges Pym with being warped by personal motives. "Because," says Charles, "you hate the earl, we know you hate him." Pym rages like a fire, and hews his victim as a "carcass fit for hounds;" Brutus carves Cæsar as a "dish fit for the gods." To counteract this violence and hardness on the part of Pym, Browning has thrown around his otherwise stern and inflexible character, the softening influences of a passionate attachment to Strafford,—a friendship full of strange contradictions and pathos. He taunts Strafford with having sold his soul for a title, tells him while his head is on he'll not leave him, and then meditates sadly, "Never more, never more walked we together. Most alone I went. I have had friends, but I shall never quite forget that friend."

It would be an easy matter, did time permit, to subject the remaining personages of these plays to the same process of comparison, but let us leave the others, at this time, in order to note the difference in the relative position of woman in the two tragedies. Calphurnia's part is so brief as scarcely to merit mention. In Portia, Shakespeare has given us his ideal of the majesty and virtue of Roman womanhood; and following hard upon "Hamlet," in chrono-

logical order, the heroism of Cato's daughter probably afforded Shakespeare's mind a much-needed relief after fathering the colossal helplessness of the "gentle Ophelia." Portia is never brought into contact with any important character of the play, save that of Brutus; her influence is limited to him alone, and, were it necessary, both she and Calphurnia could be eliminated from the play without in any marked degree destroying its plot, aim, or action. Such a course as this would be impossible with either the Queen or Lady Carlisle. Their interests, their aims, their plots, are identical, and inextricably interwoven with the interests, the aims, and the plots of the men; their influence just as great. Strafford, under the inspiration of Lady Carlisle's presence and sympathy, feels "'tis worth while, Lucy, having foes, just for the bliss of crushing them," and finds himself unnerved at seeing old Vane on his stealthy way to the Queen's closet, knowing well what an engine of destruction the "little fairy" was capable of becoming. To conclude, it is impossible not to be struck by the wholly different conclusion reached by the two poets. Time has reconciled us to the contemplative melancholy of Jaques and the impenetrable gloom of Hamlet, but to one accustomed to the "happy view of life," so characteristic of Browning, the absence of "the subtle thing that's spirit" in "Strafford" assumes the nature of a personal loss. What the two poets meant to teach is left to those who have made the matter a subject of study. We only know that to read "Julius Cæsar" is to feel in some degree the same tranquillity and exaltation of soul which Brutus doubtless felt when he exclaimed, "My heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me." We leave "Strafford" with impressions voiced by his despairing cry, "Trust not in princes, neither in the sons of men, in whom is no salvation."

Kate L. Gallagher.

AT THE general meeting of February 23, Miss Cohen presiding, Dr. E. S. Brooks read a paper on the "Motive and Action of 'Strafford,'" taking the ground that the action was deficient. Miss Wormley sang a song by Tchaikowski, and one of Browning's Cavalier tunes, "Marching Along," set to music by C. V. Stanford,

was sung by a chorus from the Orpheus Club, and after a paper by Professor F. E. Schelling, "On Browning and the Poetry of the Future," the two other "Cavalier tunes," set to music by Stanford, "Give a Rouse" and "Boot, Saddle to Horse, and Away," were also given by the Orpheus, the solos being sung in all three by Mr. E. G. McCollin. The discussion of the evening on "The Development of the Drama" was opened by Professor A. H. Smyth. After a few remarks upon the origin of the drama, and its place in Greek and Latin literature, he told how the English drama was descended from two sources,—

"First, from the Greek play, through a long and continuous line of mendicants, jugglers, wandering minstrels,—outcasts from the Church; yet who kept alive a certain interest throughout Europe, and but for which the clergymen would never have succeeded in arousing the interest they did in their stupid miracle plays; and second, its original invention by the English Church, which, recognizing the invincible capability of the human mind to resist the introduction of knowledge, and finding that it was altogether useless to din the facts of Christianity into the ears of the people, presented to their eyes in the chancel of the cathedral a show, an addition to the liturgy, which is therefore called a liturgical drama.

"The miracle plays go back at least as early as the tenth century, when was produced the miracle play of St. Catharine. The miracle play, which had rejoiced the lower population of London, gave place in due time to the moral play, in which abstract virtues and abstract vices were personified and there was the beginning of dialogue. There were introduced such characters as Mr. Good Days, Mr. Abominable, etc. .

"Out of the moral play grew the third stage, the interlude, in which real characters were introduced. No sooner had the miracle play fixed itself than there arose in the University the School of Pedants, who would have nothing if it was not Latin and Greek. The one great character who saved it then, who fixed its style, was Christopher Marlowe, whose marvellous genius was such that he recognized in the two dramas the two great elements of success: in the one, the romantic; in the other, that he had the proper vehicle for dramatic expression,—blank verse. He combined the two. He also prepared a fair field for that great successor, in whose hands that same vehicle of blank verse received its most perfect development. . . .

"Such is the brief story: The origin of the drama out of a religious festival; a drama which passed through Greece and Italy and descended through a line of rejected minstrels; the rise of the English drama; the movement from the Church to the market-place; reaching its magnificent summit in Shakespeare; occasional fitful reminiscences in another century; the barrenness of our own day."

Miss Agnes Repplier closed the discussion, finding the decline of the drama "an affair not of quantity but of quality. The number of theatres is steadily constantly on the increase. The authors blame the actors; the actors blame the managers; the managers blame the public; the public in turn the authors; everybody blames the theatrical critics. . . . If correctness of finish and detail cannot give us back the drama, I fail to see how they can add to its degeneracy."

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE GREENE ENTRIES.

TO THE EDITORS:—Your January number has an article on the "I" or the "he" in the diary of Thomas Greene, of Stratford, and after a long and ingenious discussion a verdict is given in favor of the "he." In your March number Mr. Hall sticks to the "I," referring it to Shakespeare. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps is divided against himself. Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Director of the New Shakspeare Society, whatever he may have expressed personally to Mr. Stuart Glennie, has adopted Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's first reading, and accepts the "he" (see Furnivall's Introduction to the Leopold Shakspeare, page cix.). And Professor E. Dowden also accepts the "he" in last year's edition of his Shakspeare Primer, page 28, saying, "Shakspeare resisted the scheme, declaring 'he was not able to bear the enclosing of Welcombe.'"

So that whether we take the "I" as it stands in the diary, or whether we prove that the diarist wrote "I" when he meant to write "he," everybody seems long ago to have admitted that Shake-

spere is meant in either case; and in my new book on "Shakespeare, the Man and his Mind," I have adopted this common-sense interpretation.

It is a pity, however, that the public should have no exact and reliable copy of this important and disputed entry in Thomas Greene's diary. Mr. Stuart Glennie virtually gives two different copies of the entry, each under inverted commas as the attested, veritable quotation. On page 4 (of your January number) he gives the note "simply as it stands," "as it is, indeed, transcribed by Mr. E. Scott, of the British Museum;" but on page 9 he says, "The note really runs thus," and gives a somewhat different version. Mr. Hall's quotation of the same entry, and also under inverted commas, has three variations from Mr. Glennie's. Dr. Furnivall's quotation differs from both Mr. Hall's and Mr. Glennie's. And Professor E. Dowden's is again different from any of the preceding! It may be said those differences are only in minor points; but where we want an attested faithful copy, even minor points should be faithfully reproduced. We don't want ideas, dates, letters, or meanings *put into* or *read into* passages and quotations. We want a quotation as a quotation, as true as if photographed; we will *read in* and *out* for ourselves.

Wm. Clarke Robinson.

KENYON COLLEGE, March 22, 1890.

PARIS LETTER.

A PATHETICALLY small and insignificant funeral cortege bore to its last resting-place a few days since, in the cemetery of Suresnes, the body of Jules Garnier, the artist; a painter of no small merit, and a man of genius and of heart. He is best known by his picture "Le Roi s'amuse," which has been extensively engraved. Though the character of his genius was essentially different from that of Doré, there is a rather sad suggestion of similarity in the life of the two, as to the trammellings of temperament and circumstance. One clue to this suggestion is in the fact that Garnier's last work—

a series of sketches intended to illustrate a new edition of "Rabelais"—is on exhibition for the benefit of his destitute widow and children.

A "Première Représentation" of the "Merchant of Venice" is on the boards of the "Odéon." The adaptation given is, in the opinion of the journals, "most happy." It is, to say the least, a cause of mild surprise to one whose native language is English, to find the French journals setting forth the plot of this play with all the detail of a reviewer dissecting the last new novel.

The following extract, which the critics quote from M. Harau-court's version as particularly admirable, I give as a sample of the rather startling liberties which the translator has allowed himself to take with the original text. I fancy that the most devoted English student of Shakespeare would find no little difficulty in identifying the following lines with the great speech of Antonio to Bassanio (i. 1. 140):

" Venez ça, qu'on vous gronde,
Mauvais cœur, qui cherchez des phrases pour mon cœur !
Si j'en prenais rancune et vous tenais rigueur ?
Ami ! Tous les trésors du monde, une misère !
Valent-ils cette main loyale que l'on serre
Et l'abandon d'une âme à qui l'on s'est donné ?
Le plus riche des deux n'est que le frère aîné.
Le seul bienfait de l'or, c'est que l'or se partage ;
L'ami qui laisse un peu de son cœur en otage
Peut tout prendre, et qu'il sache, en y venant puiser,
Qu'il m'aura trop payé, me payant d'un baiser."

The following passages, too, from the famous moonlit scene of the last act, are much admired by the French critics, though English Shakespearians will find something lacking, I think :

"*Lorenzo.* O mon âme, vois-tu l'horizon nébuleux
Frémir comme un chœur blond de sylphides dansantes
Qui vout en secouant leurs robes sur les sentes ?
Un frisson de parfums berce les bois troublés
Et court sur les coteaux en caressant les blés.

Par une telle nuit du haut des murs de Troie,
Troïlus exhalait sa peine vers la joie
Et pleurait vers la tente où riait Cressida.

Jessica. Par une telle nuit, quand Thisbé regarda
Le sentier qui menait vers l'arbre aux figes blanches,

Elle aperçut, rampant parmi l'ombre des branches,
La grande ombre d'un grand lion noir, et s'enfuit—
Vois-tu son voile blanc ?

Lorenzo. Par une telle nuit
Didon, seule, et mourant d'un mal inguérissable,
Écoutait le sanglot des vagues sur le sable ;
Et tant qu'elle put voir, au bord de l'inconnu
Le dernier des vaisseaux qui fuyaient, son bras nu
Secoua vers les mers le vain rameau de saule.

Jessica. Par une telle nuit, les cheveux sur l'épaule,
La sombre Médœa vint cueillir le poison
Qui devait rajeunir les baisers de Jason.

Lorenzo. Par une telle nuit filait une gondole,
Où l'amant trop heureux emportait son idole
Et cette idole avait le nom de Jessica."

One of the American colonists—a young lady—said to me recently, "We have a Shakespeare Society in our American circle here; quite a large one." "Ah, I should like to join," I answered, interested at once. "Will you give me some idea of your plan of study?" She hesitated, looked a little disconcerted, then laughed. "We—don't—do much *studying*," she acknowledged. "We meet only once a fortnight, spending an hour on Shakespeare, reading round in turn, you know; the rest of the evening we *dance*."

Alice Groff.

PARIS, February 1, 1890.

— THE ANNIVERSARY dramatic performances at the Stratford Shakespeare Memorial Theatre will open on April 21 with "Othello," under the direction of Mr. Osmond Tearle. On the succeeding evenings will be presented the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "King John" (on Wednesday, Shakespeare's birthday), and "King Lear." "King John" will be repeated on Friday, and on Saturday afternoon, after which, in the evening, will be played again the "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

— WE LEARN from the London *Academy* that an English-reading club has lately been started in Gratz, the capital of Styria, by Dr. Robert von Fleischhacker, who has begun a series of lectures on Browning.

POET-LORE

Vol. II.

No. 5.

— wilt thou not haply saie,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
But best is best if neuer intermixt.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
To make him much outlive a gilded tombes
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office —

THE STORY OF SHELLEY'S LIFE IN HIS "EPIPSYCHIDION."

THE continual allusions in Shelley's poems to events of his outer biography and of his inner spiritual development have been, in a careless, perfunctory way, more or less utilized by his successive biographers; but this poem, the most important of all, has been but very incompletely handled. And yet we have Shelley's own authority for stating that it contains an "idealized history of his life and feelings" (Forman, *Prose Works*, iv. 282). It is evident that the "life" here spoken of is his inner life only, and that of the "feelings" is especially predominant,—namely, his relation to the various women who influenced his poetic career: in other words, his "loves," Platonic or otherwise, Uranian or Pandemian. In order to understand Shelley it is above all things necessary to keep in mind the main objects of his life, and not to be led astray from these by the overwhelming beauty of the ornament with which his almost superhuman imagination covered and sometimes concealed them. He himself summed these up in the celebrated line, "*Eimi filanthropos, demokratikos, t'atheoste*," which may be rendered "Philanthrope, democrat, and atheist;" or rather, when

explained in the light of his greater poems, "No God, no king, no marriage bond for me."

These three were the doctrines he set himself to inculcate, and to which he fondly hoped, in spite of the laws of human development, which were dead against him, to be able to convert suffering and down-trodden mankind. He lived, after advocating pantheism pure and simple in "Queen Mab," and stigmatizing Jesus Christ as "an ambitious man who aspired to the throne of Judea," to acknowledge "his sublime human character;" he admitted, while theoretically advocating pantisocratic principles, that the practical qualification for the suffrage should be the registry of the voter's name as one "who paid direct taxes;" in matters theological and political there were, during his short life, evident signs of progressive intellectual advance and abatement of that bigotry which is nowhere so strongly developed as in the antibigot: but the third doctrine, that of free love,—

"Free love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away,"—

clung to his soul like a Nessus-garment to the bitter end. And this is the argument of the "Epipsychidion," which I proceed to analyze.

In it he tells us of the ideal woman, the "veiled divinity," whom he met, but "beheld not," on an "imagined shore;" and of his subsequent search for her incarnation in mortal form, always ending in disappointment, until he found her in Emilia Viviani. It is in this inner autobiography that the value of this poem, when considered not as a poem but as a key to Shelley's other poems, is concentrated. He first meets with a *false* one with voice of venomous melody, who sat by a well, and from whom a killing air pierced into the core of his green heart. This was his cousin, Harriet Grove, not Harriet Westbrook. The two are distinctly indicated in "Laon and Cythna," Dedication, stanza 6 (MS. version),—

"One whom I found was dear but false to me;
The other's heart was like a heart of stone."

The stony heart was Harriet Westbrook's, whose "insensibility of temperament" has not escaped the notice of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

The false one is Harriet Grove, who broke her engagement to him on account of his anti-religion.

"In vain from the grasp of the Bigot I flee,
The most tenderly loved of my soul
Are slaves to his hated control."

("Bigotry's Victim," 28 April, 1811.)

This identification of the false lady, from whose looks flame came into Shelley's "vitals," with Harriet Grove has always appeared to me self-evident, and it was with a feeling of surprise and disgust that I found that, in their desire to whitewash every one except Harriet Westbrook and Claire, the editors and biographers unanimously rejected this explanation; one of them even advancing the loathsome hypothesis that some woman of evil character, with whom Shelley contracted a temporary "free-love" connection at Oxford, is here indicated. Happily, the better feeling of Mr. W. M. Rossetti recoiled from this hypothesis (1870 edition, p. xlvii., note), and it has fallen into disrepute. But any reader who has attained a clear understanding of Shelley's Wagnerian method of assigning a *leit-motif* of phrase to characters and events will have no doubt on the matter if he carefully compares the "Retrospect: 1812," which, beyond dispute, refers to Harriet Grove, with the passage in "*Epipsychidion*." I would especially draw his attention to the lines—

"Then would I stretch my languid frame
Beneath the wildwood's gloomiest shade,
And try to quench the ceaseless flame
That on my *withered vitals* preyed.

.
"For *broken vows* had only quelled
The stainless spirit's vestal flame;
Yes, whilst the faithful bosom swelled,
Then the *envenomed arrow* came.

.
"The sunken eye, the withering mien,
Sad traces of the unuttered pain
That froze my heart and burned my brain."

Until a similar series of allusions in like language to some other ady can be adduced from Shelley's writings (and if such exist it can

only be in unpublished manuscripts), I hold that we must interpret the damsel of vital's withering flame as Harriet Grove.

But it still requires explanation why, in this history of his feelings, Shelley should omit or only allude in some three words to Harriet Westbrook. He had been so little disposed to do so in or before 1817 that he had projected a long autobiographical poem, "Pandemos and Urania," afterwards called "Prince Athanase," in which Mary Godwin appears as Venus Urania, and therefore, necessarily, Harriet Westbrook as Venus Pandemos. "Harriet is a noble animal" was an expression of his to the same effect, of still earlier date. But the suicide of Harriet, of which Shelley heard in December, 1816, prevented his fulfilling this design,* and he never after resumed it, or introduced Harriet Westbrook into his poetical work. He could not speak ill of the dead. His nature, always noble, when not misguided by the fatally retrograde theories of Godwin and Rousseau, recoiled from that. The same reason that prevented the Pandemos part of "Athanase" from being written, prevented the introduction of the same character into "Epipsychidion,"—which is, in its early part, a glorified version of "Athanase" and "The Retrospect." I now return to the list in "Epipsychidion" of the Pandemian and Uranian incarnations.

After the passing indication of Harriet Westbrook, the beautiful but cold, in the words "some were fair;" of Maimuna Boinville, "some were wise;" and her daughter Cornelia, "one was true; ah, why not true to me?" he comes to Mary Godwin, "the cold, chaste moon" who "warms not, but illumines," with whom he exists "neither alive nor dead," lying in a bed that was "chaste and cold" (note how he emphasizes this coldness); and then the moon is "blotted" and the "planet of the hour" becomes the "tempest" of that "lampless sea," his soul; frozen at first, then rent by earthquake. I do not know if this "planet" has been identified, but a study of the poems in chronological order shows at once that only one woman is mentioned in them to whom this description can apply. That one is Constantia. But who was Constantia? The

* He did write the Shelley and Dr. Lind part in 1817, but, when he reached the Harriet-Pandemos, relinquished his task. The Mary-Urania fragment is comprised in six lines; and the original conception of the poem must date, I think, in 1816.

biographers who plead *ex parte*, and hold their briefs from Field Place, are reticent; equally reticent was Mrs. Shelley, who takes no note either of the short poems to Constantia or of "Epipsychidion" itself. For the latter neglect she had good reason. A wife hardly likes to be called a "cold, chaste moon," while her husband is lavishing ephemeral raptures on a "Spouse sister angel," who in turn writes to him as "Adorato Sposo," and adds, while comparing herself to a flower at early dawn, as yet unrobbed of its honey, "you alone have been my bee." But, why this silence about Constantia? Mr. Cordy Jeafferson says that Clara (or Claire) Mary Jane [Constantia] Clairemont is the lady;* and I think he is right. I do not wish here to repeat his argument, which is certainly most fully displayed in "The Real Shelley;" but I may add the reasons which led me, when in entire ignorance of the facts adduced by Mr. Jeafferson, to form the same conclusion.

The first stanza† of the principal poem addressed to Constantia, and which was published by Mrs. Shelley in 1824, has been tampered with, and is distinctly truncated. By inserting words which restore the full metrical form of the verse, but which are on no account to be taken as in any sense an attempt to restore the *ipsisima verba* of the poet, this will, I think, be evident to the reader.

"Thus to be lost, and thus to sink and die,
Perchance were death indeed. Constantia, turn!
In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
Even though the sounds, which were thy voice, which *burn*
[*My cheeks* and *rend my heart*, dear Claire,]
Between thy lips are laid to sleep,
Within thy breath and on thy hair
Like odour it is [slumb'ring] yet,
And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
Even while I write, *my burning cheeks* are wet;
Alas, that the *torn heart* can bleed but not forget!"

The words inserted by me are those between brackets; without some insertion the passage is nonsense, for sounds that have ceased cannot "burn" between Constantia's lips, they sleep there ready for

* If she is not, Claire never appears in Shelley's poems. This, to me, would be incredible.

† In the second stanza two words, probably epithets, have also been omitted.

reawakening. The main point, however, is that the missing line must rhyme to "hair."

Now turn to another poem, "Yet look on me" (Shelley asked every woman to whom he wrote lines to "look on" him), published also by Mrs. Shelley in 1839 as "To ——." This poem, absurdly supposed by the later editors to be a truncated sonnet, consists of, and was published by Mrs. Shelley as, three quatrains, the rhyming formula being ABAB, BCBC, CDCD. The last C-rhyme is deficient, and we find "indeed" as a rhyme for "there." Very weak and unlike Shelley's work is this "indeed." Surely there has been tampering here again, and "my Claire" or "dear Claire" has been removed. Note also that Mrs. Shelley gives these lines in a note on the 1817 poems, though she professes ignorance of their date. There is yet another poem dated 1817, ostensibly addressed to Constantia, "The Rose that Drinks." Here the concluding line is mulcted of three feet, probably for similar reasons; and this brings us back to "Epipsychidion," for the complaint in it about the "nightly moon,—the planet of frost so cold and bright,"—that makes Shelley's heart-rose wan, is evidently the same as that of "the cold, chaste moon" of the longer poem, while Constantia's "false care" that fed it with love "in a faithless bosom" agrees with "the alternating attraction and repulsion" of the comet in "Epipsychidion;" and this comet, palpably the same as the tempest-producing planet a little earlier, can hardly be understood to be any one but Claire. Who else could "float into our azure heaven again" and be "Love's folding-star?" No traceable absentee was there from that azure heaven but Claire, and to her, on her return, in April, 1822, were the lines "We meet not as we parted," in my opinion, addressed. If there be any doubt remaining in the reader's mind as to the identity of Claire and Constantia, let him, after noting the date, 1817, of the Constantia poems, turn to Dowden's "Life of Shelley," ii. 70, 82, 85, 111, 141, 144, 155, and see the palpable jealousy which this erratic young lady had awakened in Mrs. Shelley. But I defer further consideration of Claire, to come back to my main subject.

Of course, Emilia Viviani herself is the closing "vision" in the list of the many incarnations of his ideal who ruled the earth-world

Shelley. She is the central sun; Shelley is her earth-planet; Mrs. Shelley his moon, who gives no heat, but has some control over the tides of his feelings; Claire is the catastrophe-producing comet, who can make in him an earthquake or so, but is also the evening star, who occasionally blots the moon in transit years; as for the rest, they are past and gone, and have not even the place of a lost Pleiad in this cosmogony of free love. This is in 1821. Before the end of that year this bright sun, Emilia, was found by her idolizing astronomer to be only a mock sun; and the centre of the universe was fixed by him in Mrs. Jane Williams.

"Free love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to bestow means give and take away."

One reason for dwelling minutely on the autobiographic portion of this poem is that it shows so plainly the method on which his work in verse would be arranged by a competent editor. It divides by natural change into three principal periods, the commencement of the second of which dates in May, 1814, when he first met Mary Godwin, and of the third in August, 1818, when he visited Byron in Italy. Minor subdivision may perhaps be advantageously introduced. This classification must, however, be omitted for the present. Space is precious, and my editors, though gentle, are strict in their limitations.

"The present poem," says Shelley, "appears to have been intended by the writer as the dedication to some longer one." The poem actually sent with it to Emilia was, doubtless, "The Witch of Atlas," of which Shelley made a fair copy,—for that purpose, I think,—on 12 December, 1820. But the poem meant to be sent was, beyond question, "Fiordispina," which he only began to write. The transference of passages from it to "Epipsychidion," the extreme similarity of style, coincidence of matter, and contemporaneity are conclusive evidence on this head. Judging from the last lines of this fragment (which, by the way, was carefully suppressed by Mrs. Shelley), it would, if finished, have been a very pretty initiation into the doctrine of free love to send to a girl of sixteen; and it affords us a striking instance of the use which Shelley made of his unequalled poetic power in commencing his *liaisons* with young women

of that age. Harriet Grove, Harriet Westbrook, Mary Godwin, Claire Clairmont, and Emilia Viviani were all sixteen when he made their acquaintance. Still more striking does this become on closer examination of the first fragmentary draft of "Epipsychidion." This fragment, entitled by Dr. Garnet, "To his Genius," and printed under that name by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, begins with an express statement that it is a dedication of a new book. This fixes its identity with "Epipsychidion," the "dedication to some longer" poem; but only a score of lines of this first draft were retained in the finished version, hence slipshod editors have distinguished it as a separate poem. A little attention to the contents would have shown them that these passages referred to Emilia.

" . . . as to friend or mistress 'tis a form,
Perhaps I wish you were one. . . .
I love you: listen, O embodied ray
Of the great brightness! . . .
If any should be curious to discover
Whether to you I am a friend or lover,
Let them read Shakespeare's Sonnets. . . .
. . . faultless: would to God they were
Who taunt me with your love!"

Who else but Emilia, near the close of 1820, could occasion such taunts; and who could the taunters be but the Marina (Mary Shelley), Vanna (Jane Williams), and Primus (Lord Byron)? And yet

"Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Naught may endure but mutability.
Within a little twice two months
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man and woman [Emily] and what still is dear [Claire]
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither."

("Adonais," st. 53.)

The reign of Emilia was over in June, and Jane, her successor, was on the eve of election. The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen! With regard to "Fiordispina," although I doubt not that it was intended to be finished for Emilia, there is reason to suppose that it was planned at an earlier date. On 15 December, 1819, Shelley announced to his publisher his intention of writing three poems founded, like "Julian and Maddalo," on "dreadful or beautiful reali-

ties," the scenes of which would be laid at, 1, Rome; 2, Florence; 3, Naples. Two of these were probably, 3, Naples,—"*Fiordispina*;" 2, Florence,—"*Ginevra*" (founded on a Florentine story). Of, 1, Rome, to which the undated fragment, "A gentle story of two lovers young," was probably intended as a prologue, I hope to say something in a future paper.

There is no direct allusion to Emilia outside the poems already noted, except the lines addressed to her in March, 1821, which are here chiefly noticeable on account of the support they give to my theory, advanced in the early part of this article, that Mrs. Shelley, when editing her husband's work, suppressed anything unpleasant to her own feelings. In this instance these lines were omitted,—

"Send the stars light, but send not love to me,
In whom *love ever made*
Health, like a heap of embers, soon to fade."

It is only in the poems connected with Claire and Emily, of both of whom she was undoubtedly jealous, that I have traced these suppressions. Whether other poems of this date were addressed to Emily must be left to the discrimination of individual readers; but one, the beautiful lines "To ———," "Music when soft voices die," I think, as does also Mr. W. M. Rossetti, should be entitled "To E. Viviani."

I have only to observe in concluding, what I hope has been manifest throughout, that, while yielding precedence to no one (not even to Browning, who ranked Shelley by the side of Shakespeare) in intensity of admiration for this poet as an artist, I regard the ethical and political teaching contained in his works as dangerous and sophistical; and that, so far from worshipping at his "archangel feet" with Mr. Rossetti, or regarding him, with a later writer, as a "savior" of humanity, I believe that his main theories of "No king, no God, no marriage," especially this last one, have been to immature readers dangerously mischievous. Shelley committed the common error of ignoring the *family* as the true ethical unitary cell, and by substituting for it the *individual* atom went entirely astray in his chemistry of morals. Browning is far above him as a moralist, and very near him as a poet.

F. G. Fleay.

THE NEW POETIC FORM AS SHOWN IN BROWNING.



MY intention is to explain and to defend the new poetic form in English verse.

Note that I limit the inquiry to English verse, and strictly to its form. Only incidentally shall I allude to its content, the incidents, thoughts, or objects of which it treats. These, whether noble or ignoble, coarse or chaste, ugly or beautiful, have nothing to do with the poetic form, and it is a confusion of thought to bring them into a discussion of a poet as an artist. You might as well judge the merits of a painter by the models he selects, rather than by the technical skill he displays. If you do not object to the terms of metaphysics, I would say that the subjects of poetry come under the "categories of thought," its form under the "modes of perception."

These modes are two,—space and time. The art of the painter is shown exclusively in the relations of space, that of the poet exclusively in the relations of time. All rhythm, metre, versification of every kind, appeal directly and solely to our appreciation of relative duration.

This fact, clearly recognized, must be our constant guide in the study of verse. Do not, however, understand by this that it is the sound alone which should occupy us in such an analysis. That would be to confound poetry with music. On the contrary, there should be an indefinitely close relation of the sound to the thought, a parallelism between the verse and the syntactic members of the proposition which it expresses. Indeed, as I hope to show later, this parallelism is the highest, the ultimate criterion which we can apply to poetic forms. It has nothing to do with the quality of the thought expressed, good or bad, trivial or profound, but solely with

the perfection of its expression in harmonic repetition; and this is what I mean when I say that the topics chosen by the poet should not in the least influence us in estimating his skill as a poet.

Poetic form in general is closely related to the character of language; but it is also a growth, an evolution; the later poets in a given tongue acquiring new and more powerful rhythmical resources. Thus, in classical Latin, as in Greek, the rhythm depended on the relative lengths of the vowel sounds, on the pause, and on the vocal ictus; while the Mediæval Latin poets added to these the element of rhyme, wholly unknown to Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or Sanscrit bards.

The earliest English poetry adopted both rhyme and assonance, and called in also frequent alliteration. Blank verse was first developed by Marlowe in the sixteenth century, and was perfected by Milton in the seventeenth. The sonnet is also a contribution of the Elizabethan age. In the eighteenth century English poetry made little advance, because it fell into the hands of the formalists, or "Legitimists," as they were called by Hartley Coleridge in his essay "On Parties in Poetry." These could see no beauty in lines which could not be scanned by the rules of prosody. Who will not sympathize with the genial but erratic Hartley when he exclaims, "These Legitimists may now and then prevent a goose from affecting a swan; but shall they be allowed to clip the wings of an eagle? No! Let their dealings be with poetasters; the true poet is out of their reach." When Hartley Coleridge wrote this, some seventy years ago, he foreshadowed the results of the most modern criticism and the tendencies of the highest English poetry.

This tendency is distinctly to disregard all the musty rules of metre and prosody, and to seek the poetic form in the underlying harmonies of cadences, rests, and tone-colors, every one of which has its value only in so far as it heightens the force of the proposition by harmonic vibrations of sound, subtly correlated to the idea or image expressed in the words. This is the last and highest canon of poetic criticism; and this it is which I intend to apply to Browning's poems.

But perhaps you are not ready to accept it; perhaps you doubt whether it is the last and highest canon.

To convince you, I shall quote from the three best authorities I know of who have within the last ten years written on the philosophy of poetic form. They are of different nations and different educations, but all come to the same result.

This is what our countryman Sidney Lanier, at once poet, critic, and musician, writes in his "Science of English Verse:" "That species of verse is especially noble and free which escapes from metre, and which is really a prose throughout which some secondary rhythm is consistently carried."

Or we can take that most cultured English writer, who is also a poet, John Addington Symonds, and we find him telling us (in his "Essay on Blank Verse") that the true secret and peculiar beauty of verse is the proper adaptation of words and rhythms to the sense contained in them. The structure of the verse, in other words the poetic form, must depend upon the nature of the thought which it is meant to clothe. The rhythm of the highest poetry is to be caught by the trained ear *reading for the sense*, not by applying rules of prosody or measurements of metrical feet.

This doctrine is expanded and treated with much philosophical acumen by Dr. Maximilien Kawczynski, in a work on the "Origin and History of Rhythms," published last year in Paris (*Essai Comparatif sur l'Origine et l'Histoire des Rhythmes*). There is, he points out, an acknowledged law in modern science that the psychical life is in intimate correlation to the physical phenomena around it; the emotions and aspirations of the soul find their correspondences in natural events. The functions of our bodies, our heart-beats, our panting breath, our appetites and passions, all markedly rhythmic in their actions, are controlled or at least directed by the vibrations of light, electricity, and the other modes of cosmic motion. Hence, the modern poet seeks to renounce the artificial and immobile symmetry of art and formalism, and endeavors in his verse to produce the effect, to recall vividly and emphasize the impression left by the rhythmic correspondences of soul and sense, of the psychical and the physical phenomena.

That these rhythmic correspondences are real and strong, stronger than any scheme of art, no one endowed with genuine poetic feeling will doubt. I appeal to such whether there is not a tenderer, deeper sentiment evoked by listening to the cadenced fall of rain-drops from the dripping boughs after a shower, by the sighing of the south wind over the ripening grain-fields in a summer midnight, or by the light splashing of a fountain's play in some still noon-time, than by any measured, scanned, and immaculate couplet they have ever read.

These delicate shades of poetic feeling can be evoked and made perfectly lyrical without the aid of stanzas or of rhyme, without artificial structure or repetitions of metrical feet. No one has shown this more convincingly than Tennyson; for instance, in "Ulysses," in "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean," and in that other exquisite melody in "The Princess," which begins,—

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height :
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand-in-hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spurted purple of the vats,
Or fox-like in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Mourning on the silver horns."

There is no rhyme here, no trick of alliteration, none of the common devices which it is ordinarily supposed make up poetry; but certainly nowhere do you find truer poetry, nowhere ordered words of rhythmic power which appeal more directly to all your poetic capacities.

I do not fear to place beside it this musical passage from Browning,—

"Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil

Else he only used to draw Madonnas :
These, the world might view—but one, the volume.
Who that one, you ask ? Your heart instructs you.
Did she live and love it all her lifetime ?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's ?”

Having thus, with the aid of these strong allies, cleared away the rubbish of prosody which has so long obscured our understanding of English poetic form, let us approach the poets of the new era. They are to me chiefly two, Robert Browning and Walt Whitman. Both are in open revolt against the old mechanical formalism of verse, both are characterized by what Hartley Coleridge happily termed an “unmitigated originality.” Browning alone is my theme, and to some of his productions I shall apply the tests suggested by the explanation of the ultimate evolution of English verse as already set forth.

The first of these tests is the relation which the forms of his verse bear to the syntactic elements of the proposition. You remember I said that it is a fundamental principle of true poetry that this relation be consistently carried out.

Here is where a capital error is usually committed by censors of Browning. They do not reflect that the logical processes of minds differ widely, and because his way of looking at things was not their way, nor the way of common men, they condemn it as obscure and absurd. This is a blunder. Ordinary minds reason in particulars, but it is the strong peculiarity both of Browning and Whitman that they reason from universals to particulars, from the whole to the part, not in the opposite direction, as do most people. This is so admirably set forth by an English metaphysician, little read in this country, Mr. Shadworth M. Hodgson, that I quote his words :

“Browning's style in poetry is a constant wrestling with the difficulties which the English language offers to the combination of brevity and rapidity with clearness and fulness of thought ;

elliptically suppressing relatives, articles, auxiliary verbs, the 'to' in infinitives, and thus continually having to trust to the context to show whether a word is a verb, noun, or participle, which without the usual complement of particles is especially difficult in a language so little inflected as the English, and where the same word is so frequently noun and verb. This dependence of the syntactical construction upon the context, together with the constant use of the figure of speech known as *προς το σημαυνομενον*, that is, referring to a meaning which is involved, but not expressly stated in what has gone before, compels the reader to be constantly interpreting the part by the whole instead of the whole by the part, and constitutes at once the peculiar difficulty and the peculiar beauty of Browning's style." (S. M. Hodgson, "Theory and Practice," vol. ii. p. 272.)

So writes Mr. Hodgson. In other words, in order to understand a typical poem of Browning's, we must first grasp the thought he aims to express in its entirety, in its relations as a universal, and then trace the skill which he displays in disposing in an artistic manner the arrangement of the parts so as to produce the highest poetic effect of the whole.

Perhaps I can make this more intelligible by comparing one of his poems with a painting by Rembrandt. The technique and composition of this great master are such that the canvas must be studied as a whole before any opinion can be expressed on a given part. At first sight, portions appear to be scamped, or unfinished, or needlessly darkened; but as you learn by close observation how all these seeming negligences contribute to the strength of the composition, your first disappointment is changed not only into admiration, but into profound astonishment.

So it is in many a poem of Browning's. The ellipses, the obscurities, the disregard of grammar, the contempt for prosody, the deliberate selection of slangy words are artfully arranged to intensify the effect which the poet wished to produce, and does produce on those who take the trouble and know how to study the poem as it should be studied. They are not numerous who accomplish this task, and this is why the admirers of Browning are few in number but intense in their devotion.

Again, some who can understand the poems do not at all like the effect of the portraiture they present. This, however, is the serious error of confounding the matter with the form.

I think you have heard severe comments on the poems entitled "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "Mr. Sludge the Medium," and on that one called "The Bishop Orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's Church." All these, especially the last, seem to me in Browning's best vein, fine examples of his powerful poetic form, replete with subtle artistic touches calculated to intensify the total effect. That in them all the character portrayed is thoroughly vile is nothing to the purpose. So is Sir John Falstaff. I defy any one to quote a single honorable trait in Shakespeare's portraiture of him. But both he and the three characters named from Browning are marvellous in the completeness with which they are made to stand before us by the skill of the great artists who delineated them.

Nor do I fear to select single passages from many of his poems which, thus separated from the context and studied by themselves, show the hand of the master. Perhaps, indeed, in this manner we can learn the niceties of his technique better than by the analysis of whole poems. I choose, as nearest at hand, a few lines from "Sordello," from that portion of Book the First in which the hero is described; and I choose it the rather as Mr. John Addington Symonds has made it the subject of a comment,—

"You can believe
Sordello foremost in the regal class
Nature has broadly severed from her mass
Of men, and framed for pleasure, as she frames
Some happy lands that have luxurious names
For loose fertility; a foot-fall there
Suffices to upturn to the warm air
Half-germinating spices, mere decay
Produces richer life, and day by day
New pollen on the lily petal grows,
And still more labyrinthine buds the rose."

Of this Mr. Symonds observes: "The structure of this period, in its pauses and studied disregard of the rhymed system, is that of blank verse. The final couplet completes the sense and satisfies

the ear with regularity." Along with this studied disregard of the rhymed system, these lines reveal an intense appreciation of rich rhythmic symphonies. I would have you note the peculiarly sweet effect of the associated tone-colors, *l* and *r*, *b* and *f*, in the lines,—

"Some happy lands that have luxurious names
For loose fertility."

And again,—

"New pollen on the lily petal grows,
And still more labyrinthine buds the rose."

Note also another peculiarity extremely characteristic of Browning. You are probably aware of the distinction critics draw between "run-on" lines, at the close of which there is no stop or rest, and "end-stopped" lines, which end where there is a natural pause in the sentence. It has been noted that in Shakespeare's early dramas, as "*Love's Labour's Lost*," the lines are nearly all "end-stopped;" but in the maturity of his faculties, the dramas he wrote, such as the "*Tempest*," have mainly "run-on" lines, showing that with his mastery of English verse he recognized in the latter a powerful auxiliary to poetic expression. In the passage from Browning just quoted, every line of the eleven is a "run-on" line except the last two, which are "end-stopped" in order to indicate the completion of the proposition.

As in Shakespeare, so in Browning, when he is at his best, when, as an artist, he is most emancipated from the tyranny of the material in which he frames his utterances, the "run-on" lines increase in proportion. The contrast is remarkable. I find, for instance, in the rapt utterances of the last words of "*Paracelsus*," more than one-half the lines are "run-on;" in "*My Last Duchess*," out of fifty-six lines, thirty-seven are "run-on" and only nineteen "end-stopped;" while in "*Evelyn Hope*," one of the feebler and less characteristic of his poems, fifty-two lines out of fifty-six are "end-stopped." Any one who studies carefully this important element in poetic form, as it is managed by Browning in his serious efforts, must acknowledge that no other creator of English verse has employed it with more dexterity and power.

The occasional harshness of Browning's selections of words is intentional, as are his deliberate violations of grammar. They are essential elements of his poetic form, as they are of Whitman's. Some mental natures cannot bear the restraints of grammar. Hartley Coleridge felt this when he said: "The man who is always grammatical, who talks 'like a prent book,' in whose discourse are no verbless nominatives and no nominativeless verbs, is, depend upon it, a shallow fellow." As for a choice of words, if the word, from whatever stratum of speech it is taken, is the fittest and the strongest for its place, it is the right word. Colloquialisms, slang, and dialect words are censurable only when they usurp the place of more forcible and clearer expressions; not at all when they themselves are the most adequate to convey the idea. Any other view than this is pedantry.

Browning has employed a variety of measures, and it is instructive to observe the congruity which exists between his form and his matter; in other words, with what skill he disposes his primary and secondary rhythms to concentrate the poetic impulse of his thought.

To take examples, I select first from "A Woman's Last Word,"—

"Let's contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep;
All be as before, Love,
—Only sleep.

"What so wild as words are?
I and thou
In debate, as birds are
Hawk on bough!

"See the creature stalking
While we speak!
Hush and hide the talking
Cheek on cheek!

"What so false as truth is,
False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is,
Shun the tree," etc.

In these short lines, the measure of the second being half that

of the first, we seem to feel the broken, hysterical sobbing of a woman. The primary rhythm is reinforced by the unusual combination of rhyme and repetition,—“more, Love,” “before, Love,” etc., while the secondary rhythm is carried on by an adroit disposition of consonantal tone-colors, contrasted at what we may call the close of each sob,—that is, carried through, but not beyond the shorter line. The whole poem is a model effort to bring poetic form into rhythmical co-ordination with the natural physical expression of the emotion it describes.

Notice now the difference in treatment of a quite contrasted mental state, as shown in that exquisite composition “Love Among the Ruins.” The emotion is that of a confident lover walking leisurely at eve to a trysting spot among the ruins where his girl awaits him. Precisely the same measure is used for the shorter verse; but by a lengthening of the alternate line, and a different adjustment of the secondary rhythm, the whole effect is not merely altered but inverted. Instead of being a reflection of the rhythm of broken sobs, it is that of long and calm inspirations with alternate rests. I quote two verses,—

“Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles
Miles and miles,
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop—
Was the site once of a city great and gay
(So they say),
Of our country’s very capital, its prince
Ages since
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
Peace or war.

.

“And I know—while thus the quiet colored eve
Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many tinkling fleece
In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
Melt away—
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair

Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
Till I come."

Certainly it requires no great training of the poetic ear to catch in these lines the difference of emotion from "A Woman's Last Word," even if one understood not the language. This difference is owing partly to the variation in length of the alternate line, largely to a contrasted arrangement of the tone-colors, both of the vowels and consonants.

I have used the expression "tone-color," though I think we gain little by transferring the terms of one mode of perception to another. What is meant would be better defined as tone-quality. It is the recurrence in a line or several lines of the same or similar phonetic elements, whether of the nature of vowels or consonants, so disposed as to combine harmoniously with the general rhythm of the lines. It includes those processes called assonance, consonance, and alliteration, as well as the *liaison* of words by terminals and initials, those combinations known in prosody as "phonetic syzygy" or sound-blending.

In the English language this tone-color is not limited to the production of harmonious sounds: it is also significant,—that is, the quality of the sound frequently conveys or at least suggests meaning apart from the words. This suggestive power of certain sounds is not mystical in any sense, but is purely the result of the association of ideas, an association originally fortuitous and slight, but which has been assiduously cultivated for centuries in the English language both in poetry and prose. This, together with the essential importance of tone and accent to English pronunciation, has led the English to become probably the most poetic of any language in the world. By this I mean not only that its natural rhythm is one of the most effective for use, but also that it has associated sounds which, apart from words, evoke certain trains of ideas, and potentially reinforce those ideas when expressed. It is the highest art both of the poet and the prose writer in English to avail himself

of this trait of the language. Illustrations are familiar to you, and, as I open Walt Whitman's volume quite at random, I select these two,—

"Whispers of heavenly death murmur'd I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever flowing."

Or this,—

"Proud music of the storm,
Blast that careers so free, whistling across the prairies.
Strong hum of forest tree-tops—wind of the mountains. . . .
You undertone of rivers, roar of pouring cataracts."

Browning also constantly studies the significant effects of these tone-colors. Take for example these lines from "*Childe⁷ Roland to the Dark Tower Came*,"—

"Who were the strugglers, what war did they wage,
Whose savage trample thus could pad the dank
Soil to a plash? Toads in a poisoned tank,
Or wild-cats in a red-hot iron cage—

"The fight must so have seemed in that fell cirque."

Some say that a crying fault in Browning's verse is the imperfection of his rhymes. On this point I would observe that not unfrequently Browning employs rhyme in such a manner that one must regard it merely as a means of heightening the effect of his secondary rhythm. The rhyming words are so far apart that we are aware only of a faint but melodious echo. The always artificial and somewhat mechanical effect of rhyme is thus avoided, while its rhythmic essence is retained.

I illustrate this by a single verse from "*Pheidippides*," a masterpiece of artistic skill,—

"There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he—majestical Pan!
Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss cushioned his hoof:
All the great God was good in the eyes grave-kindly—the curl
Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw.
'Halt, Pheidippides,'—halt I did, my brain of a whirl:
'Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?' he gracious began:
'How is it,—Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof?'"

Here every one of the lines is rhyming, but they are so disposed that the consonance acts almost solely to develop the rhythmic vibration of the whole verse.

This, I believe, explains why Browning is avowedly indifferent about his rhymes. You all know how extravagantly careless he is as to where he obtains his similar syllables. The explanation is that he treats rhyme merely as a *subordinate element of tone-color*, and wholly differently from the machine-poet, whose inspired gospel is the Dictionary of Rhymes, and whose definition of poetry is a series of lines beginning with a capital letter and ending in syllables which sound alike. If you study Browning with this understanding of his rhyme, you will not have your nerves seriously shocked even by such assonances as "unit" with "soon hit," "God" with "period," "loosened" with "dew send," "fabric" with "dab brick," and hundreds of others.

It is of course not my intention to attempt the expounding of these harmonic laws. Many of you are doubtless familiar with them. Nor do the limits which I must assign to this paper permit me to apply them in greater detail to Browning's writings. That he, like others, has often fallen below the general level of his abilities it is folly to deny; but we must judge a man by the best he has done; and in the volumes of Browning I maintain that we find so many instances of profound insight into verbal harmonies, such singular strength of poetic grouping, and such a marvellous grasp of the rhythmic properties of the English language, that we must assign him a rank second to no English poet of this century.

The just appreciation of the poetic effects of this modern verse-form demands careful study and continued training. Most readers harbor the delusion that it requires no special application to understand the beauties of poetry. This is a sad mistake. It requires quite as much technical preparation to comprehend a poem as it does a painting or a musical score. The laws of harmony in English verse are just as real and nearly as complex as those of counterpoint, and without having learned them, one may enjoy indeed, but certainly is not in a position to criticise fairly, the works of the great masters of rhythmic compositions.

Daniel G. Brinton.

AN ARABIC VERSION OF MACBETH'S "MOVING WOOD."

 R. EASTON'S note in the January number of *POET-LORE* (vol. ii. p. 56), calling attention to a version of the "bond" story which he found in a collection of Persian anecdotes, recalls to my mind another interesting parallel from Oriental literature, to an incident introduced by Shakespeare,—namely, the "moving wood" in "Macbeth."

From the appendix to Furness's "Variorum Edition" of the play, pp. 379–80, it is evident that the story of an army advancing upon the enemy under the concealment of green boughs is not only very old but has spread over a large territory, commingling both with fable and with history. In Germany, the mythical King *Grünwald* makes an attack upon a rival king in this way; in France, the cruel Queen *Fredegunde* resorts to the device, with the modification that, in addition to the green boughs to be carried by her soldiers, the horses are to be provided with bells, so as to give the enemy the impression of horses browsing in a neighboring forest, and thus make the deception more complete; while again, and thirdly, under the popular tendency of attaching floating tales to some eminent name, no less a personage than Alexander the Great is reported to have employed the stratagem in bringing about the discomfiture of *Darius*.

The story is also found in a commentary to an old Arabic poem known among scholars as the "*Himyaritic Kasîdê*." The commentary, also in Arabic, is from the pen of a famous writer, *Neshwan, el-Himyarî* (*i.e.*, the *Himyarite*), and, since it was a common practice among Arabic poets to furnish the antidote to their poems by writing the commentary themselves, under the assumption—in many cases painfully correct, perhaps—that they alone understood what

they wrote, Neshwan is believed by some scholars, such as Alfred von Kremer, to be also the author of the poem in question. Our writer flourished in the twelfth century of this era, but the sources from which he drew his information go back to the generation immediately following upon Mohammed, so that this Arabic version is, in all probability, the oldest recorded. A reference in the poem to the King of Himyar, Hassan Ibn As'ad, leads Neshwan to relate a story about two fabulous Arabic tribes of Tasm and Gadis,* which is in substance as follows :

"In the days of Hassan, there lived a certain Imlik who was appointed as vassal by Himyar over the tribes of Tasm and Gadis. By his cruelty, which manifested itself in diverse ways, Imlik† aroused the opposition of the Gadisites. Stirred up by the appeals of one of the noble women in the tribe, Afira, who had been outraged by Imlik, the Gadisites decided to make war upon the vassal-chief, who had leagued himself with the Tasmmites, but lacking the strength and courage for open warfare, they determined, despite the vehement protest of Afira, to resort to a stratagem. Alaswad Ibn Afar, the brother of Afira, invited the king and his whole people to a banquet; and at the moment that the festivities were at their height, Alaswad and his band fell upon them unawares. One of the Tasmmites who escaped the slaughter came to the King of Himyar, who, upon hearing of the heinous offence against the sacred laws of hospitality, determined to exterminate the Gadisites. Thereupon the Tasmite gives the king the following warning: 'O King! know that among the Gadisites there is a woman, Zarkâ by name [*i.e.*, the "brilliant one"], who has the power of seeing to a distance of three days' march, and she will certainly warn her people when she sees the approach of thine army.' Hassan accordingly ordered each one of his soldiers to take a branch of a tree and conceal himself behind the leaves. In this way they advanced upon the Gadisites. When Zarkâ, from her watch-tower, beheld them, she called her people together. 'What dost thou see?' the Gadisites inquired. Unable, as yet, to distinguish more than faint outlines, she replied, 'I see a

* The proof for the unhistorical character of these tribes lies in their names, both of which signify "obliterated." Those interested in the details regarding the tribes, the poem, the commentary, as well as the commentator, are referred to Caussin de Perceval, "*Essai sur l'Histoire des Arabes avant l'Islamisme*," i. p. 135, ff.; Hammer-Purgstall, "*Litteraturgeschichte der Araber*," vii. p. 584; Kremer, "*Die Himyaritische Kaside*;" Kremer, "*Die Süd-Arabische Sage*," p. 45, ff.; and D. H. Müller, "*Südarabische Studien*," p. 57-71, where the Arabic text of the incident, accompanied by a German translation, may be found.

† Imlik is identical with the tribe of Amalek of the Old Testament.

man in a position in which he appears to be mending his sandal or trying to eat his shoulder-blade,'—a rather curious alternative, it must be confessed. Again her tribe inquired of her what she saw, and this time she answered, 'Either Himyar is coming against you, or the forest is moving in this direction.' 'How can the forest wander,' they mockingly retorted, 'hast thou gone mad?' and they did not believe her until Hassan and his army had come close to them, too late to permit them even to fly for refuge. The entire tribe perished. As for Zarkâ, the king, anxious to discover the cause of her wonderful power, had her brought into his presence. She revealed the secret of her sharp vision, which consisted in rubbing the 'Ithmid-stone' to powder and rubbing it over her eyes every night. Thereupon the king ordered her eyes to be torn out, and in confirmation of her words, they found the blood-vessels beneath the pupils entirely blackened by the powder."

So far the story. The question as to the relation between our version and the others instanced above is one which I am not competent to discuss with any degree of authority, but so much seems certain from the occurrence of the story in the East at so early a period and the connection in which it occurs that we must not seek for its origin in Teutonic mythology, as Simrock does, who sees therein a nature-myth symbolizing the conquest of winter by the approach of spring. No doubt that in the German version this change of seasons is symbolized, but this is an *adaptation* of the story. The interpretation fails when we come to Arabia, where different climatic conditions prevail; and the confusion existing in German mythology, to which Simrock, in his "Handbuch der Deutschen Mythologie," 2d ed. p. 585 (also Furness, *l.c.*), alludes, between "King Grönewald" as a "winter-giant" and the same personage as the representative of spring, points conclusively, as confusions in myths and legends always do, to a foreign admixture. Besides, a myth, which is in its essence nothing but a fable with a lesson, is, in most cases, if not always, the application of some legend or fact, so that between a story purporting to be historical and the same story in the guise of a myth, the preference for primitiveness must be given to the former, and I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that the story of the moving forest was grafted on Teutonic mythology from some extraneous source. On the other hand, the close connec-

tion between the Arabic and the German version is to be noted, so much closer than that between the Arabic and any of the others. In both cases it is a woman who sees the approaching woods and who announces the fact. In the German version, the daughter of the king plays the part that Zarkâ does in the Arabic, and, like Zarkâ, she is said to possess "wondrous gifts." Simrock, in his "Quellen des Shakespeare," believes those gifts to have consisted in the knowledge she had that her father would have to yield upon the "green-wood drawing nigh;" but the question suggests itself, whether those "wondrous gifts" may not have originally been the marvellous vision of Zarkâ, and that, as the story wandered from country to country, the "far-sightedness" of the woman was transferred from its literal meaning to the metaphorical one involved in our own use of the word? If this be admitted, a direct connection between the Arabic and German versions would be definitely established. The French version is clearly of later growth, as the modification of the bells to be hung about the horses shows, while no conclusions whatever can be drawn with regard to the primitive character or origin of the story from Alexander's connection, unless it be that we are justified in seeking its source somewhere in the East. Still, while I am inclined to regard the Arabic version as approaching close to the primitive form,—certainly far more primitive in its features than any of the others,—I do not think that scholars will eventually hit upon Arabia as the final source. Woods and forests are not the characteristic features of Arabia, and, while parts of Arabia, more particularly along the southern coast, are wooded, the district of Jemamah, where the seat of the Gadîsites is placed, is not so. Here nature presents a sterile and rugged aspect. We have the desert and the rocks, but not the shady woods. It is likely that we will eventually be led to India, the home of so many tales that have wandered all over the world.

In conclusion, let me call attention, as perhaps of some significance, to the perfect parallel between the strategy of the Gadîsites and that of King Duncane, who, according to the chronicle of Boetius (Furness's "Variorum Edition" "Macbeth," p. 362), invites Sueno, the *unhistorical* Danish king, and his men to a banquet, during

which Macbeth, by preconcerted arrangement with Duncane, enters with an army, and a great slaughter ensues.

Morris Jastrow, Jr.

THE FALL OF THE ANGELS.

CÆDMON (SO-CALLED).

THEN was the Mighty One angered,
The Ruler of highest heaven; he cast him from the high seat.
Hate he had gained from his Lord, his favor he had lost.
Wroth against him was the Good One in his mind; therefore he
must seek the abyss
Of hell's hard torments, because he strove against heaven's Ruler.
He rejected him then from his favor, and cast him into hell,
Into the deep dales, there he was changed to a devil,
The fiend with all his feres: they fell from heaven
Throughout three nights and days.
The angels from above into hell, and them all transformed
The Lord to devils, because they his will and word
Would not honor; therefore them in a worse light*
Under earth beneath Almighty God
Set victory-reft in the swart hell.
There have they in *that* night immeasurably long,
Each one of all the fiends, unquenched fire.
Then cometh at dawn an eastern wind,
A bitterly cold frost: always fire or freezing;†
They must have some cruel torment;
They wrought themselves their punishment, their life was changed,
For the first time hell filled
With the apostates. The angels still held
The height of the kingdom of heaven, who erst fulfilled God's
pleasure.

* *I.e.*, Estate.

† (?)

The other fiends lay in the fire, who before had so many
 A strife against their Ruler; they suffer torment,
 A hot battle-wave in the midst of hell,
 Fire and broad flames, likewise the bitter reeks,
 Smoke and darkness, because they the service
 Of God neglected: their folly deluded them,
 The overweening pride of the angels. They would not the Al-
 mighty's
 Word honor; they had great punishment,
 They fell into the fire at the bottom,
 In the hot hell, through folly
 And through pride: they sought* another land
 That was void of light and full of flames,
 The great peril of fire. The fiends perceived
 That they had obtained innumerable torments
 Through their proud heart, and through the might of God,
 And, most of all, through pride.

Anna Robertson Brown.

SHAKESPEARE COMMEMORATIONS.

PART I.—1837 to 1848.

IN THE early years of the Victorian dynasty it was the custom to hold, at Stratford-on-Avon, every 23d of April, a feast in commemoration of Shakespeare, who is supposed to have been born and to have died on that day.

I say "early years" advisedly, because it is clear that later years have been much less fruitful in these festivals. If I were asked the reason why these Shakespeare Commemorations at the poet's birth-place and elsewhere have decreased, I should give as my reason the

* *I.e.*, found, or reached.

fact that a small knot of illustrious writers who had a splendid enthusiasm in Shakespeare and his works have passed away, and their successors have not been animated by the same feeling. Every student of English or foreign literature, even in the early "thirties," could not worship Shakespeare with the ardor of Leigh Hunt, William Howitt, James Payne Collier, and Edward Lytton Bulwer; or the devotion of such eminent impersonators of the dramatist's characters as Edmund Kean, William Charles Macready, and Charles Kean. Great writers, indeed, are known to be rather cynical with regard to the writings of others. The Moore-Byron colloquy is an illustration of this. One day, when in a merry mood, Moore put the question to the noble poet: "I say, Byron, what do you think of Shakespeare?" Byron replied, in his petulant way, "Why, I think him a confounded humbug."

The idea of holding annual commemorations seems to have originated with "The Shakespeare Club," an organization which was established at Stratford-on-Avon in April, 1824, and which included most of the eminent persons of the time in the literary and histrionic world. At the Birthday Festival of 1833, an announcement was read stating that His Majesty George the Fourth had given the Club special permission to add the prefix of "Royal" to its title. It was therefore renamed "The Royal Shakespeare Club," and, as a token of appreciation of the royal condescension, the festival of that year was enhanced by the addition of a grand Masquerade, in the style of Garrick's Pageant of 1769, at which two hundred and fifty persons appeared in Shakespeare's characters. These Shakespearian Masques were revived at intervals during the early years of the Victorian era, but they were few and far between; and, when they were held, their effect was so tawdry and show-like as to fill with disgust the minds of those who wished to do real honor to Shakespeare.

In the year 1837, James Sheridan Knowles, the poet and dramatist, and author of "Virginius," "The Hunchback," "Love," and other works of more than passing excellence, was building himself up a permanent reputation, which even his after-conduct in renouncing the stage and turning Methodist preacher could not diminish. In April, as Princess Victoria became queen in June, he

sought the leafy groves of Stratford-on-Avon to pay homage at the shrine of the world's greatest poet, and at this commemoration he delivered a Shakespearian oration, in the course of which he uttered the remarkable, though perfectly just, opinion that "Shakespeare's genius was above man's comprehension."

For a few succeeding years the Shakespearian Commemorations leave little to record of permanent interest to the student or even the general reader. The promise of success so well begun in the first year of the Victorian dynasty was not fulfilled. Each year "the regular feast," as Leigh Hunt termed it, was served up in Shakespeare Hall by Mine Host of the Falcon, or the Golden Lion; but there was no eminent literary light present to lend lustre to the proceedings. In 1840 the chair was taken by Mr. Thomas Umbers, a then well-known agriculturist of Wappenbury, near Leamington. One hundred guests responded to the Shakespearian grace of, "May good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." But the next year the number of guests who came into the feast was only eighty, and many of these, I fear, were present not from love for Shakespeare, but the feast, which, upon these occasions, was held in good repute. Mr. Edward Getley presided over the banquet of 1841.

He was followed, in 1842, by Mr. E. D. Ford, chief magistrate of Stratford-on-Avon, who, in turn, was succeeded by Mr. J. B. Freer, a noted county justice, who, unlike the Sir Thomas Lucy of Elizabethan days, was an ardent admirer of Shakespeare, and gave equal attention to his poet and his law. At the commemoration of 1843 the agricultural interest was introduced, in the shape of a toast, and, considering what an agricultural country Warwickshire has been for so many centuries, the introduction was not inappropriate. In future years agriculture did not occupy the dignity of a standing toast at these Shakespeare Commemorations, although it was occasionally referred to by some of the speakers.

"The Royal Shakespeare Club" completed its twentieth year of existence in April, 1844. This festival is chiefly remarkable for the smallness of the company that assembled round the festive board. There were but twenty-five guests on each side of the table, and these fifty had for their chairman Mr. Robert Reid, of Alveston.

But one touch of interest was imparted to this assembly. The president of the day read a letter from the celebrated Dr. Conolly, a then well-known Shakespearian scholar, and a man who had passed through violent election storms at Coventry and Warwick. In his letter of regret he hoped "that on some future occasion he might have the pleasure of again assisting to celebrate the birthday of the Great Poet in his native town;" and his wish was fulfilled, for he appeared at Stratford-on-Avon at more than one Shakespeare Commemoration thereafter.

Mine Host of the Falcon served up the feast of 1845. It was presided over, as was that of the year before, by Robert Reid, of Alveston. This birthday celebration was decidedly more hearty and entertaining than several of its predecessors. One eminent guest, if no more, graced the festive board. This was Mr. Samuel Lover, the Irish wit and poet, and the celebrated author of "Rory O'More." His presence in Shakespeare Hall and among Shakespeare's countrymen lent mirth and charm to the whole proceedings, and in his toast of "Sheridan Knowles and the Drama," he proved once more the liveliness of the Irish character. If there was one touch of discord at this birthday festival, it was the tendency to give very little time to Shakespeare and a great deal to living poets.

That fine Shakespearian scholar and author, Sergeant Talfourd, was in the flesh in 1846, and living in London, where he was for many years very closely connected with "The Shakespeare Club" which held its monthly meetings at the Piazza Coffee-House, in Covent Garden, and of which, for more than one year, he was president. The Shakespeare Club at Stratford-on-Avon wanted to have the pleasure of Sergeant Talfourd's company at the birthday festival of 1846, and Chandos Wren Hoskyns, of Wroxhall Abbey, the chairman of the day, wrote to invite him; but the distinguished author of "Ion" replied to the effect that, though nothing could have given him greater gratification than the ability to accept the flattering invitation to the most sacred spot in Britain, as the Shakespeare Club in London held its birthday festival at the Garrick Club on the same day, he would be forced to forego the pleasure of a visit to Stratford-on-Avon.

The commemoration at the Garrick Club was a distinguished and successful one. It was presided over by Lord Tenterden, who was supported by most of the literary celebrities of that glorious epoch in English letters. Perhaps it is not incorrect to say that the success of the "Shakespeare Club" in London was almost entirely due to the exertions of Sergeant Talfourd, who, being an intimate friend of Macready's, and a worshipper of Shakespeare, was enabled to gather round him a galaxy of stars the like of which England can hardly boast at the present day.

The readers of POET-LORE may like to know the opinion of Wordsworth concerning these Shakespearian Commemorations, so I will give *verbatim* a letter from the poet, which was read at the festival of 1847, by the then chairman Charles Holte Bracebridge, a descendant of the celebrated Holtes of Aston Hall, Birmingham. The letter was as follows :

"HAMPSTEAD HEATH, April 19th, 1847.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It gives me great pleasure to learn from your obliging note of yesterday, that the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon purpose to institute a Shakespearian anniversary to be celebrated in that town ; nor can I be other than gratified by the expression of the wish that I should be present at the approaching meeting.

"Much do I regret that circumstances will not allow me to avail myself of the Committee's invitation, but as my earnest wishes will attend the occasion, may I venture to say that in my judgment, a *triennial* meeting would be preferable to an annual one ; as it is to be apprehended that so frequent a recurrence of the celebration, though for the first few years it might be met with pride and pleasure, would in a long course of time lose its spirit.

"The expression of this opinion will, I trust, be taken in good part by the Committee, who will accept my cordial thanks for the honour they have done me by their invitation. Let me also thank you, my dear Sir, for the trouble you have taken.

"Believe me to Remain, Faithfully

"Your Most Obligated,

"W. Wordsworth.

"CHANDOS WREN HOSKYNs, ESQ."

The poet seems to have thought that this Commemoration to which he was invited was the initial one of a series. It speaks little, indeed, for his acquaintance with Shakespearian work to have been ignorant of the fact that for twenty-three years previously birthday celebrations had been held every 23d of April at Stratford-on-Avon. But Wordsworth, like Byron, was not a devout lover of Shakespeare; indeed, his remark to Charles Lamb that he could write as well as Shakespeare "if he had a mind," demonstrates the place Shakespeare held in his esteem. Apart from Wordsworth's letter, which I have cited because of its historical significance, the Commemoration of 1847 was singularly barren of aught save good viands and good wine, and a few good toasts. To Mine Host of the Falcon, therefore, is due the measure of success that attended that celebration, which was of such an order as almost to justify Wordsworth's fear that the annual Commemorations would lack spirit.

Whether or not Wordsworth's letter of the preceding year had any effect, certain it is that the festival of 1848 was a marked advance upon many forerunners. The occasion was not only honored by the presence of many distinguished persons, but there was a small exhibition of Shakespearian relics. Chief among these was the baptismal and death register of Shakespeare, which was brought for the inspection of visitors, by the Rev. Mr. Clayton, Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon. Another object of great interest was the Garrick goblet, made from the famous mulberry-tree, and presented to the great tragedian by the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford in 1769. On the death of Mrs. Garrick this goblet was sold by auction in London for one hundred and twenty guineas, and was lent by the owner for view at this Commemoration. Lord Brooke, of Warwick Castle, acted as chairman at the dinner furnished by Mine Host of the Golden Lion. This nobleman had a very keen appreciation of the genius of Shakespeare, and, like the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, took particular pleasure in collecting as many valuable works relating to the great poet as he could lay his hands on. I am able to say that at the present time a Leamington bookseller, Mr. Thomas Simmons, at "*Ye Boke-Lover's Retreate*," is cataloguing Lord

Warwick's library, and finds it to contain many priceless surprises in Shakespeariana. This will no doubt be an interesting item of news for American as well as English bibliophiles.

At the Commemoration of 1848, Lord Brooke was supported in the vice-chair by J. Payne Collier, an enthusiastic and erudite Shakespearian scholar. He was the chief literary guest of the day, and, in proposing the toast of "The Drama," made a speech full of excellent reasoning and quiet humor. What Shakespeare did for the Drama was summed up by Mr. Payne Collier as follows: "Those who say that Shakespeare created the drama are doing an injustice to Shakespeare's predecessors; but he may be said to have remodelled, to have improved it, and reared it to a pitch it never before attained." Yet I have no doubt there are many students of Shakespeare who will think this criticism but faint praise, and would be prepared to prove that before the advent of Shakespeare the Drama could not reasonably be called a "creation."

George Morley.

LEAMINGTON, April 23, 1890.

(To be continued.)

THE STUDY.

SHAKSPERE FAMILY ANNALS.

BY PROFESSOR W. CLARKE ROBINSON, M.A., Ph.D., B.Sc.

RICHARD SHAKSPERE, the poet's grandfather, was a farmer, tenant of Robert Arden of Snitterfield, 3 miles from Stratford.

1552. John Shakspeare, the poet's father, "reported" for making a dung-hill in Henley St., Stratford.

1556. 17 June. John Shakspeare, glover, sued by Thomas Siche for £8.

1556. John Shakspeare sued Henry Fyld for price of 18 quarters of barley.

1556. 2 October. John Shakspeare bought a house and garden in Greenhill St., and a house and garden in Henley St., Stratford.

1557. 10 April. John Shakspeare was marked as a juryman of the court-leet, to examine and reform local abuses.

1557. John Shakspeare was sworn in as an ale-taster, to see to the quality of bread and ale; and was fined 8*d.* for being absent from three courts.

1557. John Shakspeare married Mary Arden, seventh and youngest daughter of Robert Arden, landowner, who had left her 53 acres and a house, called Ashbies, at Wilmecote, also £6.13.4, and an interest in two houses at Snitterfield, and other land at Wilmecote.

1558. 15 Sept. Joan, the poet's eldest sister, baptized (she died soon after).

1558. 30 Sept. John Shakspeare made a juryman and constable.

1559. 6 October. John Shakspeare made constable and fixer of small fines ("affeeror").

1561. May. John Shakspeare again made fixer of small fines.

1561. Sept. John Shakspeare made one of the two chamberlains for 2 years.

1562. 2 Decr. Margaret, the poet's second sister, baptized (and buried 30 Ap., 1563).

1564. 26 April. William Shakspeare baptized.

1565. 4 July. John Shakspeare is chosen one of 14 aldermen of Stratford.

1565. Sept. John Shakspeare is twice surety for Richard Hathaway, father of the poet's wife.

1565. 13 Oct. Gilbert, the poet's brother, is baptized.

1568. Sept. John Shakspeare is made high bailiff, or mayor, of Stratford.

1569. 15 April. Joan, the poet's third sister (called after the dead Joan), baptized.

1571. 5 Sept. John Shakspeare elected chief alderman of Stratford.

1571. 28 Sept. Anne, the poet's fourth sister, was baptized (she was buried 4 Ap., 1579).

1573. 11 March. Richard, the poet's second brother, was baptized (died 4 Feb., 1612).

1573. The Earl of Leicester's players acted at Stratford.

1574. The Earl of Warwick's and the Earl of Worcester's players both acted at Stratford.

1575. John Shakspeare bought the house (the reputed birth-place of the poet) in Henley St., Stratford, for £40.

1577. John Shakspeare is let off with 3s. 4d. (half his proper share) towards equipping the pikemen.

1577. 15 Oct. John and Mary Shakspeare sell her property at Snitterfield.

1577. 14 Nov. John and Mary Shakspeare mortgage her property at Ashbies for £40.

1578. 14 Nov. John Shakspeare is mentioned in Roger Sadler's will as being £5 in debt.

1578. 19 Nov. John Shakspeare is let off, and not taxed for the relief of the poor, when all the other Stratford aldermen had to pay 4d. a week.

1579. John Shakspeare is named as a defaulter for not paying his 3s. 4d. for the pikemen.

1579. 4 April. Anne, the poet's fourth sister, was buried, her father paying 8d. for the bell and pall.

1579. The players of Lord Strange and the players of the Countess of Essex play in Stratford Guildhall.

1580. Lord Derby's players act in the Stratford Guildhall.

1580. 3 May. Edmund, the poet's third and youngest brother, was baptized.

1580. John Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the hundred of Barlichway, is entered in "A Book of the Names and Dwelling-Places of the Gentlemen and Freeholders of the County of Warwick, 1580."

1582. 28 Nov. Issue of the bishop's bond for the marriage of William Shakspeare, aged 18½, to Anne Hathaway, aged 26, after once asking of the banns (the place and time of the marriage solemnization are not known).

1583. 26 May. Susanna Shakspeare, the poet's eldest child, baptized.

1585. 2 Feb. Hamnet and Judith, the poet's twins, baptized.
1586. 19 Jan. Writ for distraining goods on land of John Shakspeare returned, as he had nothing that could be distrained.
1586. 16 Feb. Writ to seize person of John Shakspeare.
1586. 2 March. Second writ to seize John Shakspeare's person.
1586. 6 Sept. John Shakspeare deprived of his aldermanship because he did not come to the halls when notified.
1587. 29 March. John Shakspeare produced a writ of Habeas Corpus, which shows that he had been in prison, for debt.
1587. The Queen's Players first visited Stratford. About this date William Shakspeare left Stratford for London.
1592. Robt. Greene, dramatist in London, sneers at Shakspeare, calling him "an upstart crow" and a "Shake-scene." This is the first reference to Shakspeare's writings.
1593. Lord Southampton gives, or lends, the poet £1000?
1596. 26 Jany. John Shakspeare sells part of his garden for £2.
1596. 20 Oct. The poet's father applies for a coat-of-arms.
1597. The poet buys "New Place," in Stratford, for £60.
1598. 24 Jany. The poet is mentioned in a letter of Abraham Sturley's as purposing to buy the Stratford tithes.
1598. 4 Feb. William Shakspeare mentioned as a holder of grain at Stratford—"x quarters."
1598. Entry in Chamberlain's Accounts at Stratford—"Paid to Mr. Shaxpere for one load of stone *xd.*"
1598. Richard Quiney writes to William Shakspeare for loan of £30, or £40.
1598. Francis Meres praises twelve of Shakspeare's plays.
1598. "William Shakspeare," first name in list of actors in Ben Jonson's comedy, "Every Man in his Humour."
1599. "William Shakspeare" taken into the new Globe Theatre Company as partner and a "deserving" man.
1601. 8 Sept. The poet's father buried.
- 1601-1603. The poet's patron, Lord Southampton, is imprisoned.
1602. Shakspeare mentioned as "a shrewd fellow," in a play called "The Return from Parnassus."

(To be concluded.)

FLOWER SONGS IN "FRA LIPPO."

IN REPLY to a letter from one of our subscribers, asking for information in regard to the songs sung by Fra Lippo Lippi in Browning's poem, we print the following short study :

It has been said that there are enough folk songs in Italy to fill a library, and of these folk songs there are many varieties. They are thought to have originated chiefly in Sicily, where the most perfect, from a poetical point of view, are to be found, and in Tuscany, where has mostly been felt the influence from the literary revivals of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and where the people are familiar with the verses of Dante, Tasso, and the other great poets.

Many of the songs are the outpouring of female affection. The variety which forms the model for Lippo's songs is called a *stornello*. The name is variously derived. Some take it as merely short for *ritornello*, others derive it from *a storno*, to sing against each other, because the peasants have the habit of singing them at their work, and as one ends a song another caps it with a fresh one, and so they go on vying with each other: the singer who knows the largest number being considered to have gained an important victory. These stornelli consist of three lines. The first usually contains the name of a flower which sets the rhyme, and is five syllables long. Then the love theme is told in two lines of eleven syllables each, agreeing by rhyme, assonance, or repetition with the first,—

" Flower of the fern !
Wherever you pass by, the grass springs green
And blooms or ever summer doth return."

The last two lines lose a syllable in the translation.

The address to the flower usually has no connection with the sentiment expressed in the lines following, a very evident example of which are these,—

" Flower of the broom bough !
If you want a husband make you one of dough,
Dress him up and put him in the window for a show."

In some cases, salt, pepper, lemons, and even cigars are used in

the first line instead of flowers. The first line may be looked upon as a burden set at the beginning instead of, as is more familiar to us, at the end.

These songs are sung to many different airs; one, now commonly used, has a short chorus of two lines differing from the original air, interposed between the second and third lines of the *stornello* and repeated at the end of it. The *stornello* is in these cases sung by a high single voice and the chorus taken up by other voices, while the whole song is accompanied by a murmur of bass voices. There are also *stornelli* formed of three lines of eleven syllables without any burden.

Browning has made Lippo's songs of only two lines, but he has strictly followed the rule of making the first line, containing the address to the flower, of five syllables. The Tuscany versions of two of the songs used by Browning are as follows:

“ Flower of the pine !
Call me not ever happy heart again
But call me heavy heart, O comrades mine.”

“ Flower of the broom !
Unwed thy mother keeps thee not to lose
That flower from the window of the room.”

The resemblance does not extend beyond the first lines.

[For further information on Italian folk songs, see Miss R. H. Busk's "Folk Songs of Italy" and Mr. Alma Strettel's "Spanish and Italian Folk Songs."]

C.

THE STAGE.

THE ANTIGONE of Sophocles, as lately produced in Bumstead Hall, Boston, by the young women of the Saturday Morning Club, has proved the artistic and literary event of the season,—and has netted the sum of \$2200 to be devoted to various local charities which have to do with children.

The press of the city has been unanimous in commendation of the production, which was intelligently criticised, as a professional rather than an *amateur* work. The Club—composed of seventy young women—is not a dramatic Club, but one instituted for the promotion of culture and social intercourse; but it counts among its number three women noted for their histrionic ability. Two years ago they performed, under the auspices of the Club, Browning's "In a Balcony," proving to interested audiences that this Poet's dramatic instinct is true and adapts itself to stage representation.

When the Club, just one year ago, decided to bring out a play of Sophocles, the boldness of the venture seemed at the time to justify Browning's sentiment, that a man's reach should exceed his grasp; that the sequel in this event proved that one may, now and then, grasp, and so attain, was due to the persistent, unflagging work of the committee and all concerned, to the dramatic ability of the Principals, and to the instruction, though necessarily brief and fragmentary, given to them and to the Chorus, by Mr. Franklin Sargent, of New York. It has been said, and I think truthfully, that the rendering of this play indicated a higher degree of intellectual culture on the part of the actors (all women) than one expects to find in those not especially trained for dramatic action. For an intelligent amateur to depict the characters of Shakespeare's dramas, with a good degree of naturalness and appreciation, does not surprise one, but when an amateur seems permeated with the spirituality, the subtle thought, and principle of the character, then are we deeply moved, and at once infer the actor to have made a careful study of the drama and the history of the time in which it was written.

And to be in such complete sympathy with the play of Sophocles, as to make the absolute sovereignty of the King, the self-sacrifice of Antigone, the passion and pathos of Hæman, and the strong feeling of the Chorus felt by an audience, requires not only an apprehension of the spirit of Sophocles, but a knowledge of the age in which he lived. It was an age of art, and the boldness, freedom, courage, and ideality of its sculpture, painting, and archi-

ecture, characterized its literature. In saying that the modern Athenian woman succeeded in leaving the Greek impress upon the mind of her audience, is but a partial criticism of the sum total of effect produced.

Mrs. Berlen, with a marked degree of success, struck the heroic note in *Antigone*; the self-reliant, determined, self-forgetful woman, who steers her course by the light of duty, never flinching nor breaking the barriers of her self-reserve until the last fatal moment, when she bids farewell to Thebes, and, "unwept without a friend," she goes forth "to that strong dungeon of the tomb." The pathetic tones of Mrs. Berlen's voice, in this last scene, must have lingered for many a day in the memory of her audience, forming, as they did, a decided and harmonious contrast to those which the earlier scenes of the play demand.

To say that Mrs. Robertson grasped the stern, the intellectual, and despotic character of King Creon, and depicted it in manner so real and so forceful that during the first acts one was possessed with fear for the beautiful *Antigone*, and with abhorrence for the King, is not giving too high praise. But when the *father* melts, when his heart is torn with anguish over the body of his dead son, Mrs. Robertson's rendering of the scene was so subtle, delicate, strong, and true that her listeners forgot their aversion for the despot, and wept in sympathy with the father. As the critic of one of the leading Boston papers has said,—Mrs. Robertson's impersonation was virile without being mannish.

Did space allow, we should be glad to dwell upon each impersonation, upon the graceful band of Maidens clothed in exquisite tints, the noble, stately group of Theban Elders, in russet garb, leaning on their staves, the laurel-crowned Coryphæus in their midst. But we must close, in congratulating the Club upon its latest and noblest achievement, expressing our gratitude thereto, for leading us back to the fountain source of dramatic art at a time when there is drought in the land.

O. M.

BOSTON, April 20, 1890.

THE LIBRARY.

RECENT GERMAN POETRY AND CRITICISM.

A BRILLIANT critic doubted whether Appiani—in Lessing's "Emilia Galotti"—was a good painter, for no other reason than that Appiani knew so well how to discuss his art. And there may be some truth in the suggestion that a people whose poetic fount is going dry marks that epoch by an excess of literary research, as though it felt that, being unable to add to the stores of original work, it is its duty to present the wealth of other generations in all aspects.

Yet, although Germany has outstripped even America in the art of torturing lines for a meaning,—the curious discoveries of certain Browning expeditions are not here considered,—it were unjust to say that she has forfeited her claim to the name of "Dichterland." If we do not have any great, we at least have many good poets, and sufficient stress cannot be laid upon the nationalistic character of German poetry since 1870. The spirit of patriotism which pervades the German lyrics of to-day also manifests itself in the themes of which our men of verse sing, and certainly would be very refreshing were it not for a certain tendency towards Chauvinism,—"*Man merkt die Absicht und wird verstimmt.*" Too many men, more of letters than of sense, still wave the red trousers of the Frenchman in the face of a crowd that—alas!—does not require much infuriating in that direction. Although the German language has a good and old word to call the Gaul by, which is "Franzose," those ladies and gentlemen still call him "Franzmann" and "Erbfeind;" the same people who fling the word "provocation" in the face of all France when M. Henri Rochefort makes some insulting remark in his sheet. Of at least one poet it may be said and proved that he has imported militarism into literature. Not

the war-like sentiment is meant here which the patriotic songs of Ernst Moritz Arndt exhale, but rather the "Schneidigkeit" of the Potsdam reviewing-field, and that is objectionable only because it lends a tuneful melody to the cackling with which these patriotic geese advertise the egg Prussia laid in 1871. The poet referred to is Detleff, Baron Liliencron, a smart officer himself, in whose lines one hears the crackling in the knee-caps of a regiment of Life-Guard Grenadiers throwing their legs in the renowned "Paradeschritt" to the rhythm of Janitschar music. That such a thing is possible, may be doubted. Yet this is what an American—James Whitcomb Riley—sings of the drum,—

Oh, the drum !
 There is some
 Intonation in thy grum,
 As we hear
 Through the clear
 And unclouded atmosphere,
 Thy palpitating syllables roll in upon the ear,—

in onomatopœic truth the equal of "*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum*," though not in grandeur.

The poets of Germany are a hardy race. If, as they have asserted repeatedly, being alive is the great stumbling-block in the way to glory, they do not seem over-anxious to remove it. Nearly a score of septua- and a few octogenarians might be named, including Bodenstedt, Fontane, Lingg, Ebers, Jordan, Frankl, Seidl, who wield the pen with all their old-time vigor.

Owing to the slovenly importation of new books from abroad, the reviewer has been unable to get some of the most enticing volumes in the market, among them the latest poems by the venerable Ludwig August Frankl. By Wilhelm Jordan, the bard of the "Nibelunge," the most accomplished master of form and metre since Platen, "Feli Dora" is a new proof of genius.

Theodor Fontane, too, comes out with a new volume. Of him it will not be amiss to say a few words. After entering journalism without the advantages of a University course,—like Henrik Ibsen,

he was to be a druggist,—he came into European prominence from being one of the first of those “special reporters” in camp without whom no war can be waged nowadays. In this capacity (for the *Voss'sche Zeitung*) he was captured by the French in 1870, and came near being shot as a spy. In another way, too, he has served as a pioneer; he it was who created the semi-historical Prussian or rather Brandenburgian novel, and no one has as faithfully and happily interpreted the Frederikian age and heroes. He is in such thorough sympathy with the spirit of that time that he can still move our hearts when he sings of Ziethen, the Hussar.

“Die Pappenheimer,” by Julius Wolff, is fine reading; the verse smooth, the style easy, the story, though very indelicate in some phases, well fitted to the times in which the action is laid. But, unfortunately for Wolff, a greater poet has already dealt with the task with which Wolff grapples, and so fully and masterly that any new-comer renders himself liable to the charge of wilful or unconscious plagiarism if he really means to do his work well. “Die Pappenheimer” is very good reading, but “Wallenstein's Lager” is better.

Felix Dahn is another favorite of German readers. And since he has written so many *good* things, it would be unfair to write of his latest,—“Skirnir.”

Heinrich Seidl's “Glockenspiel” and Ludwig Pfau's new volume of poetry are next in order. Both are of the “good olden time” of late romanticism. The metropolitan critics are out of sorts with them, because in the midst of tempestuous city-life they only sound the purely lyric chord. One of them pedantically demands to know if it is right that the poet, of all men, alone should feel nothing of the tremendous “Menschendichtung” around him, and who in the face of a gigantic city should have nothing whereof to sing to his contemporaries beside his woods in spring, his nightingale, his chimes, birds, sun, and butterflies. But this is unjust. The juster way of regarding a poet's merits is first to inquire into his endowments and then into the use he has made of them. Could Offenbach ever have written the “Tetralogy,” and might Wagner have been expected to write waltzes? Neither Seidl nor Pfau is unique,

be it granted, but it is so much easier to be that than to be what they are!

A very new poet, and a very promising one, is Heinrich Hart, of whose titanic scheme, to encircle the entire history of human thought and progress in twenty-four single epics, two instalments are out,—“Tul und Nahila” and “Nimrod.” The drift of the work is quite didactic; of *naïveté*—the prime requirement of an epic—there is none; but of beauty there certainly is a great deal. The rhythm is the rhyming “quinar” or blank verse.

Of the foregoing only the first and last discussed are new men, and even they are chained to the past by unbreakable links,—Detleff von Liliencron, in his capacity as a lieutenant, a baronet, and a landowner, and Hart, by the historic substratum of his song. They must now afford a transition to Wilhelm Walloth and Maurice Reinhold von Stern, both of whom, while still deep in their “Welt-schmerz,” are children of the day. They are men of great talent, too, and just as repulsive as talented: Walloth’s repulsiveness being his supreme conceit, bent upon persuading young and old of his own immortality as a poet; that of Stern, on the other hand, being of a graver nature. Stern, although a man “of birth” and the scion of an old Mecklenburg family, has somehow joined the gentlemen of the socialistic persuasion, and of his two books, the first, “Stimmen im Sturm,” waves the red flag with quite novel energy. Blood is made to flow freely in these pages, and the reader cannot help asking why, in the name of all that is holy in art, Stern carries the firebrand of fanaticism into the realm which should be sacred ground to all parties contending in the minor strife of politics? The “Heckerlied” of ’48 is quite outdone by many of Stern’s tirades, and, if Stern is consistent in creed and action, as all good people, and social democrats too, should be, I for one must suspect von Stern of being a dynamiter. The indignation one feels at such waste of genius—for genius of a high order it is, and Stern ought to thank his Maker every day of his life for it—is scarcely appeased by the other volume, “Excelsior,” in which the poet’s pulse throbs more like that of sane people, and which almost sounds like recantation. Would that it were!

In closing, a few books of literary import and interest may be named, easily selected from innumerable publications of that category to which a few words were given in the opening of this summary.

"Literary Reliefs," by Ernst Ziel, is a well-named book, for the author, who since Keil's demise has been directing the editing of the *Gartenlaube*, succeeds in calling up pictures of that individuality which some writers present in their works and lives; to conceive such pictures is by no means an easy task unless an author be read exhaustively and chronologically.

"Die Poetik auf der Grundlage der Erfahrungslehre," by the late Heinrich Viehoff, is a very learned book, as may be gathered from the pompous title, but it is not very convincing.

Very bright and entertaining are the essays "Was die Bücherei erzählt," by Ferdinand Gross, who is ranked among the best living feuilletonists. Gross's judgment is sound, his reasoning direct, and he does not hesitate to pronounce praise where praise is due, a feature which places him among the hopeless minority of living critics. But I cannot, by the way, share his opinion of "Ouida," to whom he assigns a very important position among the novelists of the day.

Otto Heller.

FURNESS, HORACE HOWARD. "A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, Vol. VIII., 'As You Like It.'" J. B. Lippincott Co.: Philadelphia, 1890.

WHAT Omar said of the Koran, in comparison with all the books in the great library of Alexandria, might be said similarly, and more truly, of the Furness "Variorum Shakespeare" in comparison with the multitude of editions and books Shakespearian. If these are of use, are they not found in the "Variorum?" if they are not there, then are they not of slender worth?

Here are Quartos, First, Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, Critical Editions from Rowe to Hudson, and two centuries and more of Shakespearian scholarship all rolled into one convenient

series,—an epitome of editions and literature,—the corner-stone, necessarily, therefore, of all modern Shakespeare Libraries.

But though it seem, at first glance, so to supersede the many separate works it embraces, no intelligent reader of this one work can fail to see how it enhances the value of all the others, by bringing them into the ordered line of descent from Shakespeare and relating them duly to each other in their joint illustration of the poetic word that called them into being. There is none of Omar's intolerant spirit in Dr. Furness's editing, and though his work does so thoroughly represent many volumes to the student,—that he will surely do well if his means are small to buy the "*Variorum*" volumes only, and thus to own all the library,—yet he must see how the "*Variorum*" preserves and honors the Alexandrian accumulations of Shakespearian literature and makes their value greater to the lover of Shakespeare and of genius.

Not to find an interest in such illustrations of the power of genius, second only to the interest found in genius itself, is about as sensible and consistent as to be greatly interested in a supreme event—say the American Revolution—and to care nothing for its influence, effects, progress. The common affectation of disdain for literary scholarship—that is, for the influence, effects, and progress of master-works—is as stupid as it is hypocritical. A real care for the best literature should cure that prejudice as well as the kindred one that trots along with it,—the vulgar prejudice against literary societies. If not, let a little comparative chronological study of literary opinion, such as Dr. Furness's history of Shakespearian literature affords, cast some light for the thoughtless on how the most vital history of men is discoverable in the story of the ebb and flow, the appreciation, assimilation, and development of the ideas of the man of genius.

To this essential history the "*Variorum*" is an important contribution of facts. To the textual illustration of "*As You Like It*" this eighth volume, first published the last of March, is as complete for this play as its predecessors have been for "*Romeo and Juliet*," "*Hamlet*," "*Macbeth*," "*Lear*," "*Othello*," and the "*Merchant of Venice*," and that is praise enough. Like the last two, the text

given is that of the First Folio, all variants of the other folios and critical editions being given therewith and the comment presented, also, along with the text, yielding all important elucidation as well as frequent notes less valuable in themselves than in the light they throw on the criticism of the time and writers to whom they belong. "As You Like It" gives perhaps more of Dr. Furness's own comments than any previous volume, and sanity and humorousness being their ear-marks, the result is a gain in sense and spirit. Every one to his taste, of course, in this doubtful matter of emendations, but who can fail to approve the dramatic good-sense, for instance, of Dr. Furness's defence of the Folio reading of "merry" for Theobald's "weary" in Rosalind's first exclamation in ii. 4. 3. To the passage thereon, including all those jolly notes of various emendators, the reader is commended.

The Stage history and illustration of the play is perhaps not given with the especial fulness of interest which characterized the previous volume,—*"The Merchant of Venice."* That was, besides, of course, one of the richest in that respect of Shakespeare's plays. None less than Helen Faucit, however, is the stage exemplar of Rosalind, who presides over this volume much as Booth's Shylock did over *"The Merchant."*

In discussing "The Text," Dr. Furness brings forward a very plausible conjecture that the "staying" of the play from being printed in quarto form was due to the bad reputation of James Roberts. And again, in "The Sources of the Plot," always—and most justly, to this writer's mind—a fruitful subject in the "Variorum," Dr. Furness calls attention to the separableness of the portraiture of the "roynish clown" of the first act and the Touchstone of the Forest, who "uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and, under the presentation of that," shoots his wit, and accounts for this discrepancy in the survival in the second scene of some old play falling in between Lodge's *"Rosalynde"* and Shakespeare's crowning touch; or else, to the error of Theobald in taking it for granted that the clown of the early scenes is equal to "Mr. Touchstone," of *Ardennes*, and naming them one and the same as he was first to do. The intermediation of a lost play is, to this writer's mind, a clearer

explanation of Touchstone's increasing value as a character—if it needs explanation—than the supposition that Theobald made any mistake in concluding that the “clownish fool” whom Rosalind proposes to Celia “to steal” out of her father's court to be “a comfort” to their “travel” is the same who appears in the stage directions of the fourth scene of the second act with “*Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias Touchstone.*” The remaining conjecture which hangs on this supposition of an intervening play, refers again to the mystery of the “staying” of the play by the Wardens of the Stationers' Company, and gives room for significant argument, for Dr. Furness asks if a “clue may not be found in a clashing of pecuniary interest between the owners of the old play and the new.”

The “Tale of Gamelyn” according to Skeat's edition, and the “Rosalynde” of the edition of 1590 are both reprinted here, and they offer a thousand interesting points of comparison to the student of literature, to which George Sand's “*Comme il vous plaira,*” also included, adds the flavor of a modern variant.

In certain other observations which Dr. Furness makes upon Shakespeare's magic in staying or hastening the time of the action in the play; in the remaining chapters on the music and costumes; as well as in the wide range of selected criticisms; whoever cares to read “As You Like It” at all, will find zest to fall to it again.

Charlotte Porter.

TYLER, THOMAS, M.A.—“Shakespeare's Sonnets.” David Nutt, 270 Strand, London, 1890.

IT IS A pleasant task to notice the new edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, lately published in London by Mr. Tyler. On each page we are content to find only one sonnet and its notes, for thereby each is studied to more advantage,—as pictures are, when they are not overcrowded. The type is clear, the general get-up of the book is good; there is a careful revision of the text, and most copious and illustrative remarks. But it is in the introductory chapters that Mr. Tyler presents his special work and his original theories; which

show the extent of his reading, and his careful and patient research. He has collected all that has been hitherto known of this work of our great poet; and his original matter welds his theory of the sonnets into a whole,—more complete than has hitherto been deemed possible, extremely interesting, and self-consistent enough to demand at least the careful consideration of every Shakespearian student. He gives us, also, good portraits of William Herbert, Earl Pembroke, his mother, Mary Sydney, sister of Sir Philip Sydney, and the young Maid of Honor, Mary Fitton, whom Mr. Tyler believes to be associated with the production of the Sonnets.

Mr. Tyler answers most of the questions that must face every thoughtful reader; whether all may, or ought to, agree with him in these answers, has yet to be proved. No one can differ from him in the certainty that "T. T., the editor," stood for Thomas Thorpe, as we find in the Stationers' Registers, 20 May, "Thomas Thorpe. Entered for his copie under the handes of Master Wilson, and Master Lownes Warden, a Booke called Shakespeare's Sonnettes, VI^d." Past critics have not been unanimous, however, in the views taken regarding the other questions, and it is possible that future critics also may disagree; but they will owe much to Mr. Tyler for the way in which he clears the ground for their feet. He commences by considering "Mr. W. H." the "only begetter," the person promised immortality, the youth addressed in the Sonnets, as all one and the same person, and that person William Lord Herbert, afterwards third Earl of Pembroke. To prove this he compares Sonnet 38 with the Dedication. He shows the weakness of the claims made for other "W. H.'s," and he explains away the difficulty of "Mr." being used for an earl's son, by the apparently parallel use of M. Sackville, appended to his poems after he was Lord Buckhurst, as noted by Professor Minto. He shows also that the "eternity" could not be ensured without the publication of the poems, and from Sonnet 38 he points out that they were intended for the public eye. He classifies them into three groups,—Sonnets 1-126 being addressed to Lord Herbert in several series and at several times, ranging at least through three years; Sonnets 127-152 concerned with "the dark lady;" and 152-153, the two last, a

separate connection. To prove that these were applicable to Herbert, whom the Dedication of 1623 showed to have favored Shakespeare, Mr. Tyler had to be very careful about his dates; and he has indeed spared no pains in testing these. Lord Herbert probably came to London early in 1598, and it was September of that year in which Meres spoke of his "sugared Sonnets among his private friends." Mr. Tyler finds a trace of Meres's classical comparisons in Sonnet 55. The two Sonnets in "The Passionate Pilgrimme," 1599, published under Shakespeare's name, were practically the same as Sonnets 138 and 144; therefore, fixing a relative date for these. He points out the allusions to political troubles, the rebellion of Essex (in which Southampton was concerned), and the manner in which the poet treated it, as evidence against the theory that he could have intended to address his first patron. Sonnet 104, speaking of the lapse of three years, is important also in fixing the period as between 1598 and 1601. The rival poet mentioned in Sonnet 86, and others, is accepted by Mr. Tyler, as by Professor Minto, as being Chapman; referring to his "Shadow of Night," published in 1594, for the "familiar" ghost; to the "first seven books of the 'Iliad,'" published in 1598, for "the proud full sail of his great verse;" to his enthusiastic nature, and his claims to supernatural inspiration throughout his life. Keats tells us of the effect on him of reading Chapman's Homer, and it is possible the same effect may have been produced on the young Lord Herbert by this book, then new.

In considering other contemporary poets, Mr. Tyler shows that Marston, in 1598, published his "Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image, and Certain Satyres," where he speaks of

"Stanzas like odd bands
Of voluntaries and mercenarians,
Which, like soldados of our warlike age,
March rich bedight in warlike equipage,"

and that Shakespeare evidently alludes to this phrase in Sonnet 32. Drayton also, in 1594, had published a small volume of fifty-one Sonnets called "Ideas Mirrour;" these were quite unlike Shakespeare. But in 1599 Drayton published another edition, called "Idea," to which was added "England's Heroical Epistles," and the

number of the Sonnets were increased to fifty-nine; among which important changes and additions suggest a perusal of Shakespeare's Sonnets, especially in 22,—“An evil spirit your beauty haunts me still,” which may be compared with Sonnet 144, that had appeared that year in “The Passionate Pilgrim.” He compares, also, Drayton's 33d to Shakespeare's 46th and 47th Sonnets; Drayton's 29th to Shakespeare's 141st; and notices that Drayton at thirty-six years of age speaks of himself, like Shakespeare, as already “aged,” and, like him, anticipates “eternal renown” through his verses.

The settling of the chronology makes it easier to fix upon William Herbert as the poet's friend. He was born in 1580; sent to London 1598, by an invalid father residing at Wilton, who was desirous that his son should marry soon. From letters preserved in the Record Office, it is proved that as early as 1597 the parents were negotiating a marriage for him with Bridget Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, which he evidently himself refused on the plea of dislike to matrimony. It becomes then very natural that Mary, Countess Pembroke, by some means introduced to Shakespeare, should have told him her inclinations and have suggested the early addresses to her son, see Sonnet 3. The allusions to Lord Herbert's life in London, in Rowland Whyte's letters to Sir Robert Sydney, prove quite congruous to these. By fixing these dates, Mr. Tyler is able to give a strong probability to his new theory with regard to “the dark lady.” He believes her to be Mrs. Mary Fitton, daughter of Sir Edward Fitton, sister of Lady Newdigate, Maid of Honor to the Queen, the Lady to whom Kempe dedicated his “Nine dayes dance to Norwich,” though by mistake he there called her “Anne.” Mistress Fitton was born in 1578, was elected Maid of Honor in 1595, and in 1599–1600 was at the height of her glory. She was a person of importance at court, took a leading part in dancing, acting in revels, was witty, amusing, and just the sort of woman one might imagine attractive to young Herbert. (See the notice of his character in Clarendon's “History of the Rebellion.”) Her admiration of him went too far. She would tie up her hair, tuck up her petticoats, and put on a man's cloak and hat, that she might go out to see him, says old gossip preserved in the Record Office. When the

result of the intimacy became manifest, she was dismissed in disgrace to Lady Hawkins, Pembroke was sent to the Fleet Prison, and there was great wrath all round. Her father and friends exerted themselves for her, but Herbert "utterly renounced all marriage;" she had not expected this, but her later behavior showed that Pembroke's afterthought was at least prudent. Mr. Tyler, in "Earwaker's Cheshire," saw a description of her mother's tomb at Gawsworth, and in going down to inspect it, found that in Mary Fitton's representation, the hair and eyes, as well as the complexion, were colored dark; while her brother was painted with a fair mustache and hair. Mr. Tyler considers the features, which he reproduces in an illustration, typical of a voluptuous nature, such as hers seemed to be. On the whole, everything appears to him to point to the fact that Mrs. Mary Fitton is the "dark lady," not only of Pembroke, but of Shakespeare and his Sonnets; the "twice-forsworn," "evil angel," "coloured ill," shadowed also in "Love's Labour's Lost," and even, perhaps, in "Cleopatra."

Having thus made clear his own discovery on this special point, he examines the internal evidence from the Sonnets of Shakespeare's private feelings, beliefs, religion, philosophy, learning, melancholy, and sensitive tenderness. He treats them as entirely autobiographical, and considers even their very order, the true and natural one. But Mr. Tyler does not consider the printers and editors of the past infallible, and corrects what he considers evident faults. I, personally, am not in favor of emendations of Shakespeare's text. Far better that each one should face the problem for himself, of what the writer, printer, speaker, editor of the time could mean, than have it simplified by any one modern writer, except in a side note. For instance, there is to my mind far more meaning, though perhaps less rhythm, in the opening of Sonnet 146 in the old form,—

"Poor soule, the center of my sinfull earth,
My sinfull earth these rebell powers that thee array"

than in Mr. Tyler's improvement of putting "Why feedst" instead of the three repeated words at the beginning of the second line.

Nevertheless, the book is by far the most thorough and exhaustive analysis of the Sonnets, and elucidation of its circumstances,

that has yet appeared. The whole taken together makes at least a good hypothesis for students to start from. But a working hypothesis is only of value when it leads us to "search after negatives" as well as affirmatives to its propositions. Such valuable work as Mr. Tyler's tends to produce more work, and more detail, that may at least lead to fuller facts and stronger proof, and clearer truth regarding the most autobiographic production of our universal poet.

Charlotte Stopes.

[This review Mrs. Stopes has sent also to Dr. F. A. Leo, for the "Shakespeare Jahrbuch," where it likewise will appear.—THE EDITORS.]

DEPARTMENT OF THE BROWNING SOCIETY OF THE NEW CENTURY CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.



THE first of the study meetings to be devoted to the consideration of the music poems was held on the evening of March 15, Miss Cohen presiding. The readings were "Abt Vogler," by Miss M. S. Gibson, and "A Toccata of Galuppi's," by Mrs. C. N. Thorpe, who also gave a sketch of Galuppi's life. Mr. Frederick Law read a paper on "Their Positions as Musicians;" Miss Helen A. Clarke, one on the "Technical Musical Allusions." The evening closed with critical remarks by Dr. H. A. Clarke, who said:

"With the exception of Milton, George Eliot, and Browning, the poets have talked nothing but nonsense about music. They seem to forget that music is an art, with as definite a set of laws and as perfect an organization as any other art; consequently, they always speak of music in a metaphorical sense. They speak of the beauty of the songs of birds, of the beauty of the tinkling waterfall, but sound is not, by any means, music. Sound has to be organized into a system before it deserves the name of music. Among all the poets,

Browning is one whom all musicians ought to hold in reverence. He, more than any other man that ever lived, has spoken of music in the way that all musicians feel about it.

"I was much struck in reading over 'Abt Vogler' with the lines beginning, 'For think, had I painted,' etc. The process of painting a picture, producing a great work of art by painting, is not so wonderful as the production of a great work of art by music; because the painter in creating can appeal to outward nature. He has a standard of beauty to which he can refer his work all the time. So with the poet, 'Had I written the same,' etc. We have the telling of the story to aid us in interpreting, as we have the study of the form to aid us in the picture. Constructing a work of art from sound, we have no standard with which to compare our work. It is of all the arts the most purely human. It is pure invention, for nothing in nature is analogous to it. The production of a great work of art in music is more purely an effort of the will of the musician than the production of a picture or a poem is of the will of the painter or of the poet.

"Browning adds,—'Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught. It is everywhere in the world,' etc. That is to say, the material out of which music is made exists everywhere. We have everywhere sounds; some are beautiful. These sounds are not music: they are simply to the musician what pigments are to the painter,—the material out of which his art is constructed. 'Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought, and, there! Ye have heard and seen; consider and bow the head.' That is, from such a simple means as the combination of sounds, the musician produces as great a work of art as either painter or poet.

"In both these poems, it seems to me that Browning has used Abt Vogler and Galuppi simply as masks for expressing his thought with regard to the art of music. Browning himself was such a thoroughly-trained musician that he possessed such knowledge as few outside of the professional musician do possess; and he used it as a means of reflecting the age in which it was produced. Music is, perhaps, a reflection of the age in which it was produced, more than any other art. The trained musician can tell with certainty whether a composition belongs to a certain century, whether it was written in France, England, or in Germany. And Browning makes use of this 'Toccata of Galuppi's' for the purpose of drawing a picture of the life of Venice in the eighteenth century. It is merely a name for that purpose. Its references to dissonants, progressions, etc., all prove that he was well versed in the art of music, and that he knew how to use it, not only as a musician, but as a

poet. His knowledge is also indicated in the fact that he confines Galuppi to this small group of notes, knowing well that at the time he played they were the only combinations recognized among musicians.

"These poems are to me an illustration of the fact that poetry must gain by knowledge. Poetry is not simply versification or culling of choice epithets. The great poet is the man who can, in few words, voice the thought and the feeling, not only of the man, but of his age, and the art of his age. Browning has done that for music as no other poet has ever done. In some poems he has done the same thing for painting. On these two grounds alone, I think, Browning's claim to be the greatest poet who has written since Shakespeare, will, in fifty years, be more widely acknowledged than it is at present."

A SPECIAL meeting of the Browning Society of the New Century Club was held on the evening of March 20, for the purpose of discussing Browning's Poetic Form. Dr. Brinton, one of the vice-presidents of the Society, occupied the chair, and gave the main address, which was followed by an animated discussion in which Professors Smythe, MacElroy, Schelling, Messrs. F. H. Williams, Talcott Williams, Harrison S. Morris, Misses Porter and Clarke took part.

Dr. Brinton announced that a proposition had been made to extend the usefulness of the Society by introducing the study of other poets along with that of Browning, the consideration of which change would be brought up for discussion at the proper time. Such a society called after the Poet, "The Browning Poetry Society," would be the highest honor possible to the memory of Robert Browning.

Dr. Brinton's address, at this meeting, on "The New Poetic Form," is given in full in this number of POET-LORE. That of Mr. Francis H. Williams will appear in the June number.

THE GENERAL meeting was held March 27; Miss Cohen being absent, the chair was occupied by Dr. H. A. Clarke. The meeting opened with a duet for violin and piano played by Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Murray. "A Toccata of Galuppi's" was then read by Mrs. G. W. Kendrick, and "Abt Vogler" was recited by Dr. G. H. Makuen.

This was followed by a series of short papers on the music in other poets, by Mrs. B. L. Keys, whose subject was "Music in Shakespeare;" Miss Agnes Wood, "Music in Dryden and Pope;" Miss Constance Mackenzie, "Music in Lowell and Tennyson." Miss Viennot then sang two settings to Browning's words, "Apparitions" and "Round us the Wild Creatures," by Helen A. Clarke. A paper on "Browning's Idea of Music" was read by Professor D. Batchellor. Owing to the lateness of the hour, the discussion of the musical poems by Dr. Brooks was postponed till the following meeting. [We append an abstract of his remarks here.] In his opinion,—

"The appreciation of Browning for music seemed to wane, certainly not to be very deep. There are passages which show intellectual knowledge of music, but the appreciation does not spring up as it does from the soul of Shakespeare and Tom Moore and Burns and Milton and Homer. Browning was too intellectual to appreciate music; he had cultivated a taste for metaphysical thought, and, therefore, I doubt whether music could have touched him very deeply."

A STUDY meeting for the consideration of a group of the dramatic lyrics was held on Thursday evening, April 10; Miss Cohen being absent, Mrs. S. C. F. Hallowell, one of the vice-presidents of the Society, presided. The readings were, "The Glove," by Mrs. C. N. Thorpe, and "The Flight of the Duchess," by Mrs. S. B. Stitt. A song was then sung by Mr. J. C. Miller. Mrs. Hallowell read a paper on the justice of the test of "The Glove," in which she spoke of the fact that the same theme had been treated by Leigh Hunt, Schiller, Browning, Rückert, and Körner. She continued,—

"But Browning, with his keen insight and studious analysis, penetrates almost into the imperceptible essence of the allegory. Our debate upon the justice of the test must be based on the facts so ingeniously and subtly stated by the poet. Judgment we give in favor of the woman, first, because she was right. We feel, rather than judge, that she was urgently beset, and so sore driven, by wishes, hopes, and fears, that she resolved to cross the threshold of adventure, before entering a circumscribed existence. She desired to know if her lover was going to serve one or many. Second, because she had the right, by the man's own provocation, to test

him as she did. He was put to his *own* test. He gave his *life* into her hands by his own lips. Third, because he was manifestly in the *issue* a fraud! Her quick feminine instinct took scent of his duplicity, probably from the beginning. Fifth, more than the issues of carnal life or sudden death were in the doubt and the test to her, even the issues of hopeless years of death in life.

"When De Lorge threw the glove in her face, he threw away his talisman, proving himself neither a chivalrous knight nor true silken courtier."

A discussion of summary judgments followed, in which "Porphyria's Lover," "A Forgiveness," and "Ivan Ivanovitch" were compared. Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr., said,—

"In 'Porphyria's Lover,' there is no justification, and for that reason it is the strongest of the three poems. (The trouble with Browning, usually, is that he tells us too much.) The story is told in a simple, pure way; the only semblance of justification is the last line, where the lover of Porphyria says, 'And yet God has not said a word.' Browning intimates that he has been forgiven for his crime. In 'Ivan Ivanovitch,' half of the poem is taken up with the justification, which, if it were to be given at all, would have gained in dramatic intensity if he himself had undertaken his defence. The defence is, that Ivan Ivanovitch was there, in the place of God, to perform justice. It strikes me that the much more powerful motive would have been, not justice, but pity. Through the whole story it is really not her fault. She tries her best to save her children,—she fights for them, she is mangled, and almost killed herself, we do not see how she escaped. We are moved with pity for the woman; and the point is that when she concludes her story, he sees there is nothing left for her, that her whole life will be but misery itself, and out of pity he chops off her head. The descriptions in this poem are beautiful, and there are not so many interruptions as in 'A Forgiveness.' A very powerful situation occurs at the close. The priest has decided that he is to be acquitted. They naturally think that in the mean while he is filled with terror lest he shall suffer for his crime, and they rush to tell him of his acquittal; but they find him just as before, quietly sitting in his work-shop, carving, and he simply turns around for a moment, and says, 'Why not?' The poorest of all is 'A Forgiveness.' We feel that there are many things which Browning should have left to us, and not have told us. It is also a little unnatural, unreal; where we expect a motive, it is not there."

Mr. Samuel Cooper continued the discussion by saying,—

“If you take these poems for contrast, and look at them throughout, you are struck with one fact, and it is a fact which is carried further through Browning’s works,—he takes a particular and special pleasure in depicting the weaker side of woman’s character. In ‘*Porphyria’s Lover*,’ he says,—‘Too weak, for all her heart’s endeavor, to set its struggling passion free from pride.’ So in ‘*Ivan Ivanovitch*,’ despite the learned gentleman who has just spoken, the wife very distinctly says, ‘Life is mixed with misery, yet we live,’ etc. There is a mother who has been throwing her children, one after another, to the wolves; and she practically acknowledges that she has done it in order to be able to live. So if you take ‘*Fifine at the Fair*,’ it is *Fifine* with all her foibles, her brightness and lightness of character, that Browning talks of almost entirely. So if you take *Mildred*, in ‘*The Blot in the Scutcheon*,’ he seems to enjoy the depiction of the worst side of woman’s character. They are weak from a moral point of view. At the present moment I do not recall that he has made a great study of a morally strong woman; he seems to find his greatest scope in the other character. Notice in these poems the mother’s love for her children, the wife’s for a husband that she thinks indifferent. If she love him, she goes wrong because she thinks he loves his profession too much; if she is indifferent, she goes wrong because she is indifferent, etc. In any case, Browning seems to find something wrong. The characters are beautiful, many of them, very full, interesting; but it seems rather strange that he should not have found one strong womanly character that he could have depicted.”

NOTES AND NEWS.

LONDON LETTER.

THE MOST interesting of recent literary “events” has been the sale at Messrs. Sothebys of certain well-bound copies of the final “proof-sheets” of some of Mr. Robert Browning’s poems. Most of these, I believe, had belonged to a well-known literary gentleman, whose duty it had been to “review” these poems for one of the leading London journals. With his usual considerateness, the poet—on the assumption that the review must appear on the “day of

publication," and so that the reviewer might have ample time to study the work—had forwarded to this gentleman the final proof-sheets, containing the latest autograph corrections, and with accompanying explanatory letter. Your readers may well imagine that on the day of sale these "lots" commanded widespread interest. One of the first to be put up was the proof-sheets of "*Jocoseria*," with autograph corrections, and a letter of some three pages, in the course of which the poet remarks: "The title is taken from the work of Melander (Schwartzmann). I referred to it in a note to 'Paracelsus.' The two Hebrew quotations—put in to give a grave look to what is mere fun and invention—being translated, amount to, first, 'A collection of many lies,' and the second, an old saying, 'From Moses to Moses arose none like Moses.'" This fetched £20. "*Ferishtah's Fancies*," with accompanying letter, went for £19 10s.: an extract from this latter remarking: "I hope and believe that one or two careful readings of the poem will make its sense clear enough. Above all, pray allow for the poet's inventiveness in any case, and do not suppose there is more than a thin disguise of a few Persian names and allusions. There was no such person as Ferishtah; the stories are all inventions, and I have put in pencil (on the proofs) the meaning of the two or three Persian words to save trouble. The Hebrew quotations are put in for a purpose, as a direct acknowledgment that certain doctrines may be found in the Old Book, which the Concocters of Novel Schemes of Morality put forth as discoveries of their own. I have put these into English characters with the proper pronunciation that you may see they go properly into English verse, but that is done only for private information. . . ." "*La Saisiaz*" and the "*Two Poets of Croisic*," bound up with some interesting letters, was sold for £17; while the proof-sheets of the "*Agamemnon of Æschylus*" went for £25 10s. In a letter accompanying this latter volume, Browning says: "If I might advise you, get a translation and form your ideas about the nature and merits of the drama itself,—and there will only remain to remark on the peculiarities of my work, which I hope is closer to the original than any 'crib,' and wants no praise for anything of my own." The proof-sheets of the "*Parleyings*"—bound up with a letter in which the

poet says, "I sent it to you earlier than I should do were I not aware of your good faith, and also because the book will require more attention than usual; besides that, the persons addressed are but little known"—were sold for £27 10s. The sheets of "Aristophanes' Apology," with letter, fetched £28; while the second series of the "Dramatic Idyls," also with letter, went for £20 10s.

These were certainly high prices,—evidently far higher than experienced judges in such matters considered probable. Indeed, I have heard that for some time preceding the sale, the volumes were in possession of a well-known "buyer" of first editions, etc., whose opinion was that the whole of them together might be valued at some £25. But doubtless the poet's recent death had something to do with the high prices realized.

On the same occasion some interesting letters of Mrs. Barrett Browning's were also sold. One of these (sold for £4) was peculiarly characteristic of the author. Writing to R. H. Horne, she says: "Do *you*, too, call Byron vindictive? I do not. If he turned upon the dark it was by the instinct of passion, not by the theory of vengeance, I believe and am assured. Poor, poor Lord Byron! How would I lay the Sun and Moon against a tennis-ball that he had more tenderness in one section of his heart than —, —though a tenderness misunderstood and crushed, ignorantly, profanely, and solely by false friends and a pattern wife. His blood is on our heads,—on us in England,—even as Napoleon's is. Two stains of the sort have we in one century, and what will wash them out?"

I fear I have left myself little room to speak of other matters in this letter, save those relating to the great poet whose loss we are yet mourning, and indeed his personality still occupies the thoughts of men. Mr. T. J. Nettleship (the painter of the "Dirge in the Desert," and other magnificent animal pictures) has just issued a book,—"*Robert Browning: Essays and Thoughts*,"—which contains the essays issued by Mr. Nettleship in 1868, together with other papers. This is by far and away the best book on Browning that we have; it is written with great good taste and mature judgment, and goes to the root of the matter. Mr. Nettleship was the first writer who published a book on Browning; and all students of the

poet will do well to possess themselves of this volume. It is full of *suggestiveness*; and every page bears traces of the loving and reverent spirit in which it is written.

Another book on Browning is from the pen of Dr. Berdoe, entitled "Browning's Message to the Time." This, too, is a valuable book, which your readers will at once recognize when I mention that it contains the Doctor's essays on "Browning as a Scientific Poet." All that Dr. Berdoe has to say on our poet is well worth the hearing, and his book will no doubt tend to yet wider study and research in the direction of Browning's scientific allusions.

Yet another book on Browning,—this time bearing the title, "Life of Robert Browning." The author of this piece of "book-making" is Mr. W. Sharpe, and it certainly is not an achievement of which he can by any means be proud. It was written for the "Great Writers" series, and is obviously intended to catch the market. One looks in vain for the *life*: there is criticism enough and to spare,—and that of none too sound a kind,—but as for biography proper, we have nothing but the few bare facts already well known concerning the poet's "life." This is in truth a most disappointing book; and one is almost tempted to ask whether the writer has really *studied* the poet whose work he so ruthlessly criticises.

I believe that Mrs. Sutherland Orr is to write a biography of Browning,—in which task she will have the assistance of his family. It will doubtless be some time ere we get this work; but we may be at least sure of two things,—that the facts will be authentic, and that the narrative will not only be well written, but written with taste and judgment.

At last, too, we are to have in London a *shilling* volume of selections from Browning. Representations on this subject having been made to the poet's son, he has consented to the "people's edition" of selections, which may be expected about May next.

The various literary societies are now in full swing: the Browning societies especially being full of life. The new society started in the centre of London—the Clerkenwell and Islington Browning Union—has held its third meeting, and has exceeded in numbers and success the most sanguine anticipations of its founders. The

majority of its members knew little or nothing of the poet ; but their reverent interest has been fully aroused, and they are now deep in the study of the poet. Miss E. H. Hickey, the poetess, gave a capital paper, with readings, on "The Ring and the Book ;" while Miss Drewry took up "Paracelsus." For the April meeting, Miss C. G. Barnard (who in 1888 was present at several meetings of the Boston (U. S. A.) Society) is to read a paper on "Some Stray Thoughts on Browning." The Shelley and Shakspeare Societies are in full work ; while Ruskin and Carlyle Societies are also hard at it,—truly in the matter of "societies" an *embarras de riches*.

William G. Kingsland.

LONDON, April 5, 1890.

BROWNING'S SCIENCE.

EDITORS OF "POET-LORE,"—May I talk with you anent your article in POET-LORE of March 15, entitled "Query and Answer on Browning Scientific Allusions?" Remembering that the ages have laughed at Dr. Watts for his astronomical blunders, and holding, as I do, that poets should use intelligently the knowledge of the age they live in, I contend, first, that it is greatly to the honor of Robert Browning as a poet that he has broadened his possessions by taking from modern science what he needed ; and criticism falls far short of its aim when it attacks his use of scientific metaphors ; secondly, that the two quotations made are, as they should be, scientifically correct.

As regards the first, the specialist seems to have been led into a most unaccountable error. He answers your question regarding the old Italian method of making the carven pure gold jewelry by talking of the mixture of honey and wax, when the poet distinctly says he is using these substances as an illustration : "he mixes wax and honey, *so to speak*."

Dr. Koenig allows the correctness of the second scientific experiment, but objects to the noise being louder than thunder and the light lighter than lightning. Are these expressions not legitimate poetic license ; or, even more truly, are they not truths, as the slamming of a door is louder than thunder to an infant, or the flash of a magnesium light lighter than lightning in its effect upon those who are near ?

H. E. Nesmith, Jr.

NEW YORK, March 18, 1890.

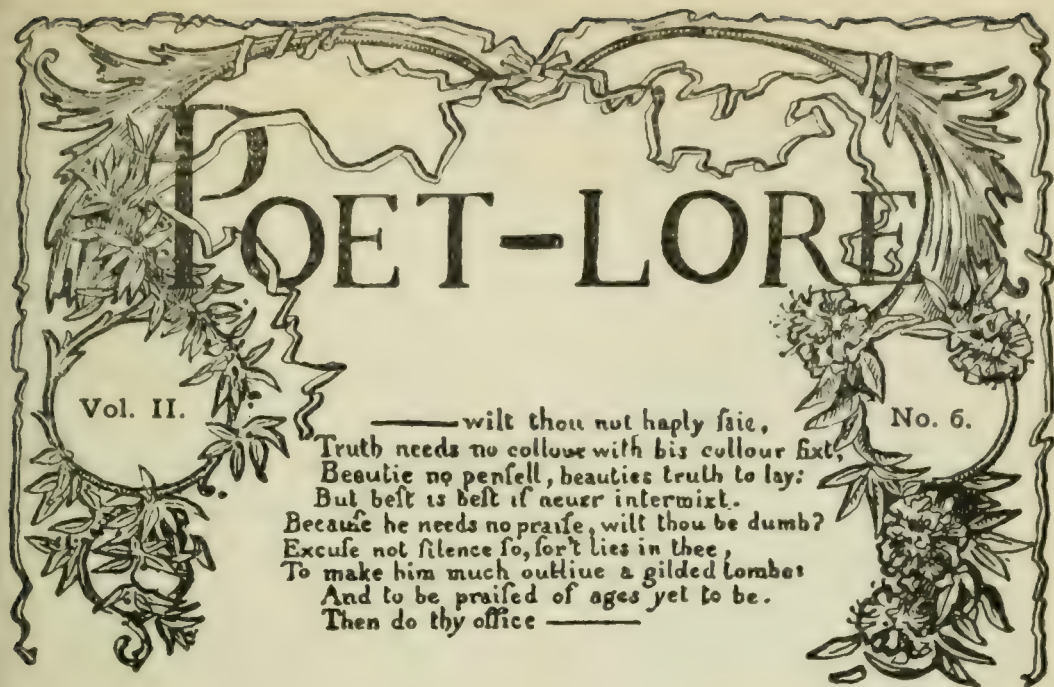
— EDITORS "POET-LORE,"—I deem it hardly necessary to correct your "Frank Folio" in his "Bookish Bits" in the March number of your periodical, for it needs but a glance at the volume in question—"Medical Thoughts of Shakespeare"—to convince one of the error into which he has fallen. One of the features of the little work he criticises is the introduction of quotations from certain authors other than Shakespeare, and these appear always after those from the Bard of Avon, in their proper places. The comment he cites refers only to the quotations from "Cymbeline" and "Macbeth," and has nothing to do with those concerning the mandrake.

B. Rush Field.

EASTON, April 26, 1890.

—THE LATE King of Portugal was an accomplished Shakespearian scholar, and had begun to give the literature of his country a model translation of the dramatic works of the great English poet. In 1877 he finished the translation of "Hamlet," in 1880 that of "The Merchant of Venice," and still more recently that of "Richard III." He tried to render "Romeo and Juliet" into Portuguese, but gave up the attempt, declaring that the lovely poem was untranslatable. Nothing pleased him more than to read to his friends, not only his own translations, but the original text of his favorite author. His loyal subjects duly pirated his translations. A firm of publishers in Lisbon printed a cheap and absurdly misprinted edition of "Hamlet," trusting, of course, to the reluctance of the King to prosecute. His Majesty was greatly embarrassed. It was beneath his dignity to prosecute a hole-and-corner firm of publishers, and yet, if he held his hand, poor Shakespeare would be defiled. He, therefore, transferred his copyright to a Lisbon hospital, which promptly "went" for the pirates, and the travesty of a translation was suppressed.

—THE bronze statue of Shakespeare to be erected in Lincoln Park, Chicago, is the work of William Orderay Partridge, the Boston sculptor, and is said to be a happy attempt to represent the graciousness of the man with the greatness of the poet. The clay model represents the poet seated easily in a chair. The bronze casting is now being done in Chicago, and the completed work promises to distinguish furthermore the Park, which is now supreme among the parks of American cities because of the great St. Gaudens' masterpiece,—the statue of Lincoln.



MARSTON'S SHAKESPEARIANISMS.

IN the very laudable desire to do homage to Shakespeare, who seems destined forever to stand alone as the incomparable dramatist, much injustice is too often done to his fellow-playwrights, whose admirable work is slighted except by the specialist in the study of the Elizabethan Drama. I here offer some observations on two plays, or rather one play in two parts, by one of Shakespeare's contemporaries, who by no means stands in the front rank of that brilliant set of writers, but whose work merits careful study for the beauty of many of its parts, if not for its excellence as a whole. But little is known of John Marston's life, and even that little is shrouded in obscurity. With an early reputation as a satirist (see Meres's reference to him and the mention he obtained in "The Return from Parnassus"), he seems, in 1599, to have been writing for Henslowe, and to have been mixed up, cordially and opposedly in turn, with Dekker and Ben Jonson, and then, about 1607, to have given up playwriting to devote himself to clerical life.

His plays, known as "Antonio and Mellida" and "Antonio's Revenge," have received much adverse criticism, a great deal of

which has been owing to the judgment being almost exclusively directed from a nineteenth-century stand-point. There are distinctly two modifying influences to be taken into consideration before a conclusion can be formed as to their merits. It is true that at the date of these plays, 1602, Shakespeare's example should have taught playwrights the desirability of avoiding the presentation of such horrible scenes as those found in the second of these plays, yet it was not so very long before that the public taste strongly demanded this kind of thing. Speaking of "Titus Andronicus," Halliwell-Phillipps says ("Outlines," 6th ed., vol. i. pp. 98-9),—

"Hideous and repulsive as the story of Tamora and the Andronici is now considered, it was anything but repugnant to the taste of the general public in Henslowe's days. Neither was it regarded as out of the pale of the legitimate drama by the most cultivated, otherwise so able a scholar and critic as Meres would hardly, several years after the appearance of 'Titus Andronicus,' have inserted its title amongst those of the noteworthy tragedies of Shakespeare. The audiences of Elizabeth's time revelled in the very crudity of the horrible, so much so that nearly every kind of bodily torture and mutilation, or even more revolting incidents, formed part of the stock business of the theatre. Murders were in special request in all kinds of serious dramas. Wilson, one of Lord Leicester's servants, was thought, in 1581, to be just the person to write a play then urgently desired, which was not only to 'be original and amusing,' but was also to include 'plenty of mystery' and 'be full of all sorts of murders, immorality, and robberies.' Nor was the taste for the predominance of the worst kind of sensational incidents restricted to the public stage, as any one may see who will care to peruse the 'Misfortunes of Arthur,' produced with great flourish by the students of Gray's Inn, in 1588. This deplorable fancy was nearly in its zenith at the time of the appearance of 'Titus Andronicus.' In the same year, 1594, there was published the 'Tragicall Raigne of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes,' a composition offering similar attractions, but the writer was so afraid of his massacres being considered too insipid, he thus reveals his misgivings to the audience,—

'If this First Part, gentles, do like you well,
The Second Part shall greater murders tell.'"

The title-page of the first edition of these plays by Marston says that they were acted by the children of Paul's. These scholars or

choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral had from the fourteenth century been engaged in dramatic representations. They commonly acted in the school-room of St. Paul's, where the audience was of a different kind from that at the theatres. Speaking of Lyly, Malone says (1821, "*Variorum*," vol. ii. pp. 192-6),—

"It principally consisted of *gentlemen* and *scholars*, without any intermixture of females, and appears to have borne some resemblance to the audiences now annually collected to hear one of Terence's comedies acted by the young gentlemen of Westminster School. Such dramas, perhaps it might be urged, were little suited to a courtly audience, composed of both sexes, before which they sometimes were exhibited; but let it be remembered that they were not originally intended for such an audience; and even at court, we know that many of the female nobility, and attendants on the Queen, were, like her Majesty, acquainted with the Latin language, consequently neither his allusions nor his quotations could even there fail of being understood by a large portion of his auditors; and their introduction, instead of being thought a fault, was undoubtedly considered a beauty."

With these circumstances in mind, I proceed to an analysis of these plays. The references are to the text as printed in "*British Dramatists*."

In "*Antonio and Mellida*," after an interesting induction spoken by some of the *dramatis personæ*, we are introduced to the Dukes of Genoa and Venice, who have been engaged in a feud in which Genoa has been beaten. Antonio, the son of Andruzio, Duke of Genoa, is in love with the daughter of Piero, Duke of Venice. This, the very groundwork of the play, brings to mind at the outset the similar situation in Shakespeare's play, where the Montague Romeo is in love with the only daughter of the house of Capulet. Having been cast on the shores of Venice, Antonio appears "disguised like an Amazon," lamenting at considerable length that he has not been killed. But the trumpets of Piero's approaching party infuse a little courage into him, and he resolves to "make a firm stand," comforting himself with the reflection that "Lower than hell, there is no depth to fall" (p. 349, col. 1). Piero thinks that, by this last victory, his position is assured. He says,—

"Victorious fortune, with triumphant hand,
Hurleth my glory 'bout this ball of earth.

My fate is firmer than mischance can shake." (p. 349, col. 2.)

Felice, one of his train, tries to show him that his self-inflation is dangerous. "Stand," says he, "the ground trembleth."

"I descry a fume
Creeping from out the bosom of the deep.

. . . this same smoke, call'd pride,
Take heed; she'll lift thee to improvidence." (p. 349, col. 2.)

But he immediately subsides when Piero hurls at him a Latin quotation to the effect that, having now reached the height of his desires, he renounces the gods. Piero then, turning to Alberto, who seems to be his chief minister, asks him if he has acquainted the Genoese ambassador with the terms under which the people whom he represents will be allowed to live in peace. The Duke of Genoa seems to be missing; but, if he returns to his own country, his head and that of his son Antonio are to be sent to Piero. Whilst Piero is still inflating himself, Galeatzo, heir to the dukedom of Florence, and Matzagente, Prince of Milan, come to offer their congratulations on the victory, and Piero, oddly enough, is left alone to receive them. Meanwhile, the ladies of his family—*i.e.*, his daughter Melida, his niece Rossaline, and the latter's maid—begin to "censure on lonely gentlemen." Whether Marston in this is true to nature or not must be left to the decision of those who can say whether, at any period in the evolution of women's minds, it was the custom to begin at once a discussion on the marriage qualifications of any lot of new-come gentlemen, more especially as to their physical capacities. At all events, Marston, in this instance, must stand or fall with Shakespeare, for so Julia and Lucetta discuss "the fair resort of gentlemen" with whom they are acquainted ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," i. 2), and in the same practical way Portia hits off her suitors as Nerissa counts them over ("Merchant of Venice," i. 2). Rossaline is the critic here, and she dismisses the two principal suitors in a very decided manner. Galeatzo will not do for the reason opposite to that of Beatrice (to whom she has been

supposed to bear a general likeness),—he has a naked chin. Beatrice could not abide a beard. Fortunately, the tastes neither of Elizabethan nor Victorian ladies are all alike. He seems also not to have suited her views because he was thin and short. Matzagente does not meet with her approval because he is thin, *tall*, and dark. His face is “varnished,” he is like “an o’er-roasted pig,” in allusion to his dark appearance like burnt meat. He has a beard, but it is not the right color, being coal-black.

The ladies have been viewing the scene from above. When the triumph is ended, they notice the Amazonian figure, and go down with the intention of speaking to her. Antonio, preserving his disguise, on Mellida’s approach utters a prayer that “the softest southern wind” may “kiss her cheek gently with perfumèd breath” (p. 350, col. 2), recalling Hamlet’s “That he might not beteen the winds of heaven Visit her face too roughly” (“Hamlet,” i., 2, 141). Mellida begins the conversation, but she is soon displaced by Rosaline, who “will still be talking,” but is quite respectful to this apparent member of her own sex. Antonio, pretending to have a mission to Mellida, takes an early opportunity of kissing her hand, and then gives a pretended account of his own death.

The Amazon is represented as journeying from Scythia to Brittany

“To view great nature’s miracle,
The glory of our sex, whose fame doth strike
Remotest ears with adoration.”

(p. 351, col. 1.)

An indirect allusion, of course, to Elizabeth. Nearing Venice, the result of the recent fight between Piero and Andruzio was seen, and Antonio, who was struggling in the water, was taken on board the ship. A storm is said to have come on, and the ship which had rescued Antonio is wrecked, and he dies, giving to the Amazon the commission to visit Venice on purpose to give Mellida a kiss.

This recital draws forth sighs and tears from Mellida, which she attempts to divert attention from in the same way as does Rosalind in “As You Like It,” when she sees Orlando’s blood upon the handkerchief. If she had not been moved by the recital of the events which seemed so strangely to concern her, she might well have wept at the language in which it was conveyed, for this Ama-

zonian narrative well exhibits the poverty of Marston's descriptive powers.

When Antonio was first seen pressing the waves, it is said, "Senseless he sprawled, all notched with gaping wounds" (p. 351, col. 1), and at the coming on of the storm, "Straight swarthy darkness popp'd out Phœbus' eye" (p. 351, col. 1), and when Antonio is represented as sinking, and his adjectives begin to fail him, "The flinty rocks groaned at his complaints" (p. 352, col. 2). The whole passage shows that unless Marston could have emancipated himself from this turgid style his name would not have been worth remembering. Mellida is a young lady upon whom this sort of stuff had little effect. Even at this exciting point of the narrative, when it is uncertain whether Antonio died or not, she breaks off the discussion, and they adjourn inside her father's palace. She is like those young people who have been well trained in serial stories, which break off in sections at a most thrilling point, and the readers must perforce restrain their impatience till the next number is out.

Here ends Act I. At the beginning of the next we are introduced to two of Piero's courtiers. In line 2 we should read Balthazar for Balurdo, otherwise their conversation will belie the description given of them in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In this scene Dildo, who in the other place is Balurdo's servant, speaks to Catzo, who there is represented as being servant to Castilio, as if he were the attendant upon Balurdo, whereas in line 27 Dildo rightly names Castilio-Balthazar as Catzo's master. Dildo lets drop the phrase "upon mine honour," whereupon is a passage which shows Marston's strength as a satirist. Catzo says, "Your honour with a paugh! 'Slid, now every Jack-an-apes loads his back with the golden coat of honour; every ass puts on the lion's skin and roars his honour: upon your honour! By my lady's pantable I fear I shall live to see a vintner's boy cry, "'Tis rich neat canary, upon my honour.'" Through the talk of the servants Marston cleverly lets us see a good deal of the character of their masters. They are "a case of rapiers sheathed in one scabbard of folly," and, as we shall see later on, Dildo's hyperbolical metaphors about the firing of the

gun are meant to be a reflex of his master's exaggerated and fantastical mode of speech. Whilst they are reviewing the conduct of Balurdo and Castilio at the recent sea-battle, Rossaline's maid, Flavia, comes in, and, although she is in haste, they are so importunate, and she perhaps not unwilling for a little flirtation with them, that they prevail on her to sing a descant, which she, a quick-witted girl, like Maria in "Twelfth Night," had made upon their names. They are thus engaged when Castilio, Balurdo, and Rossaline come in, either rehearsing a scene they mean to play in the coming festivities or else the two former are being made sport of by Piero's pert niece. Here there is evidently a mistake in the stage directions. The brackets should be omitted, as, of course, it is Felice who is wondering at them all. Balurdo and Castilio now illustrate in their own persons the different kinds of foolishness Marston means to portray. Balurdo is the representative of the class simpleton, that must have been common in that age, and with which we are familiar in the persons of Shakespeare's Slender, Silence, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Castilio's analogue in Shakespeare's plays is Armado, with his far-fetched, fantastical, and, in many cases, misplaced use of words. On his entry, speaking to Moth, he says, "Warble, child, make passionate my sense of hearing" ("L. L. L.," iii. i., 1-2), instead of simply telling him to sing, and he speaks in this way all through the play. Felice comes in with an observation showing his amazement that so clever a girl as Rossaline could for a moment receive the attentions of such fools as would-be lovers, and, in words that lead one to think he must himself have some liking for her,—“Sweet beauty, will you deign *him* your service?” (p. 352, col. 2). Rossaline goes on to presume coarsely on the slavish attachment of Castilio. Rossaline and her maid Flavia then leave them, and we are treated to an exhibition of the weak vanity of the fantastical and simple gallant of the time, who, in the person of Balurdo, to the inanity of Slender adds the self-inflation of Malvolio. This gives the opportunity of introducing another well-known character of the period,—the parasitical flatterer,—who has had an existence certainly ever since the days of the Roman *Umbra*. Here he is represented by Forobosco, who,

with a vocabulary that wins favor of the vain, ingratiates himself with those who have money but not brains. This incident, of course, gives Felice an opportunity of railing against the hollowness of manners thus exemplified, and this he does in good set terms.

Alberto, Piero's Prime Minister or Lord Chamberlain, and another admirer of the Lady Rossaline, now enters and appeals to Forobosco to find his "bright-faced mistress" out, as he has been hunting everywhere for her, and he speedily leaves to pursue the quest. Then the court party is seen to be approaching, and an incidental remark of Balurdo's, "Do my hangers show?" keeps up his characterization. Antonio, still disguised as an Amazon, has been received into favor by the Venetian duke. Piero tries to rouse his daughter from the despondency she is supposed to be in on account of the loss of Antonio. A dance begins, and poor Mellida is bored by Matzagente, who thinks this an opportunity for pleading his suit again, but is repulsed by an allusion to his personal appearance consistent with those made at the beginning of the play. His rival, Galeatzo, thinks this gives him an opening, but answer is at once returned to him that Antonio's memory still fills every corner of her heart, and Mellida, wearied with their protestations, hastens on the dance. The sight of this siege of Mellida makes Antonio faint, or at least fall to the ground. This is most unnecessarily introduced by Marston, and adds nothing to the situation. Rossaline here takes occasion to have a little banter with her admirer Alberto, and says some smart things to him and to Balurdo, who chimes in. Felice, pretending to catch the passion for love-making, asks Flavia to look with favor upon him, and gives a reason that would be worthy of a Touchstone at his best,—“Faith, I have nineteen mistresses already, and I not much disdain that thou should'st make up the full score” (p. 354, col. 1); and, after a neat piece of banter by Flavia, Piero breaks up the party, which, taking place upon the evening of the day of battle, may fairly have made a good day's work, and the banquet Piero suggests seems, as they are all so sleepy, as if it might be only a high-sounding term for a parting glass of the Greek wine he calls for; but later on there is reason for thinking there was a late, a very late supper.

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As they are all going out Antonio, in a passage which shows Marston at his worst, makes himself known to Mellida, and anything more unnatural than the conversation which follows it is difficult to conceive. All the preceding events are in one day.

Act III. gives us a first sight of Andruzio "on the Venice marsh," alone with his servant Lucio, an old man, and a page. He opens the conversation with a few lines that make us think of the exiled Duke in "As You Like It," or even give a promise that we may have a Lear-like rendering of his abject misery, and that Lucio will be another Kent; but Marston is not equal to a sustained effort in this direction, and we soon get below the level of "Titus Andronicus." Andruzio gives utterance here to some sentiments which remind us of King Henry's lines. He says,—

"Andruzio lives, and a fair cause of arms,—
Why, that's an army all invincible!
He who hath that, hath a battalion
Royal, armour of proof, huge troops of barbèd steeds,
Main squares of pikes, millions of harquebush.
Oh, a fair cause stands firm, and will abide,
Legions of angels fight upon her side." (p. 355, col. 2.)

Compare

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."
("2 Henry VI.," iii. 2, 232-5.)

There is a passage here which makes it almost certain that Marston was imitating a passage from "Richard III." He says, "How goes the time?" and on Lucio answering, "I saw no sun to-day," rejoins, "No sun will shine where poor Andruzio breathes" (p. 355, col. 2). In the Shakespearian play King Richard says,—

"Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?
Ratcliff. Not I, my lord.
Richard. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have braved the east an hour ago."
("Richard III.," v. 3, 276.)

Andruzio gets a little cheered by the song which the page starts upon request, and he determines to do something worthy his blood

before the night comes. The days are long at the time of the events of the play, as we see in the next few lines, which should be the beginning of another scene. Felice comes in before anybody else is up, and as Andruzio has been about in daylight and the sun has not been seen, it is obvious that the events are taking place on a dull morning in the height of summer. From what Felice says it seems likely that Piero's banquet after all did come off, for our satirical philosopher hadn't been to bed, but had been observing, with a cynical eye, the prolonged court festivities. Soon in comes Castilio-Balthazar, who, with the help of his servant, is preparing to make himself acceptable to ladies' society. Judging from his own recital of his experience one must conclude he knew how to do this thoroughly. He was living in a perpetual leap-year. He says,—

"I cannot rest
For ladies' letters, that importune me
With such unused vehemence of love." (p. 356, col. 1.)

Felice, however, doesn't believe him, and Castilio, wishing to convince him, shows him a paper on which he himself has written some lines to make it look as if it had come from Rossaline; but Felice, who snatches it from him, reads out the items of a tailor's bill. In this scene the speech beginning, "But 'tis not crossed," should be given to Catzo; Dildo is not Castilio's servant and is not in the scene. The thoughts of Castilio, now Felice has found him out, revert to his mother, as did Slender's in his embarrassed conversation with Anne Page. In this scene Castilio is weakest, being more like Balurdo than like himself. At this juncture Balurdo comes in with his servant Dildo, studying postures to make himself attractive. The two lines beginning, "All, beyond all," are not Catzo's. It is not clear whose they are. They can hardly be Dildo's, and probably should be given to Felice as an "aside." Rossaline is also here with Flavia on the same mission as Balurdo. The incident is, of course, a satire upon contemporary practices, but not so common among women as men, if we may judge from Felice's remark,—*"Rare sport, rare sport! a female fool and a female flatterer"* (p. 357, col. 1). Just then Piero comes in and notices a piece of paper on the ground, which he supposes to be

Rossaline's, but as she disowns it he picks it up, and, to his amazement, finds it is a note from Antonio to Mellida, naming the place where she is to meet him, whence they will take sail for England. The presence of the note here is not explained. We must suppose that somehow it got into Rossaline's possession, and she dropped it. The old man's confusion and impatience are well given. To all points he despatches the courtiers, even including Alberto, who is not in the scene. The scene must end after Felice's speech, as, if Antonio had been in it, Piero would have caught him at once. It would be better to make a new scene at Antonio's speech, and let the stage direction at the beginning be, "Enter Antonio, Felice, and Mellida," the last of whom goes out again as soon as she has told Antonio that she has lost his note. Felice, who by this time has been let into the secret about Antonio, has told him what has happened about the Duke and the note. The stage direction, "Here apparently," etc., is absurd, and should be marked out. Antonio, who sees no way out of this new difficulty, indulges in a Marstonian vein of verbose rodomontade, which makes the reader earnestly desire without further delay to have the opportunity to "weep Antonio's fate and sigh his funeral." Felice's shrewdness is equal to the difficulties of the occasion, and he prevails upon Antonio to disguise himself in a discarded sailor's suit that Felice has by him, and, just as Antonio has gone off to do so, Piero enters with his train, congratulating himself on his cleverness in having picked up a piece of paper that lay immediately under his nose. Antonio returns disguised, and so effectually that, without being discovered, he is able to join with the others in the hue-and-cry after himself, and is so enthusiastic in the matter that he obtains from Piero a ring which may afterwards serve him in good stead, and also some money, which no doubt will be useful for board and travelling expenses. Mellida, disguised as a page, also passes out undetected under her father's nose. The stage directions here are very meagre, but they can easily be supplied by the attentive reader. The scene closes with a characteristic brag and withdrawal from Castilio, given in Marston's telling, caustic way.

L. M. Griffiths.

(To be continued.)

BROWNING'S FORM.



ONE reason for the many divergencies of opinion upon artistic matters is a want of agreement upon definitions. People who really think quite alike as to things are all at sea in regard to the words which stand for things.

Now, I understand the present discussion to refer to Browning's poetic form, or to his theory of verse as an art, based upon rhythm and melody. I will not ask, What is poetry? The question has never yet been satisfactorily answered, and probably it never will be. But it is permissible to inquire, What is the difference between prose and verse? It is astonishing how few people really know. They insist upon lugging in considerations of quantity, alliteration, and assonance, and devices from the classic tongues, much to the confusion of the subject; they are led astray by tricks of rhyme and fail to mark the distinction between rhythm and metre. Broadly, we may say that, in modern English, the difference between prose and verse lies in regularity of accentuation. Recurrence of accent at stated and uniform intervals constitutes verse, and the kinds of verse are classified according to the length of the intervals and the position of the accents,—that is to say, according as the rhythm is ascending (passing from an unaccented to an accented syllable) or descending (passing from an accented to an unaccented syllable). Thus we have the four simple metres,—ascending and descending dissyllabic, and ascending and descending trisyllabic; or, as they are commonly called, the iambic, trochaic, anapæstic, and dactylic measures.

Without stopping to go into any of the other and more complex measures, we may say that, in fixing our attention upon the *form* of a poet (without reference, of course, to the more essential conditions of his existence as a poet), we can best proceed by noting

how closely he has conformed to metrical laws and how far his variations from those laws are the result of deliberate intention, for that they frequently are the result of intention goes without saying. A rigid observance of the scientific rules of versification leads to the production of lines which are monotonous in the extreme and utterly repugnant to the finely-attuned ear; hence a writer must break the rules or mar his work. Even Pope, the accepted sample of technical perfection, does not dare to be always "correct" according to the *dicta* of his master, Boileau. If anything were needed to condemn the attempt to reduce poetry, in its external relations, to a statement of scientific principles, this fact should suffice.

But, keeping in view the somewhat rigid limitations implied by the title of this evening's discussion, we are confined to an application of the established rules of English metrical arrangement to Browning, as a test of the correctness of his theory of verse, and, so applying them, we find that, while maintaining an outward freedom of movement, he has conformed with reasonable fidelity to the mechanical laws.

A certain Cambridge man has been at great pains to tabulate a comparison of results obtained from an examination of passages of similar length from Milton, Tennyson, and Browning. The passages selected are: from Milton, "Paradise Regained," 1, 100-200; from Tennyson, parts of the "Gardener's Daughter," "Enoch Arden," "Lucretius," "Gareth and Lynnette;" and from Browning, parts of "Aristophanes' Apology" and a selection from the fourth book of "The Ring and the Book."

From the details given I have averaged the number of departures from the fixed metrical rule, with the following result:

	MILTON.	TENNYSON.	BROWNING.
Unwarranted <i>internal</i> pauses	74	58	45
<i>Feminine</i> endings	11	9	1
Substitution of disallowed feet, to wit:			
Pyrrhic	53	60	31
Spondaic	72	52	80
Trochaic	34	37	65
Anapæstic	36	30	57
Dactylic	2	1	2

From these figures it would appear that, so far as false breaks are concerned (by which I mean pauses unwarranted by the regular time-beat and having no reference to the proper cæsural pause), Browning has sinned less than either of those with whom he is here compared, his total lapses being but 45, against 58 for Tennyson and 74 for Milton. In the unwarranted use of the feminine ending his case is still better, it being well known that Browning rarely affects this form; there is but one instance of it in that portion of "The Ring and the Book" here examined. When, however, we come to the substitution of feet,—that is, to the use of feet other than iambs in an iambic verse,—we find Browning departing widely from metrical laws, especially in his employment of the spondee and trochee. Moreover, owing to the prevalence of truncated lines and of slurrings and catch-notes, his verses are frequently susceptible of two or more entirely different scansions. Thus, Dr. Abbott reads as an amphibrach the line—

Dirck galloped, | I galloped, | we galloped | all three,

while Mr. Mayer contends that it is an anapæst, thus :

Dirck gal- | loped, I gal- | loped, we gal- | loped all three,

and, as the normal metre of the "Good News from Ghent" is anapæstic, analogy points to the correctness of the latter reading.

So much for the machinery. I do not at all regard this sort of thing as adequate criticism, and I have little sympathy with those who would measure nectar in a quart mug. For, after all, what does it matter? The real question to be asked is not, "Is Browning mechanically correct?" but, "Is he artistically true?"

Says Mr. John Addington Symonds :

"English blank verse is made up normally of ten syllables, so disposed that five beats occur at regular intervals, giving the effect of an iambic rhythm. Johnson was wrong in condemning deviation from this ideal structure as inharmonious. It is precisely such deviation that constitutes the beauty of blank verse. A verse may often have more than ten syllables, and more or less than five accents, but it must carry so much sound as shall be a satisfactory equivalent for ten syllables, and must have its accents arranged so as to content an ear prepared for five."

This is essentially true; it is the gist of the whole matter. You cannot formulate intangible essences. However amenable poetry may be to law, it stands in implacable opposition to the methods of science, and even the mechanism of verse breaks down under the weight of the exceptions which prove the rule.

The late Sidney Lanier (who might, I think, have been America's greatest poet, had he lived) evolved an elaborate treatise wherein he tried to formulate a system of poetics based upon the musical notation. This book, "*The Science of English Verse*," is, as you all know, one of the most valuable of recent contributions to technical literature. But Lanier was too true a poet to practise what he preached. He evolved his metrical laws from his brain, but his poetry came hot from his heart.

We must seek to judge of a writer's form by something better than scansion. Let us, then, in the case of Browning, turn for a few minutes to those mannerisms which individualize him even while they injure the external beauty of his work.

As a melodist Browning labors under two disadvantages: first, his tendency to inversion and oblique methods of expression; and, secondly, his diffuseness. As to the first of these difficulties, I take it that the necessity of clearness in poetic expression is an accepted fact. Whether or not a poem should be clear in statement is not a matter of opinion at all. That it should be so is a canon of art,—a law crystallized from the experience of centuries and arising out of the accepted judgments of the masters in all climes. By this I do not mean to assert that poetry should not deal with the profoundest themes, but I mean that, the nature of the thought being given, its embodiment should be as simple as is compatible with adequate rhythmical expression. There is no greater error than the assumption that a turgid expression indicates profundity of thought. The precise reverse is true. Read the best work of De Quincey or of Matthew Arnold, in prose, and note how the deepest problems of life are handled in a style whose lucidity is the first of its charms. Or, in verse, read Wordsworth's great Ode, dealing with the truths of life, death, and immortality, and weighty with psychological suggestion and intimations of metempsychosis; it is as clear as a moun-

tain stream. The mistake which I believe Wordsworth made was, not that he stood out for absolute simplicity, but that he sometimes sought to embody grave truths of universal application in language suited to light themes of only temporary import. He did not always adapt his vehicle to the load which it had to carry; hence, in the effort to avoid complexity, he ran into baldness and unpoetical rigidity. Browning falls into the opposite mistake of embodying, not only deep philosophic truths, but even light, artistic impressions, in language which is strained and far-fetched and needlessly complicated by inverted grammatical constructions and ellipses.

Some one may remind me that the thought is always worth the finding,—that the gem will repay the labor of unearthing it. I reply that the truly great artist never demands this labor; his gems of thought are his pride, his delight, his life; he aims to present them clothed in imagery which, however ornate, never obscures the inner glory and radiant perfection of them. It is only with the diplomatist that language was made to conceal thought; with the poet language is the crystal medium through which thought becomes the most quickly apparent. Now, this tendency of Browning towards what all the world has come to call his obscurity, is the first great drawback to his giving the best expression to his lyrical moods. He seems to be his own Nemesis, deliberately breaking his melody and marring his harmonies for the sake of indulging in verbal gymnastics, which are only interesting as phenomena.

The second drawback—his diffuseness—produces a like result by a different method, and, though of less immediate effect in his lyrics, is the bar to his success as a dramatist. I do not suppose any one will deny to Browning the possession of a dramatic instinct of the very highest order; but he lacks the ability (or the inclination) to compress his utterance within the limits of stage requirements, and that is why he never wrote a good acting play. While his personages are philosophizing about their subjective impressions through pages of monologue, the action halts and interest dies. Action is the soul of drama. A play (whether a poem or not) must be succinct, direct, logical in sequence. A poem (whether a play or not) must be “simple, sensuous, passionate;” its fundamental idea must be susceptible of artistic interpretation, the outward expression of that

idea compact and rhythmically true. If the work conforms to these requirements, we need not worry about the music of it; the music is there already.

Now, summing up what has been said with regard to the purely technical part of verse-building, and more especially with regard to the broader artistic laws which lie at the base of all poetic work, we are inevitably led to one conclusion concerning Browning's form and his theory of poetry as an art based upon rhythm and melody,—namely, that in all his greatest themes he has held the matter of his philosophy so far above the manner of its expression, that his longest works fall outside the category of literary *works of art*, and therefore, however great they may be, they cannot be considered within the limits of this discussion.

Coming next to his dramas, we find that he has subordinated rhythmical movement and action to didacticism, and, by diluting his thought with unnecessary words, has weakened some of the finest imagery in the language. We must say, then, that in this department Browning is an offender against taste, though we are compelled by every sentiment of justice to award unfeigned admiration to his magnificent dramatic insight and feeling.

Thus at last we come to the shorter lyrics, to that part of Browning which I believe to be his best in every sense,—to that part of him which alone will secure his immortality. Here we have Browning the poet, Browning the singer, the Browning who reaches our hearts and takes us by the hand in sweet comradeship,—who brings laughter to our lips, who floods our eyelids with the tears of a common humanity. He who has known deep grief here finds a consoler. He who quaffs the light foam from life's sparkling cup here finds a brother reveller. And to him who has learned the lesson of a great love, who comes so close as Robert Browning?

Here at last he does show us how true is his art. The form is true because it gives adequate expression to so true an inspiration. Rhythm and melody abound: they could not be absent. And so when the question is asked, Is Browning's form here based upon artistic laws? we can answer with a whole heart, Yes.

Francis Howard Williams.

SHAKESPEARE COMMEMORATIONS.

PART II.—1849 to 1860.

IN THE history of Shakespeare Commemorations, the few eventful years are followed by many uneventful ones. After "the feast of reason" from town wits, comes the heavy chat of old-fashioned country Squires or Justices of the Peace. At the festival of 1849 the company was purely a local one. Not that a festival is any the worse for being resorted to by the neighboring people; rather the reverse, because it shows that a prophet *is* honored in his own country; but the advent of an eminent disciple from outside the shire undoubtedly does give its fillip to proceedings of this kind. The Commemoration of 1849, however, had not the advantage of an illustrious "foreigner," but was simply an assembly of Shakespeare's own countrymen. Dr. Thomson, of Leamington, was the chairman of the day, and Mine Host of the Falcon the furnisher of the feast. There was one item in the proceedings to relieve them from being humdrum. This was the announcement, bringing joy to the heart of every lover of the poet there or elsewhere, that the purchase of Shakespeare's House by the Club had been completed during the past year.

The three years immediately succeeding 1849 have little to commend them to the notice of the historian. Dr. Thomson was chairman for 1850; Mr. Mark Phillips, of Welcombe, high sheriff of Warwickshire, for 1851; and Charles Holte Bracebridge, of Ashton Hall, for 1852. The usual feasts were held in Shakespeare Hall, and the year's report of "The Royal Shakespeare Club" read; beyond that there was nothing to rank these Commemorations any higher than a Squire's birthday dinner, given in a gayly flagged and festooned hall.

To many readers of this paper it will no doubt be a matter of surprise to find the actors' calling so very meanly represented at these performances. With the exception of the visit of Sheridan Knowles, who was a player as well as a playwright, in 1837, there was, up to 1853, almost an entire absence of the sock and buskin element. In 1835, Mrs. Nesbitt appeared at Stratford-on-Avon in "As You Like it," and Edmund Kean was also a celebrated and welcome visitor there in 1829. Charles Kean and Charles Kemble, too, did, upon occasion, honor the immortal dramatist by appearing at his birthplace upon his birthday; but these visits were before the commencement of the Victorian dynasty, and it is a fact that for many subsequent years the Shakespeare Commemorations at Stratford-on-Avon were unadorned by the presence of leading lights of the dramatic world. This long poverty in actors' homage, therefore, makes the festival of 1853 a rather noted one, and gives it a right to the title of "Theatrical Commemoration." Mr. Benjamin Webster, comedian, and manager of the Adelphi Theatre, London, was the chairman of 1853; he was supported in the vice-chair by Charles Kemble, who had long been retired from the stage, of which at one time he was an ornament. There were also other actors present, of lesser, though respectable, note, and, as might be expected under the circumstances, the proceedings were essentially theatrical. Mr. James Bennett, of the Birmingham Theatre Royal, recited an ode called "The Grave of Shakespeare," the celebrated Mr. Vandenhoff, an actor at that time almost better known in America than in England, effectively delivered a very graceful Shakespeare Oration, and this Commemoration was a better attempt to do honor to Shakespeare by practical illustrations of his works than had been made for some years.

The Commemoration of 1854 was presided over by Mr. Edgar Flower, of Stratford-on-Avon; that of 1855, by Chandos Wren Hoskyns, of Wroxhall Abbey; and that of 1856, by Benjamin Webster, of the Adelphi Theatre, London. There was nothing in any of them to call for special comment. Each one of them was a simple reiteration of the regular feast, which Leigh Hunt wished to see served up in tavern and dwelling.

In 1857 the attempts to isolate and protect Shakespeare's House were brought to a successful issue. The cottages at the north and house at the south were razed, and other improvements effected at a cost of £2500; the money being the gift of John Shakespeare, of Worthington Field, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The Royal Shakespeare Club, as was its wont, on the 23d of April, met in Shakespeare Hall. At this meeting it was resolved "that the handsome sum of £50, so generously given by Mr. John Tallis, of London, to the Royal Shakespeare Club, be invested, and the interest appropriated to the assisting in the celebration of the Poet's birthday." Mr. J. Payne Collier was chairman at the Commemoration dinner, at which one hundred guests sat down, including the brothers Charles and Edgar Flower. Upon this occasion toasts were numerous and well delivered, the eminent Dr. Kingsley making a great hit with "England and Saint George." The Rev. George Granville, Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, was also present, and took a leading part in the Commemoration.

The theatrical spirit from this date onward became a potent one. Leading actors recognized it, and were right in recognizing it, as a sort of duty to the greatest of all dramatists to appear at Stratford-on-Avon at each recurrence of his birthday. At the Commemoration of 1858, we thus find John Baldwin Buckstone, of the Haymarket Theatre, in the chair. The late Mr. Edward Laman Blanchard, so well known in the world of letters as a neat and graceful versifier, was also present, and the company was one representative of many callings, from the parson to the player, and from the lord of the manor to the jovial agriculturist. A feature of this Commemoration was the reading of "Hamlet" by the Rev. Julian Charles Young, Vicar of the village of Ilmington. Mr. Young was a relative of that Charles Mayne Young who in the "twenties" won so great a success as a tragedian, and especially as a delineator of Shakespearian characters.

Encouraged by the success of the preceding year, The Royal Shakespeare Club determined to make the Commemorations as strongly theatrical as possible. To this end the committee prevailed upon Mr. W. H. Tilbury, of Drury Lane Theatre, to preside

at the festival of 1859. It was also decided to engage Mr. Walter Montgomery, an actor of repute in those days, to give a series of Shakespearian selections. Such attractions could not fail to make their influence felt, and it was no doubt owing to them that the Commemoration of 1859 was a marked improvement upon some of its forerunners. The selections recited by Mr. Montgomery were The Seven Ages of Man from "As You Like It," the grave scene from "Hamlet," and the Queen Mab speech from "Romeo and Juliet."

Not only at Stratford-on-Avon was Shakespeare commemorated in the year 1859. There was another celebration held in Aston Hall, Birmingham, which was presided over by William Schofield, M.P. for the town. No less than two hundred and fifty admirers of Shakespeare assembled in the great gallery of the Hall to drink in silence to "The Immortal Memory of Shakespeare," a toast proposed by Mr. Sebastian Evans. A Shakespearian Ode of great beauty, written by Mr. J. A. Langford, was recited at this Commemoration. One verse was as follows :

"O large of heart, with all to feel!
O pure of sight, all things to see!
O rich in love, who could reveal
Life's ever-changing mystery!
With tongue to sing and brain to think and plan,
Our Shakespeare soars 'bove all, the song-inspiring man!"

The Stratford-on-Avon Commemoration of 1860 was noted for a general holiday, and for the liveliness which attended the performances of the Rifle Corps and the evolutions of the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry. At the evening dinner, in Shakespeare Hall, the Rev. Julian Charles Young was chairman, and Mr. Walter Montgomery again gave interesting recitals.

George Morley.

THE TRAGIC MOTIVE OF "IN A BALCONY."



FOR the brief space of something more than an hour, upon a balcony, under a canopy of summer stars, to the sound of dance-music from within, three positive and deftly-drawn individualities, in the form of the *dramatis personæ* of "In a Balcony," step forth, and present the conflict of human passions, in the precarious environment of court and court tradition. The summer night seems surcharged with electricity,—the spectator at this condensed tragedy, with tense nerve and expectant ear and eye, breathlessly awaits the falling of the bolt. He does not need the cessation of the music, nor the "measured, heavy tread" of the approaching guard, to confirm his feeling, that from the outset a dire catastrophe is inevitable; it is foreshadowed in that first monosyllable, "Now!" of Norbert's, to which the consummative "Hist!" of Constance's is but the logical and artistic complement.

Thus the poet has succeeded to a remarkable degree in creating the appropriate setting to this picture of intense life. The tragic motive of the poem is engendered by the juxtaposition of truth and worldly ambition, and the inevitable struggle between them for ascendancy: truth, as it ever must be, is triumphant, but, in this case, at a tremendous cost. That the meaning of certain passages of the text is involved, is due to the complexity of motive induced by the discordant elements which form Constance's character, rather than to any wilful obscurity of diction. Despite the involved motive, the length of the speeches, and maugre all stage directions, "In a Balcony," being acted, as has been the case within the past few years, both in London and Boston, may be said to have stood the dramatic and artistic test with a result in no wise unflattering to Robert Browning, "writer of plays." It must be added that, though

the performances in the latter city were given by amateurs, the interest created was intense, due primarily to the remarkable dramatic force of the poem, a force which is not excelled, if equalled, by the so-called dramas.

This much of the poem itself. Of the three positive individualities which make up the *dramatis personæ*, the Queen is the tragic, Norbert the heroic, Constance (humanly speaking) the interesting figure. The contrast between the outward and inward state of the Queen is so powerfully conceived, so distinctly drawn, as to render her overwhelmingly, almost uniquely, tragic. She stands forth from her background of unrealities, the wan dictatress of all that regal show, the while her heart is starved. The need of love, as the fulfilment of a woman's destiny, be she queen or lady-in-waiting, our poet recognizes as a prime factor in life. This queen is prematurely old, without personal charm, with an immense heart-capacity, which for fifty years, despite her married state, has gone unsatisfied, and now, when it thinks to have attained its desire, is awakened to the fact that it has been deceived, and is once more cast back upon despair. Where in fictitious literature can be found an equally pathetic and tragic figure, unless it be that of King Lear? It is a character as simple and transparent as that of a child, its sole and natural motive, love-craving, created by the dearth of honest affection, in an environment of flattery and the semblance of things. No wonder, then, that in the terrible revulsion of seeing heaven open, only to close upon her with cruel force, the worst instincts of the Queen's nature should be aroused (as we are led to infer), and that, like a starving creature, wild with hunger, she should fall upon her prey.

The character of Norbert is simple, direct, heroic; he is an exceptional man in this,—that love and not ambition is his ruling motive. Here is a soul with whom it is refreshment to come in contact, one who, through the intricacies of state-craft, has worked his way, keeping one aim in view,—viz., the possession of the woman he recognizes as his own,—yet has retained his simplicity and integrity, and finally, through love alone, is enticed to a mode of action foreign to his nature. Yet his yielding to Constance's per-

suasion is the exact thing we expect from such a nature; his whole being is centred in his love for her,—a love such as a woman may feel sure of to the end of time: trust begotten of such love, though it err in judgment, who can for a moment condemn? Not a brilliant man this, perhaps, but, what is better, a purposeful one, slow, patient, persistent; the advocate of truth as the strong thing, he illumines by its steady beam the sinuous path of human endeavor, thereby cheering the heart and reviving one's hope of the heroic.

Constance is the character upon which discussion centres, because so very human, therefore complex, therefore interesting. One of Browning's latest lines may be applied to her,—

“What is she? Her human self,—no lower word will serve.”

The frequent misconception of her character seems, to the mind of the writer, to lie in the fact that her critics are eager to prove her either good or bad, drawing too arbitrary an ethical line through her fascinatingly complex personality. She is neither saint nor sinner, but, like a large proportion of the human race, compounded of both. Human nature should first be “interesting,” says Matthew Arnold. Whatever may be said for or against Constance, she meets this requirement. First of all, let it be remembered that she is young; added to an emotional, impulsive nature is the brain of a clever woman; reared in the court, she is dependent upon her cousin and patroness, the Queen. Norbert sees her, falls in love with her, as she with him. In order to be near her, he gives his service in the Queen's behalf, and as prime minister has completed his “wonderful year's work.” He believes that the time has now come to disclose to his sovereign his love of her cousin, and to claim her hand in reward of his labor.

This point of view is in perfect keeping with Norbert's straightforward character. Why does Constance argue against this direct course? Out of her love of Norbert, with the self-confidence of youth, she believes she knows him, as he cannot know himself; whether ambitious for herself or not, she is first and surely so for him; despite his failure to allow any end in view but that of love, she is assured, in her own mind, that ambition as an end must

sooner or later stir his pulse, and alas for love if the other and equally importunate claimant be not satisfied! She also flatters herself that she knows the Queen, as he cannot; "to bring this warm, real, struggling love in to her of a sudden,"—to her, the Queen, with her background of unrealities, whose lonely heart-condition Constance, with her woman's quick and sympathetic intuition, recognizes,—will be disastrous. Why? Does Constance believe the Queen to be in love with Norbert? No! emphatically no! but with true woman-instinct she feels how terrible a thing it will be for this heart-empty, disappointed Queen to look at happiness through the cousin's eyes; such strain upon the Queen's generosity of soul will be too great: her self-love will be piqued when she learns the truth,—that the year's devoted work has not been for love of the cause, which she considers to be identical with herself, as sovereign, but to obtain the cousin's hand. Norbert's worldly prospects will be o'erthrown; he may gain her who is already his in spirit, but lose all else.

In this predicament, the course for Norbert, Constance thinks, is clearly that of the courtier: "nor yet be very false," by flattery of the Queen, and implied devotion to herself and cause, he shall so rouse her generosity as to make it occur to her to *give* the very thing he would ask. Such advice is dangerous, reprehensible perhaps, viewed by the common ethical standard, but, given the woman and the situation, it is a natural outgrowth, and pardonable: it is the fault of the head rather than of the heart. If, on the other hand, the advice were given with positive knowledge of the Queen's passion, or susceptibility to passion, for Norbert, then it is treacherous and cruel, and ranks Constance with the sinner. The question now arises, if Constance had no such knowledge, why this enforced secrecy on the part of Norbert and herself? Why should their mutual passion be forced to such underhand expression, as in the "long-planned chance meetings," etc.? What had they to fear? Nothing palpable; but court atmosphere is promotive of secrecy. Constance is the dependent cousin, while Norbert is the exalted first favorite. Consider, also, the difficulty of any natural self-expression in the midst of "unlovely, laboring days" and court

ceremony ; moreover, the time has not been ripe for Norbert openly to avow himself.

What may be said of Constance's attempt at "vain self-sacrifice?" After her interview with the Queen, when Norbert once more appears upon the scene, why does not Constance tell him the truth? She cannot forego her ambitious hopes for him ; she loves the Queen, and now that she knows the truth, pities her ; if she can make the Queen happy by tempting Norbert "with a crown," she will at the same time assure his career and discharge her debt of love and obligation to her benefactress. In her interview with Norbert before the Queen's second entrance, Constance's words, "I am yours, Norbert ! . . . Not till now ! you were mine ; now I give myself to you," sound the note of a deliberate self-sacrifice, but either from lack of courage or time, or because it is so hard to speak the convincing word which will cost her her lover, she fails to announce her purpose till they are surprised by the sudden entrance of the Queen. Then the desperateness of the situation, which Constance has herself evoked by evasion of the open course of truth, leaves her no alternative between full confession and this of the "vain self-sacrifice." All of her ambitious hopes for Norbert are staked upon this her last straw—and she loses. There is much that is noble in the sacrifice, so far as the Queen is concerned, albeit the Queen's well-being is not the leading motive thereto ; where Norbert is concerned, it is worse than vain, it is an insult to his integrity of soul. At the time, Constance ignores this fact, which later she tacitly acknowledges in the words, "Tempting him with a crown."

A less noble man than Norbert would, at that crucial and final moment, have met the woman he loved half-way, and thus her end would have been gained ; but he would not stoop.

"Truth is the strong thing."

Alice Kent Robertson.

THE STUDY.

SHAKSPERE FAMILY ANNALS.

BY PROFESSOR W. CLARKE ROBINSON, M.A., Ph.D., B.Sc.

(Concluded from May number.)

1602. May. The poet bought 107 acres of arable land at Stratford, for £320; in his absence the conveyance was given over to his brother Gilbert.

1602. 28 Sept. The poet bought a house, with barns, orchards, and gardens, from Hercules Underhill for £60; also a cottage close to his house of "New Place."

1603. 15 March. James I. sent $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of red bunting each, to nine of the "King's Players," including the name of "William Shakspeare."

1603. 17 May. James I. licensed Shakspeare's Company as the "King's Players."

1604. William Shakspeare sued Philip Rogers in Stratford Court for £1.15.10 worth of malt.

1605. The poet bought the 32 years' lease of half of Stratford tithes for £440.

1605. Augustine Phillipps, "player," bequeathed the poet 30s.

1607. 7 June. The poet's daughter, Susanna, married Dr. Hall.

1607. 31 Dec. Edmund Shakspeare, poet's youngest brother, buried in London, 20s. being paid for "knell of the great bell."

1608. 21 Feb. Elizabeth Hall, the poet's grandchild, baptized.

1608. 9 Sept. Mary Shakspeare, the poet's mother, buried.

1608. 16 Oct. William Shakspeare stands godfather to William Walker (to whom he leaves in his will 20s. in gold).

1608. The poet sues John Addenbrooke's bail for £6, and gets the money, with £1.4.0 for costs.

1611. 11 August. Hamnet, the poet's only son, died at Stratford.

1611. 11 Sept. William Shakspeare backs a petition to Parliament for repairing the highways.

1612. William Shakspeare mentioned in a lawsuit before Lord Ellesmere about Stratford tithes.

1613. 10 March. The poet buys a house near Blackfriar's Theatre for £140, and mortgages it next day for £60.

1614. 5 Sept. William Shakspeare mentioned among freeholders of Stratford and Welcombe.

1614. 8 October. Wm. Replingham agrees to repay Mr. Shakspeare for any loss in his tithes, arising from any enclosure or possible decrease of tillage in his fields.

1614. John Combe, Lord Warwick's bailiff, bequeaths to the poet £5.

1614. Stratford Corporation sends 2 quarts of wine, valued at *xxd.*, to preacher at "New Place."

1615. Sept. W. Shakspeare mentioned in Greene's diary as opposing the enclosure of Stratford Commons.

1616. Poet's second daughter, Judith, married Thomas Quiney.

1616. 25 March. Shakspeare signed his name on each of the three single sheets on which his will is written.

1616. 23 April. William Shakspeare died at "New Place." Buried, 25 April, in Stratford Church.

The poet's will leaves to Judith £300, and his "broad silver and gilt bowl;" to his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall, £100, and all the rest of his plate; to his sister, Mrs. Joan Harte, £70, and all his wearing apparel, and £5 to each of her three sons; his sword to Thomas Combe; £5 to Thomas Russell; £13.6.8 to Francis Collins; £1.6.8 each, for rings, "to my fellowes John Hemynges, Richard Burbage, Henry Cundell," and to Hamnet Sadler and William Reynolds; "New Place" and all his other freeholds and tenements to his daughter, Susanna Hall; and failing her male heirs, to his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall; and failing her to Judith and her heirs male; to his wife, his second best bed with the furniture. Susanna and Dr. Hall are named as his executors, with two overseers and five witnesses to the will,—£150 of Judith's legacy was made conditional on her surviving her father 3 years.

1649. Died, Susanna Shaksperc Hall; she had one daughter, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth Hall, the poet's grandchild, married twice: 1. Thomas Nashe of Stratford; Mrs. Nashe entertained Queen Henrietta for three weeks in "New Place." 2. Sir John Barnham. She died in 1670, as the last of Shaksperc's line.

1661. Died, Judith Shaksperc Quiney; she had 3 sons,—“Shaksperc,” Richard, Thomas,—who all died young.

SHAKESPEARE QUESTIONS.

NEEDING NO OTHER TEXT-BOOK THAN “SHAKESPEARE.”

SEVERAL years ago a correspondent made the following suggestions to young people or others beginning to read and study Shakespeare. As more elaborate directions are often given and elementary ones forgotten, such simple suggestions as these are perhaps the more needed:

- I. Study Shakespeare and not his commentators.
- II. Avoid discussions upon conjectural readings.
- III. Study first for the import of the entire play, leaving all obscure readings and passages for *second* study.
- IV. Finally round up the study of the play with all the light that the writers and critics can give, thus making the play remain fixed in the mind of the student in all its power and completeness, and the characters stand out as living beings.

E. I. H. H.

GERMANTOWN.

A fifth suggestion might be added: Go and see the plays acted as often as possible, for they were written for the stage, and call for enjoyment and appreciation from their dramatic intention and workmanship. And a sixth: Make as many comparisons as possible with similar situations in the other plays and in works of other writers, and notice the different phases and different treatment of the subject.

As a contribution in aid of the study of Shakespeare, and Shakespeare only, the following questions on the "Merchant of Venice" are here offered:

Why was Antonio sad? Was his sadness a habit or a mood? Had the circumstances of the play something to do with it? Do the two causes of it assigned by Salanio and Salarino explain it (i. 1. 8-40 and 46)? Did Gratiano understand Antonio aright (74-76 and 81-102)? What does Bassanio mean by asking Salanio and Salanio "When shall we laugh?" Is there any special significance in their leaving as soon as he enters (61)? Why do Lorenzo and Gratiano go away too (69)? Do you think Antonio expected such a revelation as Bassanio made (119-121)? Was Bassanio guarded at first (122-152)? Why? Do you think he was at all afraid Antonio wouldn't help him? Does he grow more impulsive? Which is he more taken with, Portia's "fair speechless messages" or the hope to "get clear" of all the debts he owed? Had Portia and he met before (i. 1. 163, also i. 3. 123-133, ii. 9. 99-101)?

When Shylock says, with coolness, "Antonio is a good man," does Bassanio's reply show resentment, fear that he may not be so rich as he was supposed, or anxiety (i. 3. 12, 13)? Do you think Shylock meant mischief from the first (i. 1. 42-53; "But yet I'll go in hate," ii. 5. 13; "When I was with him I have heard him swear that he would rather have Antonio's flesh," etc., iii. 2. 286-290; "This is the fool who lent out money gratis," and "But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs," iii. 3, iii. 1. 46-47, and iv. 1. 46-62 and 67)? How much do you think is fair to attribute to race prejudice in Antonio's disdain of Shylock, and in Shylock's hate of Antonio? Why does Bassanio suspect Shylock's bond more than Antonio does (i. 1. 153-183)? Is Launcelot's opinion of Bassanio superficial (ii. 2. 159-161)?

Do you think Antonio knew anything about Lorenzo's elopement (ii. 8. 1-11)? Why did Antonio come in search of Gratiano, and why does he say "Fie, fie!" (ii. 6. 60-68)? Would the masqueraders be likely to tell either Antonio or Bassanio their plans (ii. 2. 198-215, and "Nay, we shall slink away at supper-time," ii. 4.

I, etc.)? Was Lorenzo's coming to Belmont expected (iii. 2. 230-233)?

Does the talk of Salanio and Salarino (ii. 8., especially 46-52) throw any light on Antonio's sadness? Compare also his letter to Bassanio (iii. 2. 317, etc., and iv. 1. 265-279). Is Antonio the real hero of the play?

Do you think Bassanio's choice of the leaden casket significant of his character and his true love for Portia (iii. 2., especially 132-149 and 176)?

Do you think Portia right in resenting Bassanio's proposal to sacrifice his wife if he could save Antonio? Was Portia fair in tempting him so far to break his promise and give up the ring? Had Portia any cause to be jealous of Antonio? Do you think the play would be better without the fifth act?

Is "The Merchant" pre-eminently a play of revenge, of love, or of friendship?

P.

[To these questions—which were crowded out of the last two numbers of *POET-LORE*—the following just sent us, and in the same line, should be added.—*THE EDITORS.*]

MUCH of our reading fails of its best effects because the imagination is not kindled into a vivid realization of the scenes, passions, and motives which the words were intended to reveal. To this end the intellect and sympathies both must be quickened. This may be done by questions calculated to arouse as vigorous discussions of the characters and incidents as if they belonged to real life and the present.

I have used the following while studying "The Merchant of Venice:"

Is Bassanio a fortune-hunter? Cite passages indicating character of friendship between Bassanio and Antonio. Cite passages showing Portia's respect for authority. What evidence is there that Bassanio remained some time at Belmont before choosing?

Where is the climax of the play? Who first sees the new turn of affairs, and why?

Is the suspense in which Portia keeps the court necessary? What reasons does Antonio assign for Shylock's hatred? What seem to you to be the real reasons?

Do you pity Shylock?

Does the giving of the ring seem culpable to you?

What is the purpose of the last act?

Why is the play named for Antonio?

Into how many groups may the characters be divided? Who is at the centre of each, and by whom are the different groups bound together? Characterize the twelve most important characters.

What are the most highly dramatic parts of the play? the most lyric?

Caroline W. Daniels.

DRURY COLLEGE.

THE STAGE.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL PLAYS.



It is usual on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, a series of performances was given in the pretty Memorial Theatre, built through the munificence of Mr. Charles E. Flower, Stratford's great benefactor. Mr. Osmond Tearle superintended the plays, and he brought with him a very efficient company. The tragic muse of the poet was this year largely drawn upon, the opening play being "Othello," and this was succeeded by "King John" and "King Lear." The more noteworthy event, however, was the revival of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," a comedy which has not been produced in England for nearly fifty years. It was placed upon the stage with rare completeness. Mr. Flower is a stickler for good and appropriate scenery, and Mr. T. W. Hall, one of the best of scenic artists, was engaged several weeks in the preparation of the Milan street-scene, which was remarkable for its

rich coloring and fine perspective. The play went with a smoothness which is not often obtained in a first representation. Mr. Tearle played Valentine and Mrs. Tearle Silvia, and, although accustomed to tragic impersonations, they acquitted themselves in a very meritorious manner. The comedy was greatly enjoyed, and the splendid scenery evoked a great deal of enthusiasm. The best acted play of the week was undoubtedly "King John." Mr. Tearle was really great in the title *rôle*, his performance being profoundly conceived and elaborated with rare skill. Mrs. Tearle's Constance was an artistic triumph, her sincere love for her son being exhibited by the finest tokens. Miss Bessie Hatton, daughter of Mr. Joseph Hatton, the well-known novelist, gave a simple but effective representation of Prince Arthur, her acting winning the sympathy and plaudits of the audience. "King Lear" was admirably placed upon the stage, and, if the action had been slightly accelerated in some of the scenes, the performance would have been notable. Mr. Tearle was a fine exponent of the King, and in the heath-scene scored a great success. All the plays were splendidly mounted, and enjoyed by large and brilliant audiences. To show the increased popularity of this anniversary, it may be remarked that there were representatives of the press from France, Germany, Australia, and India.

George Boyden.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, April 28, 1890.

THE LIBRARY.

GOSSE, EDMUND. — "Robert Browning, Personalia." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York, 1890.

THE FACT most interesting to the literary student in Mr. Gosse's all too small volume on Browning is the true history of the first performances of "Strafford" and "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," a history which shows Macready in anything but a pleasant light and

casts some reflection on the statements in his own diary. Although Mr. Gosse first made public his knowledge in regard to these matters in a *Century* article nearly ten years ago, critic after critic has crowed over the failure of Browning's dramas. The reason for this persistent clinging to error in face of the truth must be sought for in their preconceived idea of the only sort of drama which ought to succeed, and, as Browning boldly avowed that his dramas were those of "action in character" rather than of "character in action," they wisely shook their heads and continued to think that the sun revolved around the earth. For had not an authority who is not to be questioned laid down the law of the drama in three closely-linked propositions, to this effect, "Action; again action; and always action"?

That it is time some new centre of *gravity* should be found for the drama is becoming evident in these degenerate days when much of the drama might most fitly be described as that of "scenery in action." Witness the recent performances of "As You Like It" by the Daly Company, when the audience were entertained for half an hour at a time with the progress across the stage of scenery representing the Forest of Arden, while the orchestra played Bishop's (or some other old worthy's) ready-made-to-order music. One could not rid one's self of the hallucination that old Prompter Downes was prowling about ready to note down in his diary, "[This evening] the long-expected Opera of ['As You Like It'] came forth in all her Ornaments; new Scenes, new Machines, new Cloaths. This Opera was Splendidly set out, especially in Scenes; the Charge of which amounted to above 800*l*."

Interesting as it would be to quote all that Mr. Gosse says upon the subject of these first performances of "Strafford" and "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," it would be hardly fair to steal so much of his fire. Let, rather, every one of our readers who desires to serve humanity and promulgate the truth act as his own Prometheus.

Besides the already-mentioned essay, originally written for the *Century*, which is a pleasing account of Browning's early literary career, the book also contains Mr. Gosse's recent article from the *New Review*, in which he relates his personal impressions of Browning.

Not having, nor claiming to have, much critical value, this little volume is almost invaluable for the glimpses it gives of the workings of the mind of the man, Browning, as caught by a specially intelligent observer. As he himself says, "The Browning of his own study was to the Browning of a dinner-party as a tiger is to a domestic cat," and while many are able to give dinner-party reminiscences, there are comparatively few who were privileged or perhaps had the power to arouse Browning to a free exhibition of the more subtle workings of his extraordinary intellectual faculties.

Helen A. Clarke.

SWINBURNE, A. C.—"A Study of Ben Jonson." Chatto & Windus: London; Worthington Co.: New York, 1889.

WE ARE strenuously advised by some who are themselves critics not to read books about books, but to read the books themselves. With a qualification this advice may be followed to some extent; but the effect of this sympathetic study of Ben Jonson, throughout which is plainly visible the hand of a practised master in literary art, will be to send the reader straightway to the works under consideration. He will, with this critic's kindly aid, be enabled to see the more subtle, more elusive traits of Jonson's genius; the beauties and excellences of his manner will be brought out and set in such light and perspective that they cannot fail of appreciation.

But the appreciation will be an intelligent one, for the critic compares the world's masterpieces and their creators, and places Jonson, not among the gods of the poetic Olympus, but supreme among the giants; and this too in the face of all the defects which he points out as inherent in Jonson's poetry. The one thing it lacks is *singing* power, that which in verse answers to fragrance in a flower. A strange fault to tax a writer with is that he took too much pains, and yet this is precisely what Swinburne does say. It was because Jonson had the defects of his qualities that he fell short of perfection. He overshot his mark because he took conscience as his guide in a purely æsthetical sense. Severe in exacting the best work from others, he was more inexorable towards himself. Had he been less encumbered with learning, had he allowed himself to revel more at

ease, and to indulge in the charm of spontaneity, he had achieved a more perfect success.

According to the *dictum* of Coleridge the three most perfect plots ever planned are the "Ædipus Tyrannus," "The Alchemist," and "Tom Jones;" but Swinburne demurs to the ranking of the last named with "the greatest of tragic and the greatest of comic triumphs in construction ever accomplished by the most consummate and the most conscientious among ancient and modern artists." Unstinted praise indeed, which will go far to placate the offended shade of the sturdy poet. Again, "the genius of Jonson was too great, and his character too noble for realism or naturalism of the meaner sort." He did not stoop to call attention to the more ignoble side of character.

Swinburne is of opinion that the four plays which show Jonson at his best are the one already noted, "Every Man in His Humor," "The Fox," and "The Staple of News." This last is especially remarkable for what we might term its prophetic note. Like the "Ecclesiazusæ" of Aristophanes, it satirizes some of the least commendable features of modern life.

It is when our critic passes on to notice the minor or miscellaneous works in verse that he can find nothing felicitous, nothing to praise: "filthy," "gross," "stiff" are the epithets he uses to characterize Jonson's efforts in this direction. Herein he differs from most of the critics, Saintsbury especially, who eulogizes "Drink to me only with thine eyes" as "magnificent," and "Underneath this sable hearse" as "the crown and flower of all epitaphs."

But the richest affluence of language is too poor to describe fittingly his deliberate judgment of the "Explorata" or "Discoveries," of which he says "that a single leaf is worth all of Jonson's lyrics, tragedies, elegies, and epigrams together." This high praise is well borne out by the extracts he selects, and we venture to say that for every hundred who know the exquisite songs of Jonson there will be but one who has enjoyed the "high and pure atmosphere of feeling and thought" to which the "Discoveries" introduces his readers.

Mary Lloyd.

DOWDEN, EDWARD, LL.D.—“*Lyrical Ballads.*” Reprinted from the First Edition of 1798, and edited by Dowden. David Nutt: London, 1890. (7s. 6d.)

THE SLOW grasp of the world on a new idea is called to mind again by the republication of an epoch-marking volume in the history of English poetry, which all lovers of literature will wish to own in its present shape. For this choice, vellum-backed, page-for-page, type-for-type reprint of the “*Lyrical Ballads,*” with just the right added notes and a preface, carries with it, of course, that remarkable “advertisement” of Wordsworth’s in which he found it necessary to explain to a barren world the unheard-of new principle that lay at the root of his collaboration with Coleridge, opening in this volume with the “*Ancyent Marinere*” and ending with “*Tintern Abbey.*” And this strange new principle, given in little in Wordsworth’s first sentence,—“It is the honourable characteristic of Poetry that its materials are to be found in every subject which can interest the human mind,”—is just the principle, in a new phase, yet agitating a large body of laggard critics who would exclude, for instance, the artistic claim of poetry having anything to do with a subject now unquestionably of interest to the human mind,—science, namely,—solely because it is used as subject-matter. Its treatment is, of course, another question whose critical legitimacy is nowise trenched upon in Wordsworth’s declaration. But the distinction is still befogged, the freedom of the creative eye and mind is still begrudged its natural way; Wordsworth’s evidence of the principle he bravely called “this fact” is still pertinent reading. Careful old “*Samyell Danyell*” found it necessary to make his curious apology for his choice of “*Philotas*” because a subject as far away as Macedon came close to Essex and home affairs, and we fight shy of Ibsen now because he stirs the intimate problem of heredity. Gods; then demi-gods; then heroes; then the acts of mere men; then that most real action of the characters of men and all that concerns them,—this is the poetic progression. Why should we blink the fact whose evidence, as Wordsworth said, is to be sought “not in the writings of critics but in those of poets themselves”? If they contain natural delineations, let us “consent to be pleased, in spite of that

most dreadful enemy to our pleasures, our own pre-established codes of decision."

Charlotte Porter.

PATER, WALTER.—"Appreciations, with an Essay on Style." Macmillan & Co.: London and New York, 1889.

MR. WALTER PATER, who has more style—*quâ* style—than any active worker of the day, devotes essays, in his "Appreciations," to "Measure for Measure," "Love's Labour's Lost," and Shakespeare's English kings. In the last, the essentially chronicle character of these historical plays is insisted upon, and much made of the eloquence of the kings. "Measure for Measure" he speaks of as remodelled, with much left untouched, and all full of Shakespeare's moral judgments. "Love's Labour's Lost," as one of the earliest of Shakespeare's dramas, has many of the peculiarities of his early poems, and Biron is, perhaps, a reflex of Shakespeare himself.

T. W.

BROWNING MEMORIAL PUBLICATIONS.—"Memorial to Robert Browning, under the Auspices of the Browning Society of Boston," King's Chapel, January 28: University Press, Cambridge, Mass. (for the Society), 1890. "Meeting of the Syracuse Browning Club," May Memorial Church, January 9: C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y., 1890.

THE DAINTY volume containing the programme and addresses of the Boston Browning Memorial Meeting is a fit souvenir of the interesting occasion, a brief account of which has already appeared in POET-LORE. Colonel T. W. Higginson's opening remarks are full of dignity and true appreciation. The memorial address by the Rev. Charles Carroll Everett, though not marked by much originality, is on the whole a fair and scholarly estimate of Browning's powers. Mr. Cranch's "Personal Reminiscences," Mr. Estes's "Remarks," and the original poems written for the occasion by Richard Watson Gilder and C. P. Cranch, make up the remainder of a volume not less interesting for its literary than for its historical value.

THE SYRACUSE CLUB is the oldest Browning Society in this country, and its every Thursday reading of Browning, since October, 1882, tells in the short suggestive papers collected in this one-hundred-page pamphlet. There is less contradiction and more thorough appreciation of the poet's many-sidedness, therefore, in its expressions than there could be in the papers of a younger club. Dr. C. J. Little's initial paper, "Browning's Use of History," is but four pages long, yet is full of significance in its bearing on the relations of poetry and history to truth, and Mr. C. de B. Mills—whose work on mythology, by the way, should be better known—brings out some fruitful comparisons with Goethe and Emerson, and some censure of Browning's optimism, which this Club and others would do well to examine on all sides. Mr. C. W. Bardeen collects in his paper many good estimates of critics, and adds an account of a call he made on Browning. Mr. E. W. Mundy's "Browning as a Theologian" is short and wise in its refusal to label the poet. Browning as a Help to Living, as an Artist, a Philosopher, a Dramatist, are the themes of papers by Mrs. J. L. Bagg, Mr. E. N. Merrill, Miss A. S. Huntington, and Mr. S. R. Calthrop.

SOCIETIES.

The Baltimore Shakespeare Club.—During the winter of 1889-90 the club held eleven meetings, at fortnightly intervals, and read and studied the plays of "Richard III.," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Troilus and Cressida," and "As You Like It." Papers were read during the winter by Henry P. Goddard on "Richard III.," George Whitelock on "Henry VI.," Dr. Edward Renouf on the plays of Henrik Ibsen, Rev. W. J. McIlvaine, Conway W. Sams, and Victor Smith on the play of "Much Ado," and Dr. J. W. Blight, of the Johns Hopkins University, on "The Sources of the Play of 'Troilus and Cressida.'"

Two "field" nights were held during the season, one on December 17, when a motion for a new trial of the case of "Shylock *vs.* Antonio" was argued before Judge Hugh L. Bond (of the U. S.

District Court) by six of the club lawyers,—Messrs. W. T. Brantley, W. L. Marbury, and A. H. Taylor for Shylock, and Messrs. Geo. Whitelock, W. S. Bryan, and Col. Richard Malcolm Johnson for Antonio. The arguments were very bright, and the learned judge was as brilliant and as witty in this moot court as he is in public life. Judgment was reserved. On April 30, at the final meeting, Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins University, read a paper upon “‘Macbeth,’ and its Position as compared with the Greek Tragedies.” This was a paper of great power, which will doubtless eventually be published among Dr. Gildersleeve’s works. The club closes its fifth year with forty members on its roll.

Henry P. Goddard.

The Normal College Shakespeare Class (N. Y.) has just been formed for the study of Shakespeare under the conduct of competent teachers. The first term began April 17, and will close May 29, the second term beginning in October. The class meets from 4–5 P.M. on Thursdays of the school year in the Alumnæ Library. Mrs. Hoagland has been chosen Director. The first play to be studied will be “Henry VIII.” Membership is open to all women. The dues depend upon the number who join the class; but they will be as low as possible, certainly not more than twenty-five cents a lesson. A reduction will be made to members of the Associate Alumnæ, under whose management the class is formed, and a committee of whom, consisting of Miss Anna M. Hunter (Chairman), Miss Helen Gray Cone, Miss Jessie M. Winterton, Miss Kathryn W. Price, Miss Lily Wood, Miss Marguerite Merington (President Associate Alumnæ), sign the announcement circular sent out April 7, 1890. The class will have access to the Shakespearian books in the Alumnæ Library. The list of these as given includes various useful and some indispensable works, which will no doubt form the nucleus of a good Shakespeare library.

The Ladies’ Literary Club of Grand Rapids, Michigan, sends us its current calendar, a pretty booklet of twenty-nine pages, prefaced by a picture of the new club-house, and giving, besides the names of officers, standing committees, and members, full programmes of its meetings under the three general divisions, as to subjects, of “Art and Literature,” “Science and Education,” and “History.” Special entertainments have also been given, the meeting of March 22 having been marked by a paper on “Browning as a Poet,” which was followed by discussion, and a dramatic reading of the “Blot in

the 'Scutcheon," while on April 26 "Shakespeare's Women" was the main subject.

The Shakespeariana Class works in connection with the Literary Club of Grand Rapids, and during the past session, its President, Mrs. L. Immen, writes us, has been doing excellent work. It has completed a study of "The Tempest" and begun that of "King Lear." On March 29, one of the days called "Presidents' Days" in the Literary Club's programme, twenty-four members of the Shakespeare Club gave the main points in "Julius Cæsar," reciting so as to bring out the subject as designated,—“A Conspiracy and its Result.” This treatment suggests Browning's "Soul's Tragedy" and Ogniben's pithy conclusion,—“I have known four-and-twenty leaders of revolts.” It would afford good comparative study. Shakespeare's Birthday was celebrated on the 23d, the following significant quotations ushering in the music, selections, etc., of the exercises: “Beseech you, be merry, you have cause—so have we all of joy;” “Where should this music be?” “Here is that which will give language to you;” “Beauties, wit, and wisdom of Shakespeare;” “The hour's now come! be attentive;” A Monologue (“Tempest,” 5, 1); “Our revels now are ended. We wish you peace.”

The New York Shakespeare Club presented an attractive programme at Mrs. C. J. Holman's, on the evening of the 23d of April, in celebration of the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. The programme embraced selections from “Tannhäuser,” sung by Miss Simonson; songs by Mrs. Dyett, Miss Mears, Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. Pray; a studious paper on “The Development of the Drama,” by James Clarence Harvey, and a recitation of the Courtship Scene from “Henry V.,” by Mrs. Wesley Smith. Miss M. V. Worstell, Mr. R. A. Harrison, and Mr. L. J. Vance were elected trustees for the term of three years, and Mr. Eugene Freyer for two years.

The Fellowcraft Club of New York City took occasion to celebrate the Shakespeare Anniversary of the 23d of April at its monthly dinner of that date, Mr. R. W. Gilder acting as toastmaster, and reading an original sonnet on the anniversary.

The Lincoln Browning Society.—A New Browning Society has been started this winter in Lincoln, Nebraska. It took its rise, we believe, from a Browning Entertainment which was given at the

Presbyterian Church, November 20. The programme for the evening consisted of readings from the Poet, music, and papers, the principal of which was Professor L. A. Sherman's paper "From Shakespeare to Browning." Professor Sherman gave an interesting outline of the growth of English literature, during which he said of Shakespeare that "The England of Shakespeare had for centuries grovelled upon the physical plane, and was just beginning in her higher circles to live the intellectual life,—not on the whole a high type of intellectual existence, but intense and eager. As a concomitant phenomenon of this intellectual outburst came Shakespeare, a solitary anticipation of what in these days has become common. He was the first great seer and leader in the secular spiritual life, the first great interpreter of spiritual mysteries in common things. He perceived that the ideal in art is the highest exponent of truth, the best expression of that spiritual value which resides in every form of nature. He was the first English genius to demonstrate that the mere statement of a fact is not an adequate presentation of that fact. But he lived alone, and unappreciated, passed for what he was not, failed to be taken for what he was."

He said that outside of Browning only one great poem had been written in this century,—"*In Memoriam*,"—closing with the following remarks:

"To push upward to the intellectual plane, to surround one's self with that which pleases the fancy, gratifies the taste, and stimulates the imagination, to live and move and have one's being not in the senses, but in the intellect,—this has come to be the cult of the few, a fashion among many. And it is well. For do we not read in this the fact that the Supreme Hand is lifting mankind upward just as fast as it will bear? The spiritual life seems no longer out of reach. Is not indeed the use of literature, as also the use of art, to prepare for and to enable this spiritual mode of existence to preserve and perpetuate all anticipations of it and contributions to it?"

The second meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer. About one hundred and fifty students of literature were present. The programme took the form of memorial exercises, and was as follows:

Andante from fifth symphony, Beethoven, Miss Minnie D. Cochran, Mrs. Will Owen Jones, Mr. G. C. Menzendorf; Reading—"Prospice," Mrs. T. H. Leavitt; Sketch of the poet's life, G. W. Gerwig; Italian homes and haunts of the Brownings, Professor Rachel Lloyd; Browning song—"I Go to Prove My Soul," H. J. W. Seamark; Browning's sympathy, Miss Phœbe Elliott; Browning's place in English and universal literature, Professor L. A. Sher-

man; Browning song—"How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," Rev. E. H. Chapin.

The literary entertainment over, the business of completing the organization of the society was begun. The committee on nomination, appointed at the first meeting, made a report, and the following officers were elected: President, Dr. A. Marine; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. S. C. Elliott, Mrs. C. H. Gere, Mrs. R. H. Oakley; Secretary, Mrs. M. D. Welch; Corresponding Secretary, Professor L. A. Sherman; Treasurer, H. H. Nicholson; Executive Committee, Mrs. L. C. Richards, Mrs. J. I. Underwood, Mrs. C. T. Brown, Rev. E. S. Ralston, Professor L. E. Hicks; Committee on Work and Entertainments, Mrs. George Wing, Mrs. D. L. Brace, Miss Phœbe Elliott, Mrs. A. S. Raymond, Rev. E. H. Chapin. The committee last named made a report before the dispersion of the company, laying out several lines of work, and a definite plan was adopted.

The Browning Club of Meadville has been engaged, since last autumn, in reading "The Ring and the Book." Though illness and other untoward circumstances combined to cause the smallest membership during our four years' existence, we felt that the 7th of May, Browning's birthday, could not be allowed to pass without some recognition. Accordingly an impromptu programme was arranged, with readings of the best-loved passages from Browning's poems, articles appreciative and commendatory from the leading periodicals, an essay on "Abt Vogler," by Mrs. A. E. Smith, one of our members, and Browning's own last words of wisdom and beauty from "Asolando." A little saddened by the thought that the voice of our incomparable poet would be forever silent, we still rejoiced that it gave no uncertain sound, but rang clear and true until the end.

A. Hempstead.

Miss Ford's Literary Circles (Nashville, Tenn.).—The third and most successful year of Miss Ford's Literary Circles has just closed. About eighty ladies constitute the membership of the four circles, meeting weekly for six months of the year, under the leadership of Miss M. E. Ford, who gives all her time to this work, and the growing interest, even amounting to enthusiasm, attests their appreciation of her ability. The first year was a preparatory course of English poetry. The second was spent in a study of the development of the English novel, beginning with the origin of the modern novel under Fielding and Richardson, and showing the changes and growth under Goldsmith, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray,

and George Eliot. The term just closed has been given to a study of Browning, with a few introductory lessons from our own poets, Lowell and Whittier. Of Lowell, some of the shorter poems which seem to reveal the inner man, as "My Love," "She Came and Went," "The Changeling," "The First Snowfall," "The Dead House," his tributes to Emerson, Irving, Hawthorne, Washington, and Lincoln, were followed by "The Vision of Sir Launfal," comparing its motive with that of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and its teachings with Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful" and Aldrich's "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book." "Prometheus" was compared with Shelley's, Mrs. Browning's translation of "Prometheus Bound," and Goethe's monologue "Prometheus." Whittier's poems in his "noon rest of life"—"Snow Bound," "Tent on the Beach," "Among the Hills," "Sunset on Bear Camp," showing nature as the background of higher poetic purpose and the portrayal of human nature—were followed by an analytic study of some of Browning's poems, "The Flight of the Duchess," "The Last Duchess," "Colombe's Birthday," "Saul," "Luria," and "Pippa Passes." There was music and teaching both for us in his poetry. It has been a profitable year; our prejudice, which we with many others held, is gone, the power of comprehending him quickened, and we look forward to further study at some future time. Miss Ford conducts a class in English literature at Monteagle, our summer Chautauqua, then goes to Paris for a year's study of French nineteenth-century literature with Victor Hugo as a basis.

Mrs. P. H. Manlove.

DEPARTMENT OF THE BROWNING SOCIETY OF THE NEW CENTURY CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.



THE sessions of the Browning Society in Philadelphia closed with the annual entertainment, held on Thursday evening, May 8. The evening opened with a paper from Mr. George Willis Cooke (an abstract of which follows); this was succeeded by Gounod's "Ave Maria," sung by

Mrs. Aline Osgood Dexter, with violin obligato by Mr. Louis Gaertner. Selections from "Balaustion's Adventure" were then recited by Miss May Ovington, of Brooklyn, and the evening was brought to a close by a song from Mrs. Dexter and a violin solo, Handel's "Largo," by Mr. Louis Gaertner.

"Browning is not a teacher of religion in the usual sense, for he is, first and last of all, a poet. He teaches religion only because religion is a part of life, inwoven with all which man is or can hope to become. If a man tries simply to live a sound ethical life, he touches some great religious problems. If he faces the experiences of life in a calm, earnest way, he beholds what gives religion its sanction and its power. If he tries to love his fellows in a tenderly faithful way, with the best spirit of a genuine altruism, the heart of all pure and undefiled religion is revealed to him. This is how it is that Browning, a dramatic poet, is a teacher of religion,—because nature cannot be looked at, or ethical probity sought, or life richly experienced without the dawning within one of the promise and potency of this highest expression of man's being.

"The very broad and naturalistic way in which Browning accepts religion may be seen in the fact that his love-poems are full of religious suggestions. What he conceives as the highest mission of love is identical with the highest mission of religion,—that is, to lead the soul through the experiences of life in such a way that those experiences in and of themselves may fit it for harmony with God and a true destiny. Love is the taking of the individual out of himself, the centring of his affections in one whose nature responds to and completes his own, and through that affection developing the social instinct and the recognition of the social good. It is not only the awakening and development of the spirit of altruism, but it is also the quickening into life of the spiritual nature itself, and the rousing that nature with a sense of its high purpose and destiny.

"On the thought side—and no less, but even more, on the feeling side—these poems are Browning's interpretation of life, his way of telling what a common experience may be in the soul's development. "The tragic element often pervades them: soul clashes with soul. Pain comes in struggle to purge and purify the nature; and, whether love thrives or is defeated, the soul which stands heroically fronting life gains by every experience, and rises to higher levels of being.

"Browning differs from most religious teachers as to the things which help to advance the true development of the soul. It is

usually said that faith will do this, or that it comes by the subjection of the lower to the higher nature. The breadth of Browning's view on this subject is a remarkable characteristic of his thought, and shows how able he is to guide our ideas and our practice in any attempt to solve the problems of religion. He does not see in faith, good works, or any other special formula the magic condition of the soul's growth. Rather, he believes, that every form of human experience may conduce to this end, that the educative process is as universal as the relations of man to the world. Faith will help in this process, sudden vision of truth will conduce to it, righteous living will aid in reaching this end; but no one of these, or all of them together, is a panacea for the soul's defect. He holds that we are to use all earthly opportunities for the training of the soul; that no experience is to be scorned; that the whole man—body, passion, emotion, conscience, intellect—is to take part in the work of development. It is not the spiritual nature which is to be perfected, nor yet the moral nature; not imagination, will, or heart, but the whole man, the man as a living soul.

"Such thinkers as Goethe, Carlyle, and Emerson have been largely influenced by Kant in holding to the position that ethics is the foundation element in religion, and that man is regenerated by a life of altruism. This is the conclusion of Goethe's "*Faust*," in which *Faust* comes to a peaceful end of his struggles and conflicts because he learns to serve his fellow-men. He does not find truth, but he does find satisfaction and happiness in doing good. In a large measure Browning reaches the same conclusion when he correlates love and knowledge, and when he makes knowledge the result of love. It is love for which man should live, and not for the gaining of knowledge. Browning, however, does not find that religion begins or ends in the ethical life, or that doing good brings man the final outcome of his being. He recognizes a super-sensuous element in religion, and he sees in the Christ a union of man's nature with that of God. Altruism is to him a means rather than an end; the result of it being not a happy and harmonious mankind on earth, so much as a growing spiritual humanity made one with God in the life eternal.

"Wordsworth and Emerson saw God in nature, and they believed that the universe is suffused with his presence. That gave them a remarkable interest in the natural world, made them habitual students of it, and attracted them to all its forms and manifestations. They saw in nature a revelation of God, a direct expression of his law, and the methods of his operation, and to them communion with nature was a real and also an ecstatic experience.

"If we substitute humanity for nature we shall find in Browning very nearly the same attitude and frame of mind. He believes that humanity in its individual lives and experiences is suffused with the presence of God, that God is immanent in man, and that in man he makes revelation of himself. As Wordsworth studied a weed, a gliding river, or a mountain scene not for itself alone, but for the discovery of the Eternal Presence, with which it is deeply interfused, so Browning studied individual men in search of the light that never was on sea or land, the light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world. In each man is some unique and individual presence of God with men. It is for the apprehension of this revelation of God that he studies men so diligently and reverently. It is this recognition of the great worth of the individual man that gave him his special literary form, the monologue. No one but an idealist, no one but a believer in the special nature of the individual, could make use of the monologue as Browning has done. An altruist or a socialist would not find this literary form in the least adapted to his needs or capable of expressing his convictions.

"It would be easy to find in Browning quotations to justify the belief that he is an extreme radical in religion. In the Epilogue to 'Dramatis Personæ' an attitude of scepticism with reference to all churchly forms and institutions is incisively presented.

" 'Why, where's the need of Temple when the walls
O' the world are that? What use of swells and falls
From Levites' choir, Priests' cries, and trumpet calls?'

In another poem he says that uncertainty must be mixed with faith in order that faith may be. In 'Christmas Eve' the seeker rushes out of the little chapel where he had been hearing the conventional religion presented in a dead way, and finds God in all the glory of the night scene before him, and he exclaims,—

" 'Oh! let men keep their narrow ways
Of seeking Thee in a narrow shrine—
Be this my way! and this is mine.'

"These expressions of scepticism are quite reconcilable with the deep religiousness of Browning's teachings, and they are explained by the fact that he accepts the spirit and not the letter of Christianity. The Christian faith to him is not proven by any 'evidences of Christianity,' not by any word of Scripture, not by any historic facts about Christ, not by any unbroken order of Christian traditions. To him the Christian witness is the soul, and Christianity the natural expression of the soul's needs and aspirations. In a slightly different manner, but with the same conviction and empha-

sis, he would say, with Theodore Parker, that Christianity is the absolute religion, the religion which God teaches through nature, through the soul's needs, and by the witness of all pure and lofty minds.

"In Browning's teaching of immortality there is also an appearance of doubt. He is unwilling to set forth any dogmatic statement about the future or to say that such a faith can properly rest on any outward demonstration. The evidence is in the soul, and not elsewhere; in our fitness for it, and not in any word of teacher or book. He sees in man an unsearchable spiritual element which can know no destruction. To him the other life is not something special and revolutionary; indeed, there is no *other* life. It is all one life, a going on of the life that now is, a continuance of the soul's development. To him life is essentially good. It is sufficient for the time being, and it must be accepted with confidence and courage. We cannot possibly live the future life now; we are not to think of it as of more worth than this life, and we are not to yearn for it with any anxious desire to escape our present existence.

"A few words in 'A Death in the Desert,' vigorously conceived and expressed, give the final and ripest thought of Browning in regard to immortality:

" "Love, wrong and pain, what see I else around?
Yea, and the resurrection and uprising
To the right hand of the throne.

"If ye demur, this judgment on your head—
Never to reach the ultimate, angels' law;
There, where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing."

To a friend, a little while before his own passing hence, he said,—
'Why, *amico mio*, you know as well as I that death is life, just as our daily, our momentarily-dying body is none the less alive, and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. For myself, I deny death as an end of anything. Never say of me that I am dead.'

[ERRATUM. In the report of proceedings of the Browning Society of the New Century Club of Philadelphia, for April 10, given in POET-LORE for May, the paper on the justice of the test of "The Glove" was wrongly credited to Mrs. S. C. F. Hallowell. It should have been credited to Mrs. Richardson L. Wright.—THE EDITORS.]

NOTES AND NEWS.

ARLO BATES said something very much to the point recently when speaking of the fashion adopted by the *Arena* of printing the names of its contributors in very large type and the names of its articles in very small type :

"This seems to indicate a tendency to run into that foolish modern fashion of advertising the writers rather than what they write, which is unhappily but too prevalent at the present day. There is too much of the securing as contributors of well-known people, and, what is worse, of securing also their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, when they cannot in the least write. The man who has made himself talked about in a car-drivers' strike is engaged to contribute a poem to the columns of an enterprising 'literary' magazine ; or the wife of a coal-heaver, whose brutal murder of his mother-in-law attracted so much attention, is secured, regardless of expense, to write its serial novel."

This is only one more phase of the appalling snobbism which is everywhere permeating society. Progress being the inevitable law of life, it is but natural that this time-honored *religion* should have undergone considerable modification since the days of the Thackerian crusades. Notoriety, not distinction, is now our *ultima thule*. In opposition to this form of snobbism has started up another form, which bids fair to be a still more formidable enemy to progress,—I mean educational snobbism, the high priests of which are the specialists, who absolutely plume themselves on knowing nothing but their own subject, and in whose eyes no one is capable of giving an opinion on any subject whatever unless he has made a specialty of it. Facts, facts, facts are the only propositions of their Gradgrind philosophy, and woe be to the innocent layman who dares to express an opinion which he has formulated by means of reading and his own good sense. It is plain to be seen that in such a state of affairs all *conversation* must cease, *monversation* will alone be the approved

form, or rather, all society will be continually going to school, first to one and then to another of its members.

Specialization will grow to be a curse if the specialist is thus to be the high priest of opinions, which are to be taken ready-made from his hands as the world has been accustomed, much to its shame, to take its religion ready-made. Ethics, philosophy, economics, literature, suffer most from this species of snobbism; the weak-minded, imposed on by the dogmatic opinions of the specialist "who must know, of course, because he is a graduate of H—— College," meekly resign their individuality and quote what Professor So-and-so says about the labor question, instead of striving to form an intelligent opinion themselves. Too often, in their utter abasement, they rush off to get some kind of a pseudo-training in one thing or another, which henceforth is to be their specialty, and nevermore must they give an opinion on any other subject. All the gentle and blessed influences of self-culture are lost; a conceited prig, whose education hangs about him like an ill-fitting garment, is too apt to be the result, in place of the calm, broad-minded man or woman whose education does not force itself upon the view but seems a part of his very essence.

We have arrived at that stage in the evolution of snobbism where to be educated in the external sense is to be important; perhaps there will follow a higher form, when to be good will be to be important, this will mean education in a better sense. When all men have been elevated to this stage, we may hope that the ladder of snobbism by which they have climbed will fall, and to be *human* will be the sole requirement for entrance into good society.

IBSEN was the subject of discussion at the closing meeting, May 20, of the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia. Mr. Owen Wister gave the main address, and very properly ruled out of the question as to Ibsen's skill as a dramatist the adverse criticisms that have been made against him because he does not make his characters act in the way didactically-minded critics think they should act. The fact that the situations he brought out stirred great moral interest was evidence enough of his skill, said Mr. Wister, dramatic tests

being concerned only with detecting any lack of *vraisemblance* to nature between the rise and fall of the curtain. He added many points, the natural issue of literary discrimination, in his criticism of special situations often misunderstood. He seemed bound also to some artificial maxims that led him to strange conclusions. He seemed to consider, for instance, that in a work of dramatic art the imaginative mind and the seeing eye were separable; that Shakespeare proved this; that all of Ibsen could be divided into two parts, to one of which belonged his whole stock of imagination, to another his entire muster of observation; that works of the imagination were immortal, and works of observation exciting great interest were doomed to die. How observation and imagination, in a drama, could be split asunder without death to all three was not explained. How Shakespeare proved this was not fully revealed, nor how this dictum, if swallowed whole, was consistent with another hard-and-fast proposition, incidentally settled, that those literary works were best whose subject matter was drawn from familiar scenes. But the final sentence, to the effect that "Per Gynt" had a better claim to immortality than "Ett Dukkehjem," because the one was imaginary and the other the fruit of observation of the real, was reinforced by the next speaker, Mr. J. L. Mitchell. He seemed to be able to think of the idealizing and observational powers as having no needed connection whatever, even in Shakespeare, for he proposed to show how little observation there would be left in "Macbeth" by taking all the imagination out. Critical vivisection of this sort would seem, to minds deficient in maxims, deadlier to literary art than the anatomical or psychological constructive methods Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Wister agreed in abhorring. May it not be suggested that the burden of proof lies with the maxim-maker? And may it not be asked "on what doth this the imagination feed that it may grow 'Macbeths'?"

Dr. Harrison Allen interposed a word from the stand-point of the "real," and bore testimony of admiration to the profound treatment by Ibsen of the inscrutable yet scientifically known phenomena of heredity, whereupon Prof. McAlister asked if that was not just what was the matter with these plays. "They dealt with matters of science,

therefore they were defective in art." Some people do profess to see a *sequitur* in that. Shakespeare seemed to be the admitted oracle the other night, and his oracle is Delphic, and depends as much on the Pythoness as on Apollo, and more upon the interpreter,—still, there is one sentence of his, that no one need take the trouble to dispute as an accepted dramatic principle, that has been quoted *ad nauseam*. That is the passage where Hamlet says it is the part of the drama to show "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." Now, fancy a dramatist bodying forth this time, "its form and pressure," and leaving science out! A new element has come into human life: can literature ignore it? Or can it be supposed that that which the men of to-day find of especial interest and pertinence to them will not be bequeathed to their children? That which is essentially the new interest is the growing interest, which belongs still more, not less, to the future and posterity than to this day and generation. Else Shakespeare would have written backwards to Greene's or Daniel's audiences, instead of directly to his own public, and therein forward to its successors.

— How the little wits do like to flaunt abroad their individual and special appreciation of Shakespeare! It is safe to praise a man whom all the world has finally accepted, and relieves one of all responsibility in criticism, but we should like to suggest to these same wits that it is not quite so safe for them to discharge their small ammunition at Browning. We were rather surprised that *The Woman's Cycle*, referring to POET-LORE's plan of studying both poets, should have been guilty of so inadequate a criticism as the following: "It seems surprising to a critical mind to see the linking together of the metaphysical, obscure, crabbed, and unimportant Browning with the clear, musical, and wise Elizabethan. Browning has written much that is good, written often strongly, vividly, and sanely, but he throws no light along the lines of life. He illustrates the world of book people, but never grazes by any chance the skirts of actual affairs." This in the face of the fact that Browning's poetry everywhere teems with the problems of modern society, the complex relations of human being to human being. However, we can but

pity the man who, Brahman like, meditates on the past, wholly unconscious that the world has moved, and that, however much he may admire the glorious genius who flooded not only the sixteenth century but all time with the light of his mind, he should not blind himself to the fact that in another and very different age there is need for another and very different poet, and that Browning—admitting him to be a little lower than the angels—is the poet who most fully represents an age remarkable for its scientific yet ideal, its individual yet democratic, tendencies. When this is realized, it will be understood why POET-LORE, with the aim of showing the relation between the various phases of literary growth, chooses as the centres around which to group wider study the greatest poet of the Elizabethan era, and—instead of “Longfellow” or “Swinburne,” suggested by the sensitive “critical mind” of the *Cycle*—that poet of the Victorian era who best represents its aspirations.

SHAKESPEARE IN GREENE.

“WE WANT,” says Mr. Robinson, in the April number of POET-LORE, “a quotation as a quotation, as true as if photographed.” Here, then, as transcribed from the photograph, is the quotation in question:

1615 14 Aug	Mr. Barker dyed	Sept. W. Shakespeares tellyng J. Greene that I was not able to “he” beare the encloseinge of Welcombe.
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The “he,” put by the transcriber in inverted commas, is, in the MS., of which the photographed pages are now before me, a scrawl, mixed with, and perhaps but a continuation of, the tail of the *p* in Shakespeare’s name which is immediately above it, and has a horizontal stroke through it from the *o* of the preceding *to*.

I have not yet seen either what Dr. Furnivall says, or what Professor Dowden says, as stated by Mr. Robinson; and, till I can sum up the whole discussion, I shall refrain from further remark than this: Mr. Robinson’s observation, “everybody seems long ago to have admitted that Shakespeare is meant in either case,” verifies the old adage with respect to anything new,—“First it is *not* true; and then it is *not* new.”

J. S. Stuart Glennie.

WIMBLEDON COMMON, 26th April, 1890.

— THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL LIBRARY has prospered steadily of late, and the report of the librarian for the year ending March 25, 1889-1890, shows that the donations and purchases of the year past number over a thousand, making the present total of volumes 5790. The additions were first and other editions of Shakespeare; a large number of plays in separate form, most of them acting editions; a collection of works on stage history; various biographies of great Shakespearian players; a number of old play-bills; 23 choice volumes purchased at the Halliwell-Phillipps sale of 1889, including 4 early Shakespeare quartos, dating from 1607, one being a first edition of "Pericles," of which only three others are known to exist; a complete collection received from the India office through Lord Dufferin of all the Shakespeare translations made in the various languages of India, gathered from Madras (4), Bombay (16), Bengal (15), Hyderabad (10), Oudh and the Central and Northwestern Provinces of the Indian empire (14). The choice of the plays is curious: 10 of the translations were of "The Merchant of Venice;" 5 of "Hamlet;" 4 each of "Romeo and Juliet," "Tempest," "Comedy of Errors," "Cymbeline," "All's Well;" 2 each of "Macbeth," "Winter's Tale," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Timon of Athens;" and 1 each of "Twelfth Night" and "Julius Cæsar." Among other foreign translations, in German, Dutch, Greek, and Italian, are two in Georgian.

— MR. WALL, the "Memorial" Librarian, in a recent number of the Stratford *Herald*, in the course of recounting some fresh acquisitions, complains, also with justice, we think, of the niggardliness of publishers of Shakespearian books who grudge the "Shakespeare Memorial" a complimentary copy. Many names of recently-published Shakespearian works, he says, are conspicuous by their absence from the shelves. "Every week brings gifts, small or large, and both the picture-gallery and the library have been steadily, if slowly, accumulating their treasures. But when one thinks of the authors, artists, engravers, actors, theatrical managers, printers, publishers, bookbinders, and the thousands of others who, indirectly and directly, have been benefited, in one degree or another, by the life and works of William Shakespeare, not only in that nobler and higher sense in which we are all benefited, but in the meaner and smaller way of trades and professions, it is saddening to see that the comparatively little tribute of acknowledgment that might fairly be yielded is ignored."

A list of American Shakespeare books, pointing out those in the Library and those it still lacks, is ready for circulation.

Over ten thousand people have visited the "Memorial" during the past year. The Library is free to students, and has just received a Shakespeare anniversary present of £1000 to the Library Fund, from one whose benefactions are already well known in Stratford,—Mr. Charles E. Flower.

— TO MR. FLOWER also is the Memorial Theatre largely indebted for the cost of the performances, both last year and this, of plays of Shakespeare's which rarely see the stage. At the annual meeting of the Shakespeare Memorial Association, held in the Library at Stratford, April 23, the chairman referred to the unusual production of "Henry VI." and of the current Anniversary Plays, now so seldom seen, as exemplifications of the use of a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and of the praiseworthy objects for which the Association was established. He had considered the productions so interesting that he had been pleased to defray the Theatre's loss. But it is certainly a great shame that there should be any loss. Visitors and dramatic critics should throng Stratford in Memorial week, and the London papers should not leave it to the Paris *Journal des Débats*, as, with the exception of *The News*, they did last year, to give the full description and criticism such productions deserve. The representation of press and public was much increased this year, and should be doubled the next.

— BIRMINGHAM has long deserved the favorable attention it is of late receiving on account of its excellent plan and practice of municipal government. Another of its distinctive features is its admirable Shakespeare Library, established in connection with its free libraries. At the annual meeting of the Board, held as usual on Shakespeare's birthday (old style), it was reported that 350 volumes had been added to the Shakespeare Collection during the year, consisting of English editions (270 vols.) 17, selections 3, separate plays 54, poems 21, "ana" 88; German (67 vols.) 5, selections 1, plays 48, "ana" 13; French, "ana" (3 vols.); Danish plays (2 vols.), and Dutch plays (8 vols.). Of these 126 volumes have been purchased by the Free Libraries Committee at the cost of £17. 18s. 11d., and 223 volumes by the Special Subscription Fund (with some gifts) at the cost of £49. 13s. 9d. The former had been books of general interest for popular use, and the latter rarer works of literary interest and value. The library now contained 8718 volumes: English 5394, German 2211, French 522, Bohemian 21, Croatian 2, Danish 36, Dutch 100, Finnic 8, Flemish 1, Frisian 2, Greek 14, Hebrew 2, Hungarian 45, Icelandic 6, Italian 156, Latin 3, Norwegian 5, Polish 24, Portuguese

5, Roumanian 2, Russian 66, Spanish 32, Swedish 57, Ukraine 1, Wallachian 1, Welsh 2 volumes, collected at a total cost of £1963. Although such a library might seem large, its collections were far from complete, and a large number of English editions had still to be acquired by purchase or gift. The translations of plays of Shakespeare into various East Indian languages had yet to be secured, and many would probably be purchased during the present year. The most valuable and interesting gift of the year was that of Mrs. C. Cowden Clarke, a folio volume of 650 pages of manuscript, in her own hand, of "cancelled pages" of the "Shakespeare Key," published in 1879. As these notes, references, and annotations were the results of forty years of careful and patient study of Shakespeare by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, they would now and hereafter be regarded as of the highest value and greatest importance in the study of Shakespeare's plays. The illness of the chief librarian, Mr. J. D. Mullins, had delayed the completion of the special catalogue of the Shakespeare Library; but it would be completed and printed as soon as possible. The balance available for further purchases is £119. 5s. 3d.

— AT THE conclusion of the recent papers "On Justice" (reprinted in *The Popular Science Monthly* from the *Nineteenth Century*), Herbert Spencer hits the key-note, either consciously or unconsciously, of the deplorable flaw in the present political administration of our country,—a special illustration of which is the defeat of the copyright bill. He says,—

"Sympathy, which a generation ago was taking the shape of justice, is relapsing into the shape of generosity; and the generosity is exercised by inflicting injustice. Daily legislation betrays little anxiety that each shall have that which belongs to him, but great anxiety that he shall have that which belongs to somebody else. For while no energy is expended in so reforming our judicial administration that every one may obtain and enjoy all he has earned, great energy is shown in providing for him and others benefits which they have not earned. Along with that miserable *laissez-faire* which calmly looks on while men ruin themselves in trying to enforce by law their equitable claims, there goes activity in supplying them, at other men's cost, with *gratis* novel reading!"

— MR. TALCOTT WILLIAMS, in writing us, points out, for the benefit of "those interested in parallel passages, that the motto from Thomas Burnet selected by Coleridge for his 'Ancient Mariner' bears a close resemblance to a familiar passage in 'Hamlet,'—*Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate.*"

POET-LORE

Vol. II.

No. 7.

— wilt thou not haply saie,
 Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
 Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
 But best is best if neuer intermixt.
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
 To make him much outliue a gilded lombe:
 And to be praised of ages yet to be.
 Then do thy office —

THE "ALKESTIS" OF EURIPIDES AND OF BROWNING.

READ BEFORE THE SCARBOROUGH BROWNING SOCIETY, ENGLAND.

"One thing has many sides . . . but no good supplants a good, nor beauty undoes beauty."

"All cannot love two great names; yet some do."

THESE passages may serve as a heading for what I have to say. Out of the rich mass of material which "Balaustion's Adventure" offers to our investigation, I choose the comparison of the different sides from which Euripides and Browning approach that "one thing,"—The Story of Alkestis. And the comparison may prove of value if it bring out afresh the truth that in poetry,—“the criticism of life,”—as in life itself, “no good supplants a good, nor beauty undoes beauty.” The ancient and the modern poet has each his own good and beauty; unlike these are, but not antagonistic. To study them together is, I think, to enhance the interest of both. Some can and do “love two great names!”

The poem consists of three parts: 1. Balaustion's introduc-

tion of herself and her account of her adventure. 2. Her interpretative recital of Euripides's play, "The Alkestis." 3. Her comments thereon and proposed new version. It covers, therefore, a great deal of ground,—a translation of a classic tragedy, complete except for the compression of some unimportant scenes, and set in an original story of Greek life, with characters and interests of its own; the new conception of the ancient myth by our own poet; the deeply interesting criticism of "Euripides the human," by Browning the realist; our poet's estimate of poetry, its function, its power, its influence.

The poem turns upon the loving reverence in which Euripides was held by the Grecian world beyond Athens. In describing the fate of the Athenians defeated under Nikias by the Syracusans, Plutarch says,—

"Some there were who owed their preservation to Euripides. Of all the Grecians, his was the muse whom the Sicilians were most in love with. From every stranger that landed in their island they gleaned every small specimen or portion of his works, and communicated it with pleasure to each other. It is said that on this occasion a number of Athenians, upon their return home, went to Euripides, and thanked him in the most respectful manner for their obligations to his pen; some having been enfranchised for teaching their masters what they remembered of his poems, and others having got refreshments when they were wandering about after the battle for singing a few of his verses. Nor is this to be wondered at, since they tell us that when a ship from Caunus, which happened to be pursued by pirates, was going to take shelter in one of their ports, the Sicilians at first refused to admit her, but upon asking the crew whether they knew any of the verses of Euripides, and being answered in the affirmative, they received both them and their vessel."

And the structure raised upon this foundation has for its chief ornament the most exquisite appreciation of Euripides. We enjoy in literature no finer pleasure than that of hearing one master-mind interpret another. The outer world looks on with awe while its temporal kings confer and its earthly emperors embrace; the inner world may well attend with eager reverence while its great ones meet and do mutual homage, in honor preferring one another.

Browning's sympathy with Euripides is born of likeness. The human warmth and realism, the characteristics which distinguish Euripides from his brother dramatists, anticipate in a manner the characteristics of Browning himself. Professor Westcott says of the classic: "A passionate fulness of human interest is the characteristic mark of his writings and the secret of his power." Might not this remark be applied with equal truth to Browning?

"Balaustion's Adventure" is to the Greek play as the light and shade, rich color, and mass of detail in a picture are to the classic repose and perfect symmetry of a group in ancient sculpture. The same love of nature animates both painter and sculptor, but they work in different material and are bound by different laws of conventionality. Each pours his glowing mass into a mould of different shape, but, leaving aside the form, shall we not find that the glowing mass itself is composed in each case of the same elements, glowing with the same fire of life?

Euripides's conception of the "Alkestis" turns upon the good and beauty of this earthly life *per se*. The Greek ideal may be summed up as perfection of the natural life; Greek worship was the glorification of life. The interest of the drama springs from the inevitable contrast between this splendid perfection and the weakness and woe of imperfect humanity; from the inevitable clash between this lofty ideal and the simple realities of human love and sorrow.

Browning's treatment of this conception and new version of the "Alkestis" starts from the assumption that this earthly life has no value *per se*; that above life stands the consecration of life. Euripides works out the gradual triumph of the real over the ideal, and leaves the human sentiment supreme at the last. Browning consecrates the human sentiment to something higher than itself, and makes the simple and real not *suppress* but *subserve* the lofty ideal. Euripides starts from life and finds love. Browning starts from love and finds life.

Both are essentially poets, and not speculators; both deal with the mysteries of being from the side of feeling and not of thought. Both give us the same result in proclaiming that man is above

destiny; that nature is the manifestation of the Divine; that life in its highest manifestation is as dependent upon love as love is dependent upon life. But a poet, like the scientist's "organism," is what his "environment" has made of him. The teaching of Euripides is the harvest won from paganism and the ancient world; that of Browning, from Christianity and the nineteenth century. To take into full account these mighty differences of the ages is to define more sharply the essential likeness, the kinship of spirit, that stamps these two great masters and links their two sides of art into one good and beauty.

Let me try to trace in outline the thought-structure of the ancient play. Its leading motives I hold to be: *the glorification of life*, and *destiny modified by free-will*. The latter phrase may appear to involve a contradiction in terms, and, indeed, I am conscious of treading upon somewhat thin metaphysical ice when I approach that danger-signal free-will; but I do not propose to remain there long, and so run the risk of being submerged.

Destiny appears in Greek tragedy as an idea underlying all the thought of the time, and taking therefore many forms. In the "Alkestis" we have it chiefly as the idea of Providence, that force ruling the affairs of men which, although resistless, is not without design, or destiny inspired by divine motive. We have it also as including in its fulfilment the co-operation of the human will, or destiny modified by human control. While the other tragedians emphasize destiny as the irresistible, making men mere puppets in the hands of a blind fate, Euripides points out the elements of divine motive and human control in destiny, making men determine their own destiny by their voluntary choice in deeds of self-abnegation or selfishness, of the higher or the lower. Destiny dooms Admetos to die, but the intercession of Apollo wins his escape from the Fates. Here we have divine control of fate up to a certain point, for another must forfeit life in order to save the king. Had all refused like his father and mother, the divine motive of protection would have been thwarted. Alkestis offers her life; here we have the voluntary choice of a mortal completing the design of destiny. Once made, that choice is irrevocable: no tears, no

prayers of mortals, no intercession of the Life-God with "the pale priest of Hades" can avail here. Die Alkestis must, and does. "Some god appointed it should be thus,—thus be it," she says, accepting her destiny.

The "Ode to Necessity" brings out most grandly the Greek conception of the irresistible and inevitable. It declares that nowhere in all the regions explorable by the human mind, nor in the world of nature, can be found aught like Necessity. Not in inspired song, nor in all the lore of logic, nor in science, can be found any help against her stern force or remedy for her ills. She is the sole goddess to whom no temples rise, for "sacrifice she hears not." All that men can do in her presence is to endure, for her strength is as the strength of iron, and she knows not pity.

But always throughout the tragedy the idea of necessity swings, pendulum-like, between this element of resistlessness and the opposing element of its direction by the human will. Euripides does not show us fate as a blind motive force of which all life, both of the race and of the individual, is the product, but rather as a force outside human life. He shows us necessity and the human will as warp and woof of one fabric, weaving together the pattern of human affairs. Through the night of necessity he sees the star of hope, and by this broader view he shows himself akin to the mind of Shakespeare and of Browning.

The king must die, but self-sacrifice saves him. Alkestis must die, but self-effacement and noble gratitude are potent to work her restoration. So destiny is not all in all, but there is the will of man to guide him through its mazes. Death and sorrow must fall to his lot. Death is not to be overcome except by life, sorrow is not to be overcome except by love, and the offerings of life and love are voluntary. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward; and surely, too, as the sparks fly upward does his hope rise from the fire of pain and loss, for his hope is in the consuming of self. Is not this a theme as old and as true as the heart of man has conceived? It is the theme of all the ages and of Christianity itself.

In order rightly to grasp the poet's conception, we must start from his point of view, that the king himself is at the outset the

involuntary occasion of the sacrifice, that it is necessary and right his life should be saved, that its preservation is an imperative duty devolving on one of his friends and subjects, a breach of which duty would amount to treachery. The father and mother who refuse, the wife who consents, are the light and shade which throw out this idea in strong relief. Admetos is not merely a selfish man, greedy of life: he is the king, whose life is not his own, but sacred to his people. Not only individual enjoyment but the interests of a cause are involved in his doom. The cause of which he is the human representative is *the glorification of life*.

Round this central idea are grouped the various ideas of the "Alkestis." It is the motive that runs through the texture of the story, like a bright thread of gold, from its opening with the appearance of Apollo, the glorious god of life,—“All his shape one dreadful beauty,”—to the final climax; a double triumph of life,—the rising of Alkestis from death of the body, and of Admetos from the death-in-life of grief, hopeless because selfish,—

“For now I rise to better life
And grateful own the blessing.”

As *life divinized*, Apollo strikes the key-note of the whole harmony. He represents every form of radiant brightness: 1. The sun, whose rays are typified by his arrows. 2. Health, the perfection of physical life, whose ministry is sustained by his son Æsculapius. 3. Prophecy, the insight into the future, which, like lightning on a summer night, lights up with sudden flash the dim, dark distance. 4. Art, the creativeness of the soul-life, typified by his lyre. 5. And chiefly music, because the charm he exerted over wild beasts and savage passions is typical of the law of life, reducing all discord and destruction to order and obedience.

The black shadow of this divine radiance is the contrasting figure of Death, “like some dread heapy blackness.” One can imagine the dramatic monster and “the fire-flash of the appalling sword.” He is sent by the Fates to claim his own; Apollo has done what he could, Death must hold the field, but only for a time. Apollo points to the salvation which is to come by a hand half human, half divine, and then

"The god was gone
And mortals left to deal with misery."

The horror of death was not heightened for the Greeks by any idea of eternal torment to come after it, such as has stained the Christian ideal of divine mercy and of immortality. Its peculiar horror for them consisted in its being the cessation of life. So great was their glad consciousness of vitality, their keen relish of all things natural and good, that to leave the glorious world was the bitterest sting of death, and to change them into pale shades was the cruelest victory of the grave. Hades knew nothing of the warmth and light, of the grace and strength and love which made their sum of happiness. At best, it might be a rest for the aged and wretched: for the young and happy it had no compensation to offer. Life, then, was to them the greatest sacrifice,—in one sense, greater than to the Christian, although the saying of Alkestis—

"Never shall I ask an equal retribution,
Nothing bears a value high as life"—

reminds us of the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Youth, according to this conception of life, which we must not forget amounted to worship, is to be valued and revered rather than age. The deed of Alkestis is admirable, not only as proving the true love of the wife, but as the surrender of all that can enhance the glory of life,—youth, beauty, royalty, wealth of affection.

This idea of the intrinsic excellence of youth enables us to get the Greek point of view, which regarded the notion of age claiming equal rights with youth as one of the most "unnatural baseness." In the bitter dispute between Admetos and Pheres, we must consider that Admetos looks upon the refusal of his father to die for him much as we should look upon the action of a son who exposed a parent's life to peril in order to save his own. In the latter case, bitter revilings between parent and child would still be unworthy, but we should feel, as the chorus assumes in the former case, that they were not altogether unnatural.

A very important motive branching out of this glorification of life is hospitality. As to glorify life is to worship a god, so to dis-

pense a splendid hospitality is to put that worship into definite practice. It is necessary to realize the conditions of ancient life, so different from those of modern life, which imposed on men the necessity of a generous reception of travellers and strangers who were actually at their mercy for food and shelter, before we can enter into the Greek conception of hospitality as one of the noblest virtues. The epithet "holy" is applied by Apollo to the king as the dispenser of a splendid hospitality, and his generous deeds are celebrated in a choral ode as virtue the most splendid and piety the most elevated. It is this king, crowned with gifts outward and inward, the representative of the grandest and most glorious life as the pagans knew it, who is called upon to surrender his life in its prime, who finds, in buying it back, that there is a price too high to pay for life, who thus rises to a truer estimate of life and a clearer vision of love enthroned above the most perfect natural life.

Euripides makes the realities of common human emotion overcome the ideal of that "religion of pleasure" in which, to have rested, "mortals," says Matthew Arnold, "must never have been sick or sorry." The glorified life of the senses and the understanding falls withered at the first keen frost of heart-sorrow. The king represents the ideal state, and, noble as the ideal is, it gives way before the simple family life, wherein Euripides finds his true interest and which he makes finally triumphant. The relations of parent and child were more to the Greeks than those of husband and wife, and the first we find fully recognized here in the noble love of the dying Alkestis and the sorrowing Admetos for their children, and, by way of contrast, the rupture of those ties between the king and his father. Less important to the ancient world were the relations of husband and wife, and Euripides is in advance of his age in approaching here to something like the modern conception. He marks the beginning of the radical change from the law of duty to the law of love as the conjugal ideal. The sacrifice of Alkestis is held up to admiration as a free-will offering,—not as something due from her which she had no right to withhold, but as a generous gift. So she rises above the duty of the wife to the devotion of perfect love. Duty may be, and often is, consistent with the claims

of self, but absolute self-renunciation has in it that touch of divinity which can raise others, as Admetos was raised, above the calm acceptance of her sacrifice, to the knowledge that her loss was better than his gain, to the vivid sense that life unworthily gained is more hopeless than death,—

"I deem the fortune of my wife happier than mine,
Though otherwise it seems."

Love and the witness of love have come to mean more to him than life, honor, power, friends, children.

In the test to which Hercules subjects him before he restores Alkestis to his arms, we find the nobler conception of marriage which makes its true sanctity consist in "the indissoluble bond of faithfulness and love." Faithful in truth were they, who not only unto death but after death refused to loosen the bond of a memory uninspired by the radiant hope of reunion!

"When I betray her, though she is no more,
May I die!"

Here is the climax: Admetos has reached the level of his wife, has subdued self, and would choose death rather than life without its consecration.

The characters, which build up the thought-structure I have tried to outline, group themselves before my mind in two divisions. On the one hand is the spirit of natural life in divine form,—Apollo,—that spirit's mortal representative on earth,—Admetos,—and the negative, the opposite, the shadow cast by this glory of life,—Death. On the other hand is the spirit of love superior to life,—the love which casts out fear,—in the form of the hero, half-god, half-man, and that spirit's mortal representative,—Alkestis,—and the negative, the opposite, the contrasting shadow of selfishness,—Pheres.

The essence of life is more divine than human: Apollo and Death are gods. Admetos is the king, the nearest earthly approach to a divinity. The essence of love is made manifest through suffering, which is human. Hercules is half-human. Alkestis is very human, no more queen or heroine than "pure womanly:" her actions, if not her words, of farewell breathe all the tender regrets of

true wife and mother; her dying thought is for her children. Nor is Pheres a monster of another world than this. As the sunshine makes shadows, so does humanity's power of loving make selfishness possible. These two contrasting groups, like harmony and discord, work out the perfect music of the theme that love is greater than life, yet love fulfils life.

Admetos is true king,—splendid in life, just in ruling, reverent to the gods, faithful to his plighted word, faithful to his friend. He is the very embodiment of a noble self-fulfilment, lacking only that last, best grace of self-forgetfulness, and this he also recognizes at the close.

Alkestis is true woman. So fine and gracious a character as this may alone refute the charge that Euripides was the inveterate enemy of women. Besides the points already noted as to her devotion, consider that beautiful passage, too long to quote, which describes her hailing the day of doom as a high festival, and the noble spirit in which she prepares to keep her vow. And again, the passages which show her relations with her servants,—

“ Each servant through the house burst into tears.”

“ Nor was there one so mean to whom she spoke not.”

“ We all are dead with her. . . .”

“ These, too, lament their mistress, now no more.”

Splendor of life may be admired and adored, but only unselfishness can make itself passionately loved by all around it.

Pheres is a type of old age in its ugliest aspect, greedy of life, mean and selfish. He corresponds to the figure of Death opposing Apollo, by embodying that worst of deaths,—hardness of heart opposing love. He stands revealed in his first speech, offering the cold comfort of conventionality while balancing his own gain with his son's loss.

“ One who died, at least, to save thy life,
Kept me from being childless. . . .
 O thou, Alkestis . . .
 Who, while thou savedst this my son, *didst raise*
Also myself from sinking.”

In their encounter the worst passions of both men spring into view. The anger of the son has some justification in attacking a flagrant evil; the anger of the other is malignant, as seeking to cover his own unworthiness by fixing a stigma on his accuser. But under all the exaggeration of malice there is a sting of truth which reveals to Admetos for the first time how his salvation looks, judged by the higher law which Alkestis followed.

Hercules is the link between the conceptions of the glorified natural life and life consecrated. His divine strength is spent in one long series of labors in the service of humanity. He revels while he can, but he hastens at the first hint of a friend's need to wrestle with the dread enemy of mortals. Half-human and familiar with labor and sorrow, he seems less perfect in his nature than the bright god of life; but the rescue which Apollo could not accomplish by his divine might is open to the hero's effort,—the overcoming of Death himself is the work of a human champion. Is not this charged with deepest meaning?

Turning now to the comparison of the two poets' conceptions, we shall find that the main difference in that of Browning is founded upon the daring anachronism of attributing nineteenth-century ethics to a critic of Euripides contemporary with himself. Perhaps we shall also find that the anachronism is less than it seems: perhaps in all ages there have been pure souls whose affinity to the divine has rendered them capable of piercing the crust of received opinion and conventional usage to the inner reality of things, of separating the temporal and partial from the eternal and universal truth. Perhaps Balaustion, "the lyric girl," with her tender passion of loyalty to Athens, "the life and light of the whole world," her loving enthusiasm for the poets, her Greek delight in poetry for its beauty's sake, and her more than Greek appreciation of its pathos—perhaps such a Balaustion might, with the keen insight of the pure in heart, gather from the drama of her beloved poet that highest part of his message which, being universally and eternally true, belongs to no one century more than to another. Be this as it may, our poet but speaks through her lips, as far as my judgment goes, in fulness of self-expression, his own feeling of the art of poetry, the special art of

Euripides, and the significance of the "Alkestis." It may be Balaustion, it certainly is Browning, who upholds the majesty of the poet-maker, who inveighs against the critics, who plays out the whole play visible before our eyes, who lays bare in a flash of revelation the hidden springs of each individual soul, who comments upon each character and deed, making them his own by divine right of imagination, who expands Euripides and construes his thought into a more subtle sense. To Euripides the old myth of Alkestis was as a parable in which he found a divine meaning to express in "strangest, saddest, sweetest song;" to Browning that song becomes in its turn a parable, wherein he reads "with larger, other eyes," another meaning divine still. This is "the poets' privilege," to bring forth "new good, new beauty from the old."

The chief variation in the two conceptions lies in the character of Admetos. Browning centres the interest in the selfishness of Admetos and his repentance. Leaving in the background those leading ideas of Euripides, the grandeur of life, the sacredness of hospitality, the noble qualities which make the king the friend of god and hero,—Browning sees in him the common egotist, the lover of dishonorable ease, the mean calculator of his own advantage; in fact, he says, "pushed to completion" he will be another Pheres, the type of unnatural selfishness. It is true, and Euripides enforces this point, that Admetos accepting the sacrifice at his wife's hands is on a lower plane than Admetos recognizing that her part in dying is better than his in living; but the higher plane is attained through the discipline of suffering, not by rising again from a moral fall. How can a man be unfaithful to a law which he knows not? Admetos was faithful to the best law he knew: to reign righteously and preserve his life for his people's good. When through his wife he realized a higher law than this, he owned his allegiance to it. If a man break a spiritual law, the consequence will surely follow, irrespective of the breaker's ignorance or knowledge of that law; but it makes all the difference in our judgment of the man, whether he err wilfully or unconsciously. Euripides and Browning alike recognize the spiritual law that love is supreme, both make the offender against that law to suffer the consequence; but the ancient judges

him as one to whom that law was only revealed in the consequence of breaking it, the modern judges him as one who wilfully set it at naught.

To support his reading of Admetos, Browning enlarges the simple outline of Euripides's Hercules, and fills it in to a complete portrait which brings out by contrast the selfishness of the king. The one asks sacrifice; the other spends himself for others: the one is wretched, acting as "though of all evils in the world the worst is being forced to die, whate'er death gain;" the other is happy, holding "his life out on his hand for any man to gain."

Grand and life-like is the figure of the hero, "half-god, half-man, which made the god part god the more;" human in his sympathy, divine in his power of salvation; weary with labor for man's sake, happy because sorrow takes root only in selfishness.

"I think this is the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts
Into a rage to suffer for mankind,
And recommence at sorrow: drops like seed
After the blossom, ultimate of all.
Say, does the seed scorn earth and seek the sun?
Surely it has no other end and aim
Than to drop, once more die into the ground,
Taste cold and darkness and oblivion there:
And thence rise, treelike grow through pain to joy,
More joy and most joy,—do man good again."

Just such a filling-in of the classic conception of Hercules needs the poet of Christianity, seeing by the full light of that Sun whose dawn was dimly foreshadowed to the Greek mind. But surely the world has never been left without witness of the Father's love, and there is nothing impossible or untrue in the imagination that Balaustion recognized as the divine element in Hercules just that bracing of himself to labor and pain for the sake of his fellows, just that bearing of others' burdens cheerfully, which is still our highest example.

Again, Browning amends the popular philosophy of the chorus in their narrow views of Providence.

"And on each soul this boldness settled now,
That one who revered the Gods so much

Would prosper yet : (or, I could wish it ran :)
Who venerates the gods i' the main will still
Practise things honest, though obscure to judge."

Since gods were revered, there have always been some finer souls to hold the higher view that the reward of that reverence is—not prosperity, but an increased hold upon right and truth, while common souls have followed right for its advantage. Need we identify Euripides with the popular sentiments which he puts into the mouth of his chorus? May we not give Balaustion credit for perceiving that Euripides "saw things plain enough" without "that little bandage o'er the eyes, that something in this world which hides truth, and hides falsehood?"

We reach a real estimate of the difference in the poets' thought-structures, "like in unlikeness," in the new version of the play which Balaustion proposes: it is a closer exposition of the text,—*Love overcomes Death*. Apollo, serving Admetos as shepherd, not only subdues the wild animals by his music, but with golden tongue so tames each wild passion that dominates the natural charity in the king's nature that he vows himself henceforth to a reign of devotion to his people's good. But across the royalty of this resolve, in the plenitude of youth and power, falls the shadow of Death with its chill impotence; and, calm as regards his own fate, the king breaks out in bitterness of soul, because the life he would use as a boon for mankind is denied to him, while lavished in blind waste on selfish rulers. Then Alkestis reveals how, when Apollo prophesied the coming fate, she, guessing the god, had won from him permission to die in her husband's stead, that he might carry out his soul-purpose. The god had smiled sadly at the mortal mistaken view of life and death, wondered that it does not pierce deeper into the seeming dark of things, and learn "no fruit man's life can bear will fade,"—learn that it is just the pity and terror at "flesh-frailness frustrating soul-action which wake the seeds of good asleep throughout the world." Nevertheless, he granted her prayer, and she is now "heart, soul, head to foot, one happiness" that she may save her husband's life.

Admetos passionately refuses the sacrifice. If death is to divide

the pair whose union made them truly one, then it were better that he should depart and she remain, who was to him as spirit is to flesh. But she pleads with him, that there is something higher than joy or sorrow,—his life-purpose; and that, as of the two lots, death and life, he would choose for himself that which would further his purpose, so is he bound to let her choose the highest good, who can estimate life and death no less worthily than he. If he will have her live, then not he alone but all true life that lived in both of them must perish. So saying she looks in his eyes, and with that look her soul enters into his and her body dies. But when her soul reaches Hades, she is rejected as an impostor, because that is no real death which has doubled the life behind. Admetos is now two souls in one; he must not be himself and Alkestis. And so, while he embraces still the body of his wife, the lost eyes open beneath the look which could not let her go—and lo! Alkestis was alive again.

Here is no sin of selfishness, no "low strife of little mind," but the clash of high motive with motive higher still: the pathos lies not in suffering and repentance, but in the incompleteness of human effort, cut short by death or failing of fruition, in the sad disproportion between the high purpose of devotion and the trivial result its effects. The teaching here suggested is that in strife, in failure, in death itself, we have to see, no evil, but the very body and material of love, the manifest medium of that quickening and informing spirit. The significance of this version is that love is all in all, turning death and sorrow and failure into triumphant, perfect life; while the significance of the version of Euripides is that death and sorrow and failure are the mysterious enemies of the perfect natural life, baffling the intellect of man, and only to be held in check by love, mightier than they.

Both poets are essentially religious teachers: they see in all nature and in all life the manifestations of one Divine Power. Both strive to bring into harmony the popular creed with absolute right and truth. Both teach that suffering is discipline. A critic of Euripides as a religious thinker, Professor Westcott, says: "His teaching was a distinct stage in the world for the preparation of Christianity." "He felt after what Paul proclaimed: the office of feeling, the oneness

and end of humanity, the completeness of man's future being, the reign of righteousness, existence in God. If this be so indeed, then here is a close link between the poet who was conscious of the need for the eternal truths afterwards embodied in Christianity, and the poet who holds so firmly to those external truths, while distinguishing so clearly between the essentials of the Christian religion and the accretions which time has laid upon it. Both discern divine purpose behind the destiny of man; both leave out of sight the world to come, while teaching the disinterested love of right and good, here and now, for their own sakes. For both, the supreme interest, the crowning work of the divine power, is the development of a soul. Both trace such development through a wide range of characters, admitting no prerogative of race, or sex, or birth; for where there is life there is hope for the poet who deals with humanity and believes that, by divine example, it is working out its own salvation.

C. A. Wurtzburg.

MARSTON'S SHAKESPEARIANISMS.

PART II.

(Continued from June number.)



ACT IV. opens presumably on the beginning of the third day, with Antonio still in Felice's clothes, talking to himself for forty lines save one, in a style that Marston has already given us too much of. He says,—

“ His spirit hovers in Piero's court,
Hurling about his agile faculties,
To apprehend the sight of Mellida.” (p. 358, col. 1.)

There is not one redeeming line in the passage, which, fortunately, comes to an end soon, for Antonio had to conceal himself, as he saw approaching two, who turned out to be his father and his faithful and ancient retainer. The expression which Andruzio gives to the thoughts that come to him now is perhaps the best of

the more serious parts of the play. But they are disappointing, either breaking off into other things and so giving the whole a lack of harmony, or else too much amplifying the conceit. For instance, Lucio brings him for food some fruits which are gone to seed, but yet not past it. He remonstrates, but corrects himself, saying,—

“Thou but pursu’st the world,
That cuts off virtue ’fore it comes to growth.” (p. 358, col. 2.)

which is well enough, but he goes on and spoils it by saying,—

“Lest it should seed, and so o’errun her son,
Dull, purblind error.” (p. 358, col. 2.)

It is difficult to see whose son “dull, purblind error” is. He must be the world’s, I suppose, but why, I don’t know; and the next conceit is spoiled by mystification. So he gives himself a good opportunity when moralizing upon his greater sovereignty now than when he was in his place in Genoa, but fails to make good use of it. After much which is too greatly realistic in petty detail, after describing tiresomely the attributes of “a true, right king,” when he says that such a one is he “Whose brow is wreathèd with the silver crown Of clear content” (p. 358, col. 2), he puts a thought into words as dignified and as smooth as those of any Elizabethan writer. It is far better than Henry VI.’s,—

“My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck’d with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call’d content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.”
(“3 Henry VI.,” iii. 1. 62–5)

But Marston’s fine utterances are quickly used up, although in this passage he shows to more advantage than in any other part of the play. Andruzio’s description of the externals of royalty should be compared with “Henry V.” Andruzio says,—

“’Tis not the barèd pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tipstaves, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,
Troops of pied butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness’ summer, that confirm a prince:
’Tis not the unsavoury breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping, with confusèd din,
That makes a prince.” (p. 358, col. 2.)

Henry V., speaking of sleep more readily visiting the peasant's pillow than the king's, says that to secure it to the monarch

"'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world."

(*"Henry V.,"* iv. i. 277.)

There is here the same scorn for the populace that is so common in Shakespeare, especially for the fickleness of their treatment of their favorites. Andruzio says, with much good expression,—

"Was never prince with more applause confirm'd,
With louder shouts of triumph launchèd out
Into the surgy main of government :
Was never prince with more despite cast out,
Left shipwrecked, banish'd on more guiltless ground.
O rotten prop of the crazed multitude !
How you still double, falter, under the lightest chance
That strains your veins."

(p. 359, col. i.)

but even here, falling into a harsh expression at the close of the quotation. Octavius Cæsar, hearing of the following which Pompey is obtaining, says,—

"I should have known no less :
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is, was wish'd until he were ;
And the ebb'd man ne'er loved, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion." (*"Antony and Cleopatra,"* i. 4. 40.)

Before his triumph, Coriolanus, speaking direct to the people, says,—

"He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;
When foxes, geese ; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness

Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead,
• And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland." ("Coriolanus," i. I. 174.)

And, in the same play, Cominius, speaking of the people, says,—

"Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear." ("Coriolanus," iii. I. 247.)

And many other similar passages in "Coriolanus" and elsewhere may be quoted of the contempt for the masses expressed in Shakespeare.

A word from Lucio sets his master calling for his son, who, listening, takes this opportunity of revealing himself, in the course of which process he says, "He is a fool that thinks he knows himself" (p. 359, col. 1),—an excellent aphorism, but not well in place here. Andruzio, who promised better in the delivery of blank verse, gets soon infected with his son's turgidity, and, in the speech beginning "Do not expostulate the heaven's will," he gets to a level of diction below which it is almost impossible to fall. Except the line "Even trees have tongues and will betray our life" (p. 359, col. 1), there is no worse passage in the play. With the models that Marston then must have had before him, it is almost incredible that he could have thought it impressive, when a father is going to hear the recital of his son's adventures, to make him say, "Then shalt thou rip The inwards of thy fortunes in mine ears" (p. 359, col. 1). The mutual record of their griefs which he proposes calls to mind Richard II.'s despondency,—“Of comfort no man speak. Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs,” etc. ("Richard II.," iii. 2. 144). Andruzio then goes, and, from the stage directions, we are led to believe that Lucio goes also; but later on it will be seen that he has been a spectator and a listener. Antonio, who we hear for the first time is accompanied by a page, wants, quite unneces-

sarily, to be wound up to more frenzy by some song that the boy can sing, if he hasn't lost his voice through following Antonio. The fearful result of the song is somewhat interrupted by the appearance of Mellida in the page's suit, by means of which she managed to elude her father. She wants to strike up a conversation with Antonio, whom, of course, she recognizes, but he meets her with the extraordinary statement, "I am not for thee if thou canst not rave" (p. 359, col. 2). The mention of Mellida's name allows Antonio to give her a description of herself, which would be excellent prose, but is atrocious verse. Then, in a way cleverly dramatic, the disguised girl emphasizes the fact of her love for Antonio, which she professes to have often heard from Mellida when attending her as a page, and goes on to disparage Mellida's personal characteristics. This sets Antonio off on the rave again, and one language isn't enough for him this time. Mellida follows his lead, and whilst discoursing in another tongue reveals her identity to her lover. Soon after this Antonio goes out, and the incident just past furnishes Marston with an opportunity for a satirical allusion to women, which, somewhat inappropriately, is put into the mouth of Lucio,—“I fear me, my master, having but feigned the person of a woman, hath got their unfeigned imperfection, and is grown double-tongued: as for Mellida, she were no woman if she could not yield strange language” (p. 360, col. 1). At this point Piero and the court party come in in pursuit of Mellida, and they at once question her as to her own whereabouts, and do not perceive who she is until Balurdo, with that eye for ladies which he has so carefully trained, sees through her disguise, and she comes under the paternal wrath, which condemns her—surely, I suppose, as a punishment—to marry the son of the Duke of Florence early in the morning. This wedding announcement fires Balurdo's erotic muse, and, with a few sayings reminding us again of Slender and his book of sonnets, the last of the Venetian party leave the scene. In a short space Andruzio and his son return, sillily saying that a physical embrace will protect them from adversity. Antonio gets in a state of despondency again when he finds Mellida gone; but, fortunately, Marston makes Lucio give him advice with which we can heartily

agree,—“Dumb, solitary path best suiteth woe” (p. 361, col. 1). It serves him right to have lost Mellida again. When he found she was blessing that “bleak waste with her presence,” he should have remained with her, and not have left her so abruptly.

Act V. is on the evening of the same day, and probably the scene is laid either in Venice or somewhere close by. It begins with a satire on the ignorance of the fop of the period, and Balurdo is quite impressed, as once before in the play, with the importance of a word unfamiliar to him, and the purposed inanities are of a good average level. It doesn't last long, as Alberto comes in seeking Felice's advice how to further his love-suit with Rossaline. Finding that Alberto's verses have been ineffective, he questions him as to the amount of gifts he has bestowed upon her. This, in Elizabethan times, was the sovereign way to win a woman's love. Valentine, who was an authority, says to the Duke in his pretended love-mission,—

“Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.”
(“Two Gentlemen of Verona,” iii. 1. 89.)

As this could not in this case be done, Felice pronounces the matter hopeless, and, as Alberto had not great possessions, he went away sorrowful, and we hear no more of him in the play. Felice now turns to Balurdo, whose thoughts are full of the clothes in which he is going to appear at court.

Here the scene may end. The earlier part of scene 2, beginning at “Enter Forobosco,” is taken up with some preparations for the coming mask. Surely it will be consistent in reference to Mellida's costume specified in the directions to read “evening dress.” In the midst of it Balurdo appears and shows that he can sing, and here is a parallelism that would delight the heart of a Baconian:

“Do me right, and dub me knight, Balurdo.” (p. 362, col. 1.)

Silence, as he is getting drunk in Master Shallow's orchard, sings,—

“Do me right,
And dub me knight:
Samingo.” (p. 2 Henry IV., v. 3. 77.)

Silence and Balurdo are more than first cousins, and these parallelisms may suffice to explain many others. The words were in common use by affected men about town, and a couple of clever writers have given them immortality by putting them into their writings.

The conversation between Piero and his niece Rossaline about the latter's marriage views, forcibly brings to mind another conversation between Leonato and his niece on a similar topic.

Then come in other parties to the mask, and poor Mellida is again bored by Galeatzo and Matzagente. Rossaline soon chimes in, and finishes off the latter, who, having said that his wit had spurs, gets the quick retort from her, "Your wit's spurs have but walking rowels; dull, blunt, they will not draw blood: the gentlemen ushers may admit them the presence, for any wrong they can do to ladies" (p. 363, col. 1).

Some talk from Balurdo which reminds us of Holofernes (*Love's Labor's Lost*, iv. 2.), and then we come to the climax of the play. With a commendable dramatic ingenuity, Marston gets into the presence of Piero, Andruzio, bringing his own head, for which there is a reward out. He makes such an impression upon Piero that the latter's hate is now turned to love. Lucio then appears, leading in what seems to be the funeral procession of Antonio. Andruzio, unfortunately, here turns ranter again; but we have to thank him for another parallelism when he speaks of his heart being "hoop'd with steel." The First Folio text of "*Hamlet*," i. 3. 63, retained by Collier, Knight, and others, has "Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel." Piero has been so overcome by the reconciliation with Andruzio that he says he would give anything to be able to restore Antonio to life. Antonio, who is only pretending to be dead, hears this and jumps from his coffin. Mellida is the first to speak: she says she has no words; but makes up for the loss of speech by a kiss and a substantial Latin line. Piero, of course, gives the two lovers to one another, apologizing for disappointing Galeatzo, who, however, doesn't mind: and says, "He that was ne'er hot will soon be cold" (p. 364, col. 1).

Matzagente, who in his love-suit has acted much like the Prince of Morocco to Portia, is like him also in his resignation. He cannot

take a "tedious leave," and so, with a clever short speech from Rossaline, the play soon comes to an end.

A German commentator on Shakespeare would have no difficulty in volubly insisting on a central idea or ideas in this play. He would demonstrate that it was Marston's intention to show the triumph of love under the most adverse circumstances, more trying even than those which separated the two star-crossed lovers of the opposing houses of Capulet and Montague, and that Marston was here writing a warning for all rulers whose place depends upon the sentiments of the fickle multitude. But Marston's purpose no doubt was much humbler. He merely wished to gratify a theatrical audience, and in this he no doubt succeeded, for in this play there must have been in the unheroic persons of the drama plenty to amuse, and there was also enough of the fierce and turgid to meet the prevailing taste.

A student of Shakespeare will, naturally, directly after reading this play, compare it with one of Shakespeare's; and here I must enter a protest against the plan so often adopted of taking such a play as this and comparing it with a finished work such as "Othello" or "As You Like It," when, because it does not come up to the standard, it is entirely discarded. Some of Shakespeare's early work, upon such a test as this, would also have to be put on one side. Shakespeare's works have been read and reread, and new beauties are seen in them each time. "Antonio and Mellida" deserves the same sort of treatment, and whilst, as a whole, it is deficient as a drama, the same might also be said of some of Shakespeare's plays. Many of the historic plays weary with their long speeches. For the likeness which I have pointed out between much in "Antonio and Mellida" and passages in Shakespeare, there is no need to brand Marston either as a servile imitator or a base plagiarist of Shakespeare. The merits of "Antonio and Mellida" chiefly consist in the skill with which Marston depicts people of the time (English, although the play is Italian), and it was only to be expected that two observers of men and manners should represent them somewhat in the same way. Besides this, Marston, no doubt, had caught some of the spirit of the Shakespearian drama.

L. M. Griffiths.

WALT WHITMAN'S VIEW OF SHAKESPEARE.



MUCH as has been written and said in a critical way of Shakespeare, something new awaits us in Walt Whitman's view of him. The supreme merit of this novelty lies in the fact that what Whitman says of him in "November Boughs" could not have been written, as so much often is written, simply for the sake of saying something new. Calmly, in the mellow, beneficent light of his glorious threescore years and ten, in the old, inspiring tones of democratic comradeship, the Good Gray Poet, speaking to us of many things of the utmost significance, speaks also of Shakespeare and his work.

From the fact that he himself calmly sets the time for the final success or failure of "Leaves of Grass" a century hence, it is well, perhaps, to assume that we are treading on uncertain ground in commenting on his view of Shakespeare, uttered, as it must be, in the spirit of his own lifework. But we who are lovers of both Whitman and Shakespeare cannot bide our time as Whitman does, and must try, while we can, to understand and appreciate the view as it now appears to us.

That Whitman has revered Shakespeare's genius as devoutly as the most ardent of us seems certain. In that "Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads," speaking chiefly of Shakespeare, he says,—

"If I had not stood before those poems with uncover'd head, fully aware of their colossal grandeur and beauty of form and spirit, I could not have written 'Leaves of Grass.'"

But he has already spoken of Shakespeare's works as having no place in America "as authoritative types of song." In his view, they should be simply relegated to a dead past which the Eastern hemisphere has outlived and the Western hemisphere never experienced. It is as if the spirit of Shakespeare had thrown down the

gauntlet to America's poet, challenging him to sing for his own living present as the challenger sang for the age of Elizabeth. Elsewhere in "November Boughs" there are some very strong suggestions of the spirit of democracy lurking behind Shakespeare's historical plays, which were in Whitman's earliest judgment, as they are in his latest, "the most eminent as dramatic performances." This seems something like an attempt of a generous rival to reconcile to himself a worthy foeman, but I hardly think it was in that spirit that this thought appeared to Whitman, generous though he always is. But the summing up, in "A Thought on Shakspeare," remains, and is to me most disappointing and perplexing. I ought, perhaps, to quote more fully; still, even with the modifications which accompany them or elsewhere apply to them, there can be but one meaning to these words:

"—think of carefully built gardens from the beautiful but sophisticated gardening art at its best, with walks and bowers and artificial lakes and appropriate statue-groups and the finest cultivated roses and lilies and japonicas in plenty, and you have the tally of Shakspeare."

A modifying clause, perhaps a healing clause,—so intended, we are inclined to hope,—follows:

"But to the deepest soul, it seems a shame to pick and choose from the riches Shakspeare has left us—to criticise his infinitely royal, multiform variety—to gauge, with optic glasses, the dazzle of his sun-like beams."

The inference from all this seems plain. The genius of Shakespeare is reverentially admitted; his work is recognized simply as art, subjective and extrinsic, in which there is a glory like the sun. Yet the man and his work are utterly inadequate as applied to America. "The comedies are altogether non-acceptable to America and Democracy," we are told. And why not the tragedies as well? The great mind which produced them admits of no half loyalty, for it was as much in earnest in comedy as in tragedy or history. The same spirit informs them all.

The new and patriotic departure which Walt Whitman indicates for us admits, too, of no half loyalty. We must follow him in the

spirit of enthusiastic discipleship if at all. And here comes in the very serious question, can there be room for a "Shakespeare within us" and an equally eligible Walt Whitman? Can we admit the one man into our lives on the same footing and for the same reason that we admit the other, taking both, as speaking men, into our inmost confidence, profoundly satisfied with both? How we can by any other means get the best results which each can give us, I fail to see. However vaguely we may conceive of the grand personality which pervades and informs Shakespeare's work, we must feel it in its fullest sense if we are to catch even a breath of the inspiration which that work affords. Much—nay, everything—is left to us to conjecture of the man Shakespeare: he tells us directly nothing of himself; but perhaps as much is left us to conjecture of the man Walt Whitman, though he tells us all he can of himself in his own beneficent way. How plainly, too, he tells in the following lines something which really, after all, leaves his personality as vague to us as Shakespeare's:

"But these leaves conning you con at your peril,
For these leaves and me you will not understand:
They will elude you at first, and still more afterward I will certainly elude you;
Even while you think you had unquestionably caught me, behold!
Already you see I have escaped from you."

However different may be their several ways of approach to us how each speaks to us in his own way! Whitman says to us, for example, "I understand the large hearts of heroes," and shows us by thrilling instances how this is so. Shakespeare draws us the picture of Henry V., often stripped of the attributes of royalty, but always revealing the large heart of a hero, which we know he understands as well as Whitman. It matters nothing to us who the hero was or when he existed: we only ask the message of heroism from the poet and from both these poets we get it in a very adequate way.

And that message of heroism is only one little part of the great message of humanity which these two poets have, along their own widely diverging lines, brought to us,—a message so large that royalty and democracy stand within it on equal footing; for I take it that when two great poets are singing of the unchangeable ways of God

to man, as both these poets, or any poets, are doing after some fashion of their own, they are singing of humanity, which knows no distinction of persons. This is indeed a universal democracy, and so, I think, it seemed to Shakespeare. Perhaps Walt Whitman thinks so, too; perhaps I have taken him too literally. It is, as he himself tells us, sometimes hard to get his exact meaning, even through the medium of his noble simplicity.

Jonathan Trumbull.

THE DREAM OF THE HOLY ROOD.

CYNEWULF.

Lo, I the best of dreams will tell,
That which medreamt in the middle of the night
When the speech-endowed* remained in bed.
Methought that I saw a wondrous tree
Rising aloft, with light begirt,
The brightest of trees: all that sign was
Overlaid with gold; gems stood
Fair at the surface of the earth,† likewise there were five
Up on the shoulder-span.‡ The angels of the Lord beheld it
Fair through the future, nor was that truly the gibbet of a vile *one*,
But holy spirits watched it there,
Men upon earth, and all this great creation.
Wondrous was the victory-tree, and guilty I with sins,
Blemished§ with stains. I saw the tree of glory
With weeds bedight shine joyfully;
Geared with gold, gems had
Worthily covered the wildwood-tree.
However, I through the gold could see
The former agony of the miserable *ones*, when it first began

* Epithet for men.

† *I.e.*, at the foot of the Cross.—*Sweet*.

‡ Place where the two beams of the cross intersect.—*Grein*.

§ *Lit.*, wounded.

To bleed on the right side. I was all with sorrows troubled,
 Frighted I was at the fair sight. I saw the beacon quick
 To change in weeds and hues: sometimes it was with wet bedewed,
 Besoiled with the blood's flowing, sometimes with treasure decked.
 Whereupon I lying there for a long while
 Gazed, care-saddened, upon the tree of the Saviour,
 Until I heard it uttering sound;
 The best of woods then began to speak words:
 "It was of yore (yet I remember it),
 That I was hewn down at the holt's edge,
 Stirred from my roots. Strong foes seized me there,
 They wrought themselves there a spectacle, they bade me uplift
 their felons;
 There men bare me on *their* shoulders, till they set me on a hill,
 Foes enow fastened me there. Then saw I the Lord of mankind
 Hasten with great courage, since he would ascend on me.
 There then durst I not, against the will of the Lord,
 Bow or break, then saw I tremble
 The ends of the earth: I could all
 Foes fell, however I stood fast.
 Then the young hero prepared himself, who was God Almighty,
 Strong and brave of mood; he ascended the high gibbet
 Proud in the sight of many, when he would redeem mankind.
 Trembled I then, the Prince embraced me: I durst not bow to earth
 however,
 To fall to the surface* of the earth, but I must needs stand fast.
 A rood I was upreared, I lifted up the mighty King,
 The Lord of heavens, I durst not incline myself.
 They drave me through with dark nails, wounds are then seen in me,
 Gaping gashes of guile: nor durst I harm any of them.
 They insulted us two both together, I was all with blood bedewed,
 Flooded from the side of the hero, after he had yielded up his ghost.
 I have endured on this hill many
 A grievous fate: I saw the God of legions
 Cruelly outstretched; darkness† had

* *Lit.*, surfaces.† *Lit.*, darknesses.

Covered with clouds the corpse of the Ruler,
Shadow overcame the bright skies,
Wan under the welkin. All creation wept,
They bewailed the fall of the King: Christ was on the rood.
But there they came, eager from afar,
To the princely one; I beheld all that.
Sorely was I with sorrows saddened, bowed I down however to the
 hands of the men,
Humble in mood, with great courage. There they took Almighty
 God,
They raised him from the grievous torment; left me then the battle-
 men,
To stand covered with moisture, I was all wounded with arrows.
They laid him down limb-weary, they stood at his body's head,
There they gazed upon the Lord of heaven, and there he rested him
 awhile,
Weary after the great agony. Began they then to prepare him an
 earth-house,
The men in the sight of the murderers, they carved it out of bright
 stone,
They set therein the Ruler of victories. Began they then to sing
 him a sorrow-lay,
Sadly in the eventide, they would then afterwards journey
Weary, away from the glorious Lord: he rested there alone.
However we weeping there a good while
Stood at the base; the lamentation went up
Of the battle-men; the corpse grew cold,
The fair house of life. Then they began to fell us
All to earth: that was a fearful fate!
They buried us in a deep pit, but there me the disciples of the Lord
His friends found, . . .
They geared me with gold and silver.
Now thou mayst hear, my hero dear,
How I have suffered the work of criminals,
Sore sorrows. Now is come the time
That they honor me far and wide,

Men upon earth, and all this great creation.
 They pray to this sign. On me the Son of God
 Suffered erewhile; therefore I now glorious
 Tower under the heavens, and I may heal
 Each one of those who fear me;
 Formerly I was receiving the hardest of torments,
Those loathest to people, before I to them the way of life—
 The right *way*—opened to the speech-endowed."

Translated by Anna Robertson Brown.

THE LIBRARY.

BERDOE, EDWARD. — "Browning's Message to his Time." Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.: London, 1890.

DOES BROWNING himself "speak out boldly and clearly," saying, "another world! and why this world . . . to be a make-shift, a mere foil . . . to some fine life to come?" Or is this an outburst of Paracelsus's impatient practicalness, when pious Festus would soothe his disillusionings with hopes of heaven?

Dr. Berdoe uses this same quotation in the second chapter of his book, in order to show forth the exact color of Browning's own special creed. He uses it again in the fifth chapter in describing the fitness of the portraiture of the first college teacher of physical science.

Shall we credit Bishop Blougram, the Greek in "Pietro of Abano," and Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau to Browning? and their specious apologies for the actions they find convenient to the poet's own system of metaphysics? Important passages from all three of the poems concerned with these heroes of expediency are used by Dr. Berdoe in his attempt to reveal Browning's "Message to his Time." On the same ground, an unfriendliness to the poet equal to Dr. Berdoe's sweeping friendliness might find the very Browning out in Guido's "Smear my soul from off the white of things I blot, I am one huge and sheer mistake."

There are so many difficulties of the kind here indicated in the way of authoritative, complete, and consistent explanation of the poet's personal belief, and commentators in general, and so many members of the London Browning Society in particular, have so long labored upon it, that it is a pity any one should be much exercised nowadays to lay bare the dissenter in Robert Browning. However, there may be still many people who need the precise shade of religious enlightenment which Dr. Berdoo sees in Browning, and to such his book will carry its own message. Its writer lays claim, also, to speak with authority, on the added strength of some pleasant notes of thanks from the poet; yet not every one will be able to read in these *fac-simile* lines, or between them, a sanction plenipotentiary.

Those who care as much for the poet's poetry as for his religion will not be satisfied with Dr. Berdoo's definition of that either, and for the same reasons: he leaves out of consideration its synthetic and dramatic quality,—its soul and savor, as they may contend, and as stoutly as does he for its solely analytic and subjective quality.

But the view of a specialist is apt to be partial of any poet worth the name. It may also be the view which no one else can better give us, and which will best serve us on subjects well within its range. And, accordingly, the defect and the merit of this volume seem in fact to lie here. From among these loosely-strung popular lectures on Browning's Message, and Religion, on "Paracelsus," "Rabbi ben Ezra," "Vivisection," two in particular, "Browning as a Scientific Poet" and "Browning's Science" (the latter remembered with interest, no doubt, by those who saw it first in POET-LORE for August, 1889), make up a distinct and original contribution to the appreciative reading of Browning. This contribution consists in the noting of many passages throughout a number of poems in which the poet has made use of images and illustrations drawn from scientific knowledge, and which are all the richer to the reader who understands the force of the allusion. To Browning's assimilation of the wider principles now growing a part of modern thought, but which are the riper result of detailed observation, one finds here many a clue, so that Dr. Berdoo's work is often suggestive where it

is not full, and for all inquiry upon this very important subject—Browning's touch on science—it is an almost indispensable treatise.

Charlotte Porter.

GRIFFITHS, L. M.—“Evenings with Shakespeare.” J. W. Arrow-smith: Bristol, 1889.

THE LITERARY CLUB has become a gracious influence in modern society for the unfolding of the seeds of poetic appreciation which, lying dormant “here, there, everywhere about the world,” wait only the sympathetic touch to awaken them to consciousness of the truths and beauties of the poets’ supersensuous world. Pleasant and profitable, therefore, is it to have recorded by Mr. L. M. Griffiths the results of his many years’ experience as honorable secretary of the Clifton Shakspeare Society.

The rules for the organization of such a society are clear and sensible, though there is perhaps a little more machinery in the casting of parts than is quite desirable in a private society. According to Mr. Griffiths, to bring about as felicitous a distribution of parts as possible, it is necessary to have the club consist of twenty-five members, eighteen of whom must be men and only seven women. No doubt the blame properly belongs to Shakespeare, himself, for having put more men than women in his plays; but, since the club merely reads and does not act the plays, the assignment of men’s parts to men and women’s parts to women seems a quite unnecessary and arbitrary distinction.

We cannot help being somewhat amused, also, at Mr. Griffiths’s evident scorn of musical entertainments. His advice is that, if the society should desire to have a little change in their routine, a dinner-party might be permitted, or an open-air meeting. “But trivialities, such as regular musical evenings, members citing their favorite passages, working out Shakspeare puzzles, should be sternly discountenanced.” It is a curious bias of mind, and one which literary men are, unfortunately, too prone to exhibit, which places “music” and “puzzles” in the same category. The hundreds of musical settings to Shakespeare’s words form an important and too much neglected branch of æsthetic criticism, and an occasional evening

spent in listening to and comparing settings composed in the various eras of musical development would assuredly be productive of more pleasure and profit than the "permitted" dinner-party.

The rules and regulations of a society are, however, only of external importance, and will of course depend largely on the *personelle* and environment of the society.

The portion of Mr. Griffiths's book dealing with the method of study is extremely valuable. There are extensive reading tables in which the plays are arranged in chronological order, while here and there is interposed a play by one or other of the Elizabethan dramatists for comparison. The tables give the number of lines for each character, and its times of appearing. With each reading table are given a scheme for the arrangement of the parts, suggestions for discussion, and information about the earliest edition and history of that play.

Chapter X. is a little biographical dictionary of the Elizabethan dramatists; Chapter XI., an exhaustive account of the editions of Shakespeare's works, and includes, also, biographical accounts of the early printers; there is another chapter on the actors of Shakespeare's time: in short, Mr. Griffiths has collected together in the closing chapters an amount of useful information which makes his book an indispensable addition to Shakespeare reference books.

A word remains to be said about the chapter on the metrical tests, which contains Mr. Griffiths's own contribution to Shakespearian criticism. As all Shakespeare students know, many inferences as to the chronology of the plays have been drawn from the application of the metrical tests. Weak and light endings, double endings, rhyme, stopped and unstopped lines, have all been forced into giving their testimony, and now Mr. Griffiths suggests that the proportion of split verse-lines to whole lines—of course, only in dialogue verse—may furnish another factor in the determination of the chronology. His investigations have proved that the proportion of split-lines is greatest in the plays generally considered the later ones. According to this test "3 Henry VI." is the first and "Antony and Cleopatra" is the last, but the most curious result is the juxtaposition of "Love's Labour's Lost" (19) and "Much Ado About Nothing" (20). Is this

another argument in favor of the latter's being the lost "Love's Labour's Wonne"! Professor Pulling tried a test called by him "the speech-ending test," which took into account the proportion between speeches ending in the middle of the line and at the end of the line. It will readily be seen that the results of these two tests might be quite different, and the thorough working out of both and a comparison would be an interesting study.

Helen A. Clarke.

SCHELLING, F. E.—"Two Essays on Robert Browning: Robert Browning and the Poetry of the Future, Robert Browning and the Arabesque in Art." (Pamphlet.)

THE FIRST of these essays is directed against the matter, the second against the manner of Browning's poetry. As Mr. Schelling belongs to the school which declares that matters intellectual must be kept out of poetry,—the emotions alone being fit material for poetic treatment,—it is not surprising that he should indulge in so much invective against Browning's psychologic tendencies; and, further, since he considers Browning's fundamental principles of art essentially false, it could not be expected that he would admire his art form. As both his premises bear the stamp of narrow conservatism, he seems to us to have stepped back some fifty years in his estimation of Browning. Yet, unconscious of this, he poses as the sane man fighting against the inconsiderate madness of the multitude who worship Browning and whose irreverence, that "would dethrone the immortals and place the master of the Arabesque on a pedestal, the peer of Shakespeare," makes him fear "lest some incensed prophet shall come down from Sinai to shiver in his wrath the tables of all true poetic law." That any one who really appreciates the genius of Browning would desire on that account to dethrone the immortals is a proposition too absurd to be controverted. But let part of a line from Browning apologize for him—"All men cannot love two great names,"—the remainder—"yet some do"—be the talisman of all competent criticism.

PROGRAMME OF THE BROWNING SOCIETY OF THE NEW CENTURY CLUB, 1890-1891.

[A BROWNING PROGRAMME, which involves, along with study of selected poems of Browning, consideration of certain related works of Euripides, Shakespeare, Goethe, Tennyson, Emerson, and other poets, has been adopted, as follows, for the coming season, by this society. The committee which drew up this plan of reading and study, by appointment of the Executive Board of the Society, consisted of the Editors of this magazine, and they give this programme here, thinking it may prove useful or suggestive to other Browning Societies as well as to the Philadelphia Society. If any society chooses to follow this plan, or any part of it, the Editors of POET-LORE will be glad to hear of it, and to learn if any matters of special difficulty or interest are encountered in the course of using this attempt at a practical plan for special study in the line of comparative literary work.

THE EDITORS.]

THE PROGRAMME offered includes a number of poems, not yet read in the Browning Society, grouped together with some others not meant to be read at the meetings, in illustration of different dramatic phases of three general subjects: I. The Evolution of Service; II. The Evolution of Woman; III. The Evolution of Religion. And with these poems are associated some works of other poets for contrast of the subjects and treatment. Many other poems and works might be added, but those chosen will be found to give salient points.

The papers should not be longer than fifteen minutes, and those not given at their appropriate meeting must not be carried forward.

Those who take part in the discussions of the General Meetings are asked to draw a text from either the subjects of the papers or the points suggested for discussion in the Study Meetings, whichever they may choose to dwell upon. After the stated discussion the meeting is open to general debate, and it is strongly desired that this shall be free and informal. Any one having a few words to say on any phase of the subject that strikes him as important is invited to add to the general interest by thereupon expressing himself.

The Study Meetings are for members only. As these meetings are informal and solely for special study, the Board does not feel warranted in expecting that the general public will find them of interest. Those who attend the Study Meetings will be expected to share in the study and discussion.

The "Points for Study and Discussion" are meant to be suggestive, and not to limit inquiry.

Browning citations follow Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Riverside Edition.

Music will alternate with the readings and papers at the general meetings.

If any one should be prevented from filling his accepted part, he is urgently requested to notify the Secretary promptly. Until October address

SECRETARY OF THE BROWNING SOCIETY,

Care of POET-LORE,

223 South 38th Street, Philadelphia.

OPENING MEETING, NOVEMBER 6, 1890.

- Reading.*—Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound"—Chorus of Fairies, Act I.
 Shelley's "Alastor"—"The Poet Wandering on through Arabia" to
 "That Beautiful Shape!"
 Songs from "Paracelsus"—"I hear a Voice" and "Over the Sea our
 Galleys went."
 Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters."
Paper.—The Lotus Land of Homer, Theocritus, Idyl xiii., Moschus, v., "The
 Lotus Eaters," and "Over the Sea our Galleys went." The devel-
 opment of the symbolism.
Paper.—Traces of Shelley in Browning: "Alastor" and "Pauline."
Discussion.

THE EVOLUTION OF SERVICE.

Illustrative Poems.

- "Pietro of Abano" ("Dramatic Idyls," second series, 1880).
 Chiappino in "A Soul's Tragedy" (1846).
 Djabal in "The Return of the Druses" (1843).
 "Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau" (1871).
 "Pheidippides" ("Dramatic Idyls," first series, 1879).
 "Hervé Riel" ("Pacchiarotto and Other Poems," 1876).
 "Echetlos" ("Dramatic Idyls," second series, 1880).
 "The Patriot" ("Men and Women," 1855).
 "Luria" (1846).
Works to be compared.—Plato, "Republic;" Ibsen, "The Enemy of Society;"
 Shakespeare, "Coriolanus;" Euripides, "Hercules Furens" and
 "Alkestis;" Herakles in Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure;"
 Spencer, "Data of Ethics."

STUDY MEETING, NOVEMBER 20, 1890.

Summary of "Pietro of Abano."

Reading.—

Points suggested for Study and Discussion

- The story of Petrus Aponensis.
 Others of whom the same story has been told.
 Explanation of allusions.
 "Plato's way to serve men"—what was it? Compare "The Republic."
 The Greek's way in "Pietro of Abano," and his understanding of Pietro's secret.
 The significance of the citation from Suetonius.
 The difference between consciously working for good through evil and the good
 which is *evolved* through evil.

Is the comparison made by the Greek of evil to poison sophistical?
The difference between the Greek's way of ruling men at his pleasure for their good, and Paracelsus's "Seeing a good in evil and a hope in ill success."
(*Paracelsus*, vol. i. p. 21.)
Pietro's lesson,—expressed in "Ferishtah's Fancies" (vol. vi. p. 259),—beginning, "Man lumps his kind," ending, "No punishment like knowledge."

GENERAL MEETING, DECEMBER 4, 1890.

Reading.—"Pietro of Abano."

Paper.—The Greek in "Pietro of Abano" and the Burgomaster in "The Enemy of Society."

Paper.—"Three of Browning's Villains,—the Greek, Chiappino, Djabal."

Discussion.

STUDY MEETING, DECEMBER 18, 1890.

Reading.—"Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau." (Selection illustrating his policy of expediency (vol. vi. p. 37), "I like to use the thing I find," to p. 341, "All that ends in smoke.")
"Pheidippides."
"Hervé Riel."
"Echetlos."
"The Patriot."

Points suggested for Study and Discussion.

The story of Pheidippides in Herodotus.
Elements introduced by Browning.
Explanation of allusions and motto.
What was the meaning of Pan's gift?
How did the names of Miltiades and Themistocles grow less?
The story of Echetlos in Pausanias.
Who renders the greater service to man, the patriot who follows his highest ideal regardless of consequences or the diplomat who holds a safe middle course? (Compare the arguments of Prince Hohenstiel with Aslaksen in "The Enemy of Society.")
Is it better to require a reward for the world's sake than to decline it for one's own sake? See "Data of Ethics."
The Greek ideal of service as symbolized in Hercules. Compare "Hercules Furens" and "Alkestis" of Euripides.

GENERAL MEETING, JANUARY 8, 1891.

Reading.—"Pheidippides."
"Echetlos."
"Hervé Riel."
"The Patriot."

Paper.—"The Patriot and Dr. Stockman."

Paper.—"The Hero: Patrician and Clown," "Coriolanus" and "Echetlos."

Discussion.

THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN.

Illustrative Poems.

"A Pretty Woman" ("Men and Women," 1855).

"A Light Woman" ("Men and Women," 1855).
 "Bifurcation" ("Pacchiarotto and Other Poems," 1876).
 "Pompilia" ("The Ring and the Book," 1868-69).
 Anael in "Return of the Druses" (1843).

"Numpholeptos" ("Pacchiarotto and Other Poems," 1876).

"Balaustion's Adventure" (1871).

Works to be compared.—Ibsen, "The Doll's House;" Björnson, "En Hanske;" Dante, "Vita Nuova," "Divina Commedia;" Euripides, "Alkestis;" William Morris, "Earthly Paradise;" Longfellow, "Golden Legend;" Shakespeare, "Winter's Tale;" Chaucer, "Legend of Good Women;" Goethe, "Iphigenia in Taurus;" Tennyson, "The Princess."

STUDY MEETING, JANUARY 22, 1891.

Reading.—"A Pretty Woman."

"A Light Woman."

"Numpholeptos."

Points suggested for Study and Discussion.

The different ways in which the pretty woman is regarded in the progress of the poem.

"A 'pretty' woman is most appropriately treated when nothing is asked of her but to be so." (Mrs. Orr.) Is this the bearing of the poem?

If so, would it be a justifiable position?

Does the end justify the means taken by the friend in "A Light Woman?"

Suppose the case reversed: is a woman justified in saving a man from a lower-
 ing alliance? Compare Björnson's "En Hanske."

Are the opening and closing stanzas of "A Light Woman" pertinent? Do they
 serve any artistic purpose?

The poetic treatment of the science of light in "Numpholeptos."

Is Numpholeptos the "unreason of a she intelligence" or ideal womanhood?

Compare with Tennyson's "Princess."

GENERAL MEETING, FEBRUARY 5, 1891.

Reading.—"A Pretty Woman."

"A Light Woman."

"Numpholeptos."

Paper.—"Nora and the Pretty Woman."

Paper.—"Dante's Beatrice and Numpholeptos."

Discussion.

STUDY MEETING, FEBRUARY 19, 1891.

Summary of "Balaustion's Adventure."

Reading.—From "Balaustion's Adventure" (vol. ii. p. 278), "Behold, behold,
 breaks forth," to p. 286, "Did I mean this should buy my life,
 thought he," and p. 316 to the end.

Points suggested for Study and Discussion.

The origin and various Greek versions of the story of Alkestis.

Explanation of allusions.

Euripides's contemporary reputation.

His innovations compared with those of Browning.

Compare the story of Alkestis in William Morris's "Earthly Paradise."

Compare Longfellow's "Golden Legend."

How does the excuse which Admetos gives for wishing to live, in Balaustion's version, link him with the heroes of expediency?

What of the criticisms of Balaustion which she lets fall as she recites "Alkestis?"

Can any apology be made for the action of Admetos in Euripides's drama (see Moulton's "The Classical Drama")?

Compare the character of Alkestis with that of Hermione, Admetos with Leontes.

Balaustion's place among the group of women under discussion.

GENERAL MEETING, MARCH 5, 1891.

Reading.—From "Balaustion's Adventure," vol. iv. pp. 278-286, and 316 to end.

Paper.—"The Alkestis of Euripides and the version suggested by Balaustion."

Paper.—"Old and New Ideals of Womanhood: Chaucer's Hypermnestra, Shakespeare's Hermione, Goethe's Iphigenie, and Balaustion's Alkestis."

Discussion.

THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.

Illustrative Poems.

"Caliban on Setebos" ("Dramatis Personæ," 1864).

"Cleon" ("Men and Women," 1855).

"Saul."

"An Epistle."

"The Death in the Desert" ("Dramatis Personæ").

"Fears and Scruples" ("Pacchiarotto," 1876).

"Bernard de Mandeville" ("Parleyings," 1887).

"The Sun" and its Lyric ("Ferishtah's Fancies," 1884).

Works to be compared.—Shakespeare, "Tempest," and "Measure for Measure;" Plato, "Ion;" Wordsworth, "Intimations of Immortality;" Goethe, "Faust;" Tennyson, "Sea Dreams;" Fiske, "Idea of God;" Emerson, "Wood Notes;" Shelley, "Prometheus Unbound;" Æschylus, "Prometheus Bound."

STUDY MEETING, MARCH 19, 1891.

Reading.—"Caliban on Setebos."

"Cleon."

Points for Study and Discussion.

Natural history in "Caliban."

Force of the omission of the personal pronoun.

Is Caliban's theology truly primitive?

Is it influenced by Shakespeare's Prospero?

Contrast Cleon and Protus.

Does increase of culture increase the sense of failure?

Is the specialist inferior to the synthetist? Compare Plato's "Ion."

Compare Cleon's and John's use of the word "soul."

The Greek ideal of religion in "Cleon."

Paper.—The Jewish element in Browning's Religious Poems.

GENERAL MEETING, APRIL 2, 1891.

Reading.—"Caliban."
"Cleon."

Paper.—Shakespeare's and Browning's Caliban.

Paper.—Cleon's Intimations of Immortality, and Wordsworth's.

Discussion.

STUDY MEETING, APRIL 16, 1891.

Reading.—"A Death in the Desert." (Selection.)
"The Sun" and its Lyric.

Points for Study and Discussion.

Compare John's doctrine ("This is the doctrine" to "What is?" vol. iv. p. 193) with Faust's explanation ("Faust," i. 3).

What marks John's advance over Cleon?

Compare Cleon's fear of death with John's—"Is it for nothing we grow old and weak," etc.; or Rabbi ben Ezra's "Wait Death, nor be afraid," etc., with Claudio's "Death is a fearful thing" ("Meas. for Meas.," iii. 1. 117-151).

Compare "Earth's ladder drops," etc. (vol. iv. p. 201), with different phases of same idea in "Parleyings with Charles Avison" ("Truth escapes time's insufficient garniture," etc., vol. vi. p. 362); in "Fifine at the Fair" (The Dream—stanza cvii., vol. iv. p. 430); in Tennyson's "Sea Dreams."

Wherein does John's notion of man's progress differ from Cleon's?

Were optic glasses made in John's time?

Would a Persian be so shocked as Ferishtah's disciple was at the idea of the Incarnation?

What is the "fair colored stone" giving moisture under the tongue?

Use of scientific thought in "The Sun."

Parallelism between Fiske's "Idea of God" and "The Sun."

The dramatic treatment of the theme.

The poetic relation of the Lyric to "The Sun."

GENERAL MEETING, APRIL 30, 1891.

Reading.—Selections from "The Death in the Desert."
"The Sun" and its Lyric.

Paper.—The Prometheus Myth—Æschylus, Goethe, Shelley, Browning.

Paper.—"The Cosmic and Human Elements in the Idea of God"—Browning's
"The Sun" and Emerson's "Wood Notes."

Discussion.

NOTES AND NEWS.



AMONG the favored mortals who have been initiated into the very heart of the mystery of fairy-land, who have been on terms of intimate acquaintance with Oberon and the knights of his train, who have penetrated the household secrets of his fairy highness and discovered that there

are skeletons even in fairy-closets, is Michael Drayton, who, perhaps with Shakespeare, has given rise to what purports to be the science of fairy-lore. For even the fairies, it seems, are not to be left untouched by the all-classifying finger of science. They, however, do not lose their interest for mortals under these trying circumstances, as we are ready to testify after having read about them under the somewhat prosaic title of the "Folk-lore of Drayton" in Vol. III. of the English *Folk-lore Journal*, from which we cull the following extracts and facts :

" This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placèd there,
That it no tempests need to fear
Which way soe'er it bloweth,
And somewhere southward tow'rd the noon,
Which lies away up to the moon,
And thence the fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.
The walls of spiders' legs were made,
Well mortisèd and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade
That curiously it builded :
The windows are the eyes of cats,
And for the roof instead of slats
Is covered with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded."

The lord and lady of this unique erection which Nymphidia disclosed to Drayton were, of course, Oberon, and not, as we should expect, Titania, but Mab. Though possessing some of the accomplishments of Shakespeare's Mab, yet many of the acts attributed to her by Shakespeare, and, also, by Milton and Jonson, are by Drayton spoken of as belonging to minor elves. The chariot in which this Mab drives to meet her lover, Pigwiggen, the fairy Launcelot in "that fair cowslip flower On Hipcut-hill that groweth," vies in its daintiness and perfection with the famous empty hazelnut in which the other Mab used to drive.

" Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colors did excel
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning.

The seat the soft wool of the bee,
 The cover (gallantly to see)
 The wing of a py'd butterflee,
 I trow 't was simple trimming.
 The whéels composed of crickets' bones,
 And daintily made for the nonce,
 For fear of rattling on the stones
 With thistle-down they shod it,
 For all her maidens did much fear
 If Oberon had chanced to hear
 That Mab his queen should have been there,
 He would not have abode it."

Poor Oberon! he was not so blind to the shortcomings of his wife as King Arthur would have been: it made him uneasy to see Pigwiggen so attentive to Mab. Of course he knew nothing about a certain bracelet of emmets' eyes and a love-letter which the wicked Pigwiggen sent by Tom Thumb (after he had become a fairy) to Mab; and, when he found out that the inconstant Mab had actually eloped with Pigwiggen, his feelings got the better of him: "he swore by Pluto, he tore his clothes, and rushed about flourishing a fearful weapon formed of an acorn-cup." The upshot of it was that Oberon and Pigwiggen meet for combat mounted on fierce steeds,—“neighing earwigs,”—a fearful fight ensues; the result is doubtful, when Proserpina appears with a bag of Styx fog with which she envelops them and a bottle of Lethe water which she makes them drink, and the combatants forget what they have been fighting about. Mab and her maidens, with the superior intuition and tact of their sex, do not even sip the draught, and all the laugh is on their side. “Oberon scored in the matter of Nick Bottom, but here he was undeniably befooled.”

LONDON LETTER.

THE PUBLICATION of a new edition of “*Pericles and Aspasia*” of Walter Savage Landor (London: J. M. Dent & Co., 1890) calls to mind once more the personality of a great name. Is Landor to be counted among the list of forgotten geniuses? This is a question somewhat difficult at the present moment to answer: and in the

light of the past one cannot well prophesy. There was a time when Southey, Campbell, and Sir Henry Taylor (not to speak of one who ran them somewhat close in the popular estimation, James Montgomery) loomed large on the literary horizon, and who were not only spoken about, but *read*. Now it would be well within the mark to say they are all but forgotten. I remember on one occasion Robert Browning expressing his surprise at the way in which, as he put it, Southey was "completely forgotten;" still, he had had his public, and he had been largely read.

But this can hardly be said of Landor, for his public consisted of but a few choice spirits, and his work fell still-born from the press. Even of this "Pericles and Aspasia" his publishers wrote him that they had lost £150 by it, with the result that the impetuous Landor with the lion-heart at once returned the £100 they had paid him for the manuscript! And so it went on to the end: Landor producing—the public refusing to buy or read. But is not Landor's "public" yet to come? That he was in advance of his age there can be as little doubt as that he was easily great. He was a born immortal: a man rightly called "of genius" if ever there was one. His "Imaginary Conversations" stand alone for sublimity of phrase and wealth of aphorism; while his "Gebir," "Count Julian," and scattered *poetics* are thickly studded with the true gold ore.

Landor will have his day, and, when it dawns, it will assuredly be a long one. And the reissue of this volume will do much to hasten it. That the work is unequal is a trite remark; but in some of the chapters or scenes he stands alone in dramatic power, while the varied verses scattered through the book are of extraordinary beauty and strength. The work, too, is full of aphorism: for instance, talking of the changes of childhood, he says: "In every child there are many children; but coming forth year after year, each somewhat like and somewhat varying." In another passage we read: "The child's tears should blind her to the parent's guilt;" while in another letter we come across this beautiful simile: "At length came the twilight of thought and showed her blushes." A truly wonderful soul, and a wonder to all other souls, this Landor.

A new life of Byron has just been issued by Mr. Walter Scott.

It is from the pen of the Hon. Roden Noel, and, although not containing much that is new, is extremely interesting. Mr. Noel is well known as a poet, his best, as it is his most popular, volume being "A Little Child's Monument." The chief interest of Mr. Noel's Byron will be found in the hitherto unpublished verses at the end of the book, "The Monk of Athos." Only three stanzas are, however, printed, Mr. Noel admitting that the remainder are hardly worthy of the poet's reputation: I should have quite coincided with him had he thus spoken of the whole. Still, the specimens given are interesting enough; while the book, as a whole, is well worth the reading.

By the bye, some interesting monographs are to appear in this series, chief among which will be a life of Hawthorne by Mr. Moncure Conway—which is, I believe, to contain some "new matter." This will be followed by a life of Schopenhauer by Professor Wallace, Mr. Addington Symonds's book on Boccaccio, and Mr. Merivale's "Thackeray."

Another volume of some interest is to be issued by the same publisher (in his Camelot Series), consisting of "Famous Reviews." That this will be of exceptional interest to many of your readers will be apparent when I mention that it is to include, among other reviews, the enthusiastic article by John Forster apropos of Robert Browning's "Paracelsus."

Assuredly this is an age of fads, and the *prudes* seem to be well in the running. Here is a series of books promised, under the title of "English Literature Series," which is truly appalling. The "masterpieces" of English literature are to be carefully "edited" for the use of young readers; and, while "large omissions" are to be made, the thread of the story is to be preserved by "the insertion of occasional connecting links in italic type"! Surely the young people who can read might be left to enjoy the *modern* English book without this sort of "improved" edition; surely the story of young Copperfield and of little Dombey, of "Esmond" and of "Shirley," of "Ivanhoe" and of "Waverley" might be kept from the hand of the destroyer, whatever might be said concerning the fiction of the pre-Victorian age. The "series" is, I learn, to be under the editor-

ship of Mr. Edward Arnold,—and one may certainly wish him well of his task.

I am told that there is no intention of allowing Mr. Froude's life of Carlyle to go out of print, and that a new and cheaper edition is in course of preparation. Of course, the book of the day will be "In Darkest Africa," the publishers of which are going to press with an edition of fifteen thousand copies,—a truly phenomenal issue when one considers that the price of the book is to be two guineas. But then, these are phenomenal times: and, says literary gossip, authors are starving and publishers on the verge of bankruptcy. Just so!

William G. Kingsland.

LONDON, June 4, 1890.

BOOKISH BITS.

IN READING recently "Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit," 1581, by John Lyly, I found one or two words worth special note. Lyly says, in his introduction to the scholars of Oxford (Arber Reprint, p. 208):

"Shall Oxford then be blamelesse? I wish it were so, but I cannot thinke it is so. But as it is it may be better, and were it *badder*, it is not the worst."

This is a curious use of the comparative degree of "bad," and but rarely found, I imagine. In the same writer's "Euphues and his England," 1580 (Arber, p. 283), he illustrates a word which occurs in "The Tempest," to wit: "But seeing all were *whist* to heare my judgement, I replied thus," etc.

THOMAS FULLER, in "The Holy State," 1648, has some queer words. In this work (Pickering Reprint, 1840) he says, speaking of Julius Scaliger:

"As for his skill in physiognomy, it was wonderful. I know some will say, that cannot be read in men's faces which was never *wrote* there."

I have selected this word "wrote" as an illustration from a

worthy divine, and future lexicographers may find it of use. But Fuller is also to be credited with the invention of new words, the coining of which is so popular nowadays. He says (*ibid.* p. 64), in describing the "Faithful Minister:"

"Surely that preaching which comes from the soul most works on the soul. Some have questioned ventriloquy, when men strangely speak out of their bellies, whether it can be done lawfully or no: might I coin the word *cordiloquy*, when men draw the doctrines out of their hearts, sure all would count this lawful and commendable."

Frank Folio.

NEW YORK.

IS BROWNING A THEIST?

"AT SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL, Finsbury, London, Dr. Stanton Coit lectured on 'The Ring and the Book,' on Sunday morning, March 30. He read as a preliminary lesson the story which Caponsacchi tells in the Sixth Book of his first meeting with Pompilia and his resolution to save her, and began his discourse by insisting that before one can know the full meaning of a poet's masterpiece, it must be almost known by heart. The mere perusal of 'The Ring and the Book' does not admit the reader to its inner lessons. To possess only such a superficial acquaintance with the work is to be unfair to the author. It must be read not only till it is understood, but also till its melody is known. A musician who should only be able to play the mere notes of a work by Mendelssohn would not be competent to unfold its harmonies. Such an intimate acquaintance with Browning is the more necessary because his mannerisms are not attractive. They repel us at first, as an unpleasing face repels till the possessor lights it up with a divine life and captivates us despite its plainness. If Browning's poetry were dead poetry it would not be beautiful; it is living poetry, and the pleasure comes when the curiosity has died out. Browning's method in 'The Ring and the Book' is fatal to every principle of art. He gives us the whole plot in the introduction, and then views the story from a number of different angles. If expectancy be taken as the index of merit in a dramatic work, it is vitiated by such a method. But this is not Browning's way: he would not write a line if it were not to teach. He does not really violate art, because art speaks mediately. A book had recently been written professing to give 'Browning's Message to his Time,' and what was

the message, according to the author? It stands for theism. But surely that was not Browning's message to his time. He nowhere makes theism the basis of his poems. Nothing comes from outside, for instance, in his greatest work, 'The Ring and the Book.' No God is *there*—greater than Pompilia. What is 'the message' in this work? 'This time the foolish prayers were done with,' says Pompilia. So right uses might, and for the sake of her unborn child she sets conventionality at defiance. Here is Browning's humanism opposing his theism. There is a scepticism and there is a faith. Browning has no desire to find out God; his skill is exercised in finding out all the facts of men. Does any man know the heart of the man who lives nearest to him? This is the great mystery to Browning. It is this he endeavors to describe. It is this truth he seeks. And it may be called his negative message. Speech is nought, fame but words and wind. Browning's 'message' is to condemn us for our carelessness, our prejudices, self-interest, and indifference; not to preach of God to us. Humanism in the place of theism; no love for a superhuman deity, but in place of it love for untainted, unselfish Pompilias. Pompilia was not solaced by the supernatural. Her interests were wholly human, her truest consolation the fulfilled dreams of a mother. Her Saviour was Caponsacchi. But Guido was orthodox enough, though he defied God, the Pope, and the Church; he was a coward and a sneak, and called upon all to save him in his extremity. In the cry of the villain we get at the theism."

A correspondent in London sends us the account of Dr. Coit's address as given above, and makes this comment upon it,—

"It will be noticed that Dr. Stanton Coit has mistaken the meaning of the passage he quoted from Pompilia's death song. The 'foolish prayers' were those she had vainly addressed to Governor and Archbishop for release from her husband's tyranny, not those addressed to God, in whom the context shows she had perfect and loving confidence."

Dr. Stanton Coit himself rejoins upon this account of his lecture in the *Pall Mall Gazette* as follows:

"SIR,—The question, 'Was Browning a Theist?' which you place at the head of your report of my Sunday morning lecture, will seem to imply that I had said Browning was not a theist. But I had, on the contrary, emphasized the fact that he was a theist. I only contended that his special message to his time was neverthe-

less not theism but humanism. Nor did I imply that in place of love to a superhuman deity Browning would set up the love of an individual person, even of the unselfish Pompilia. Browning betrays no trace of the Comtist tendency to make a god of man, and his plea is for universal love. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"Stanton Coit."

A CURIOUS discovery casting some faint side-light upon two minor characters of Shakespeare's has just been made. From the German of Professor F. A. Leo in the "Shakespeare Jahrbuch," XXV., just at hand, we extract, somewhat shortened, the following account:

"Dr. Heyd, the chief librarian of the Royal Public Library in Stuttgart, has kindly written to me as follows:

"While making a catalogue of the historical MSS. in our library, I stumbled on a "princely" album which seems to have belonged to Duke Frederick I., of Württemberg, in which I discovered, among other notable names of people with whom the duke had met on his travels, those of two well-known gentlemen, inseparable in "Hamlet," appearing in conjunction. Thus:

1577

*In utraque fortuna ipsius esto
memor*

Jörgen Roszenkrantz.

1577

*Ferendum et sperandum
P. Guldenstern.*

[The page is given in fac-simile in the Jahrbuch.]

"Whether this "find" has any value or not, I leave to the judgment of yourself or of your fellow-students who have made a special study of "Hamlet." I send it to you as the publisher of the "Jahrbuch" without comment."

"This seemed to me to raise such an interesting and important question that I applied at head-quarters for permission to look through the album and make photographs of these interesting entries. This was granted, and the album was sent to the Royal Library in Berlin. I have not yet made an exhaustive examination of it, but have made photographs of the important page and of one other. I find myself in the same case as Dr. Heyd, and must leave further investigations to such experts as Cohn, Creuzenach, and Bolte, and confine myself to the reproduction of the material

found in the album. The volume is an interleaved autograph book of 397 sheets, with the title on page 12. The first three pages are blank; from here the entries, of which there must be a thousand, begin. The first entry has the motto and signature of King Frederick II., of Denmark (this is the other *fac-simile* page). [Then follow a number of royal and princely entries, among them one not royal, but of much greater interest,—viz., that of Tycho Brahe.]

“The signatures of Roszenkrantz and Guldenstern are on page 70. The owner of the book must have been in Scandinavia, as is shown by the word ‘Haffniae’ (Copenhagen) in the first inscription, and have met the two court parasites. Their appearance was probably familiar to some of the English actors who chanced to be in Denmark, who, upon their return to England, gave their colleague, Shakespeare, such a lively account of them that he was able to portray them to the life. This probability gains in likelihood when we observe the trouble that the English author, or printer, or corrector had in spelling these foreign names, yet how stubbornly the names persist through all these odd transmogrifications, or, perhaps, on account of them. The First Quarto, 1603, has *Rossencrafft and Gilderstone*; the Quarto of 1604 has *Rosencrans and Gylidensterne*; the Folio, 1623, has *Rosincrane, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne*.

“Dr. Bolte, to whom I sent a copy of the signatures, writes as follows:

“‘All that I can find in the library at present concerning Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is unfortunately very little. The Rosencrans and Gyllensterns families (the latter of which died out in 1729) belong to the most ancient of the Danish nobility, having been known since 1300. Jürgen R. who wrote the entry in the album is probably identical with Jorgen R. who died in Copenhagen in 1597, or with his namesake who died in 1608. The funeral sermons of both are published in the Danish lexicon of noble families. From the funeral sermon of Holger Ottesen R. (1517–1575), I gathered that he had a younger brother named Jorgen, likely to be one or the other just mentioned above.

“‘The given name of L. Gyldenstern (Laurits?) I have not succeeded in discovering. The crest of the family in the lexicon is a seven-rayed golden star on a blue ground. It is worth mentioning that the Holger Rosenkranz who died in 1575 married Karine Gyldenstern.’”

— THE PAPERS of the New Shakspeare Society from January 11, 1889, to January 10 of this year have just reached us, and are

even more than usually full of interesting matters. Mr. R. G. Moulton has contributed two papers to the season's discussion, the first of which, contrasting the Classical and the Shakespearian Plot, by recasting "Macbeth" in classic form, is the subject of the sixth chapter of his recent valuable book, "The Ancient Classical Drama" (Macmillan & Co.); the second, on the humor of "Love's Labour's Lost" and "As You Like It," read last January, is given in full. "The special interest which colors 'Love's Labour's Lost,'" says Mr. Moulton, "is the bringing of humor into contact with its antipathetic, with some train of unnatural circumstances, or the various artificial conventionalities of the world; these are by the mere contact exposed and shattered. Humor is thus the great vindicator of the natural; it is an exquisite perception of the normal in human affairs; it is common-sense etherialized." In a later play, continues Mr. Moulton, Shakespeare "has again introduced the impact of humor upon affection as a dominant motive. Between the two there is the difference we should expect." That is, of course, the contrast, as we take it, between the simplicity of the motive in the early play, and its complexity in the later drama; the example in Shakespeare's span of work of an increasing complexity, leading us, therefore, to accept, without the disdain affected by some worshippers of the classic, that increased complexity of conditions which is the mark of modern dramatic poetry.

"The earlier play resolves as a whole into the central idea which gives significance to its every part. In 'As You Like It' the conflict of humor with the conventional is only one motive amongst many. In 'Love's Labour' the humor is one and the same throughout; the artificialities with which it is in conflict are many. In 'As You Like It' there are three distinct types of humor,—the *healthy* humor of Rosalind, the *professional* humor of Touchstone, the *morbid* humor of Jaques: while for the artificial element we have that one great conventionality of poetry besides which all others may be called secondary." And that one great conventionality beloved of poets, Pastoral Life, has its climax of humor, let us note,—since Mr. Moulton chanced not to speak of it,—when in its frank reality it hits back at the poetry which evoked a masque of it, in Audrey's double-edged question, What is it to be poetical? "Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?" Unconsciously she refers poetry back to its natural elements, and relates it to that "high seriousness" and "criticism of life" which inspire religion. No wonder Touchstone rebukes her painful crudeness, but if there were no force in her haphazard inquiry, there would be small humor in this clash of the professional court humorist with the raw material of the "Pastoral Life" of Poetry.

Another contribution of peculiar interest is the paper of Mr. J. Gallancz on the "Icelandic Saga of Ambales," which is a romanticized version of the ordinary story of Hamlet, according to MSS. extant in Iceland, and in Copenhagen libraries. It tells how a spæ-wife, offended at not being invited to bespeak the fortune of a child about to be born to Queen Amba of Cimbria, prophesies that the "son of thine about to be born" will be "for thee but of little joy, for he shall seem to all men a fool." Ambales, the child of the story, is "very large and unsightly, dark-skinned, and with bristle hair, black as coal, but yet very beautiful by reason of his eyes."

Still another illustration of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was brought out in Dr. Furnivall's remarks on his investigation of the construction of the famous passage, iii. 1. 56-60,—

"To be, or not to be; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them."

"The question was," said Dr. Furnivall, "did the passage, 'Whether 'tis nobler,' etc., down to 'end them' stand in apposition to, and expand, the words 'To be, or not to be,' or was it an introductory adverb-clause to it, as if the sense was, 'Independently of the point, whether it is nobler to suffer ills here or resist them, *the* question is, is there a future life?'"

Dr. Furnivall said he had submitted the point to the president of the society as well as to several eminent scholars. Mr. Robert Browning, in reply, wrote as follows:

"May 4, 1889.

"My own reading of the passage is, and always has been, as follows: 'To be, or not to be,'—*that* is the question:—*videlicet*,—whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer, etc., or, in other words, to endure the conditions of this life,—'to be,'—or to violently resist these,—make war against the sea of troubles which are inseparable from life, and by opposing these, in the only way possible, 'end them,'—which means 'to die'—that being tantamount to sleeping—safely removed from them all: but *are* they all so surely escaped from? 'To sleep' may involve the subjection to dreams—of what nature, who can say? The obscurity arises from the modern editors making that a question of itself, which is only the restatement of a question already in existence. There should be no mark of interrogation after 'opposing, end them,'—a full stop or colon at most."

And again, on May 5,—

"Certainly, if you think the trifle worth citing, it is at the service of the scrap-collector.

"You say, 'men constantly *do* conquer their troubles by resolutely fighting against them.'—Ay,—but the typically irresolute Hamlet entertains no notion that such conquest is possible, or he would undertake it. He is not 'pigeon-livered'—would 'drink up esil, eat a crocodile,' and so on,—but sees no cure for the 'pangs of despised love,' 'scorns taken from the unworthy'—and the like 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' whose 'buffets' the quite resolute Horatio would easily dispose of, as he says admiringly and perhaps envyingly."

In conclusion Dr. Furnivall gave the results of his own and the Rev. W. A. Harrison's researches on the allusion implied in taking "arms against a sea of troubles," as follows:

"I found in 'Strabo's Geography,' Book VII., ch. ii. § 1, Englished by Falconer (Bohn, 1854, p. 449):

"'Neither is it true, as has been related,* that the Cimbri† take arms against the flood-tides, or that the Kelts, as an exercise of their intrepidity, suffer their houses to be washed away by them, and afterwards rebuild them.'

"On turning up the Nicolas-of-Damascus passage in the 'Excerpts and Fragments from the Histories of the Greek Nicolas of Damascus, with a Latin version, Leipsic, 1804,' p. 144-45, I find this, being Englished, is,—

"'Kelts living near the sea think it disgraceful to fly from a falling wall or house.

"'When a high wave [or tide] comes upon them from the sea, they meet it and withstand it till they are washed down [destroyed], that they, flying [taking to flight], may not be thought to fear death.'

"The fair inference from this passage is, that Hamlet's words, 'by opposing, end them,' mean 'die,' though they seem to mean 'fight evils and conquer them.' It also follows that 'To be, or not to be,' applies to this life, as most folks hold, and not to the future life; and that 'Whether 'tis nobler' to 'end them' is in apposition to, and expands 'To be, or not to be,' and is not an introductory

* Aristotle, "Ethics," "Eudem." lib. iii. cap. 1, Nicolas of Damascus, and Aelian, "Var. Histor.," lib. xii. cap. 23, have attributed the like extravagant proceedings to the Kelts or Gauls. Nicolas of Damascus, "Reliq.," pp. 272, 273, says that the Kelts resist the tides of the ocean with their swords in their hands, till they perish in the waters, in order that they may not seem to fear death by taking the precaution to fly.

† The Cimbri inhabited Denmark and the adjacent regions, p. 292.

adverb-clause to it, as some able men think, as if the sense was, 'Whether it is nobler to suffer ills here, or resist them, *the* question is, is there a future life?' Shakspeare, no doubt, got his sea-metaphor—first, from an after continuer of Holinshed: 'A Registre of Hystories . . . written in Greeke by Ælianus, a Romane, and deliuered in Englishe . . . by Abraham Fleming.' London, 1576, the Twelfth Booke, leaf 127, back: 'The people *Celtae* are most ready, and able, to take any kinde of daungerous aduenture, and are not afrayde of any blustringe storme. . . . They count runninge away so reprochfull, that oftentimes they will skarce moue when a house is ruinous, and ready to fall vpon their heades, or when it burneth eagerly in euery corner, and is in a bright flame rounde about them: Moreouer some of them are so boulde, or rather desperate, that they throw themselues into y^e fomey floudes with their swordes drawne in their handes, and shaking their iauelines, as though they were of force and violence to withstand the rough waues, to resist the strength of the streame, and to make the floudes affraide least they should be wounded with their weapons.'

"But Shakspeare might also well have seen the passage above from Nicolas of Damascus (born 64 B.C.), for it had appeared in print in 1593,—at Heidelberg, says the Museum Catalogue; Geneva, the *Bibliog. Univ.*,—both in its original Greek and a Latin translation opposite, by N. Cragius (ed. 1593, p. 9; ed. 1604, p. 377).

"Even if Shakspeare's 'less Greek' could not have Englished Nicolas of Damascus's sixteen-hundred-year-old Greek, his 'little Latin' was surely enough for Cragius's translation; and some of his audiences at the Globe would have understood his 'by opposing, end them,' better than some of his successors have done.

"The first Quarto of 'Hamlet' (1603) has not the allusion to the Keltic custom, but only reads in sc. vi. (after II., ii. 169), 'To be, or not to be, I there's the point, To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all.'

"Aristotle, says Mr. W. A. Harrison, refers to the Kelts in the 'Nicomachean' as well as in the 'Eudemian Ethics' (Book III., cap. 1). The latter passage is,—

"'He is not a brave man who exposes himself to danger knowingly, in consequence of fury [*διὰ θυμόν*], like the *Celtae* who take up arms and rush upon the waves of the sea.' . . .

"The former passage is in the 'Nicomachean Ethics' (Book III., cap. 4. vii.).

"'But the man who, like the Celts, fears nothing, neither earthquake nor waves, may be called not courageous, but rather mad or insensate.'"

— A STRANGE fallacy prevalent among people who are not in Browning Societies is their notion that these societies are formed for the purpose of descanting on Browning's obscurities, while members are supposed to outvie each other in suggesting some startling and original solution of the alleged enigmas scattered broadcast through his poetry. If such were the object of the Browning Societies, they would have collapsed, and deservedly, long ago. As a matter of history, however, Browning Societies which have been in existence for some years still continue to flourish, while new ones are starting up both in this country and in England. Now, what is the secret of the fascinations exerted by this poet? Simply, that he has created character after character, not the comparatively single-motived and complete character of the Shakespearian era, but the character forming in the midst of the complex currents of modern environment. It is true that some societies are prone to occupy themselves too entirely with the subjective side of Browning,—his religious views, æsthetic views, and so on,—while the individuality of his numberless characters is but rarely touched on. The London Browning Society is a notable instance of this tendency, with the natural result that they can now get papers only with difficulty. Owing partly to this and partly to the flood of genealogical and biographical data with which they have occupied themselves this winter, the literary aspect of the society has been somewhat in abeyance. They are evidently much in need of a breath of new life, and how better could it come than through a dramatic study of Browning's characters, forgetting for the time being the personality of their great creator. Such a course would be profitable not only on account of the interest aroused in the characters, but would likely result in modifications of opinion respecting the poet's own ethics and æsthetics.

Among the more interesting of the facts which are set forth in the proceedings of the London Society is the one, recently made public by Dr. Furnivall, to the effect that to Browning belongs the authorship of "almost the whole of the 'Life of Strafford' which has hitherto gone under the name of the late John Forster, in the second volume of the lives of 'Eminent British Statesmen' in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, pp. 178-411, with the Strafford Appendix, pp. 412-421: this volume was published in 1836. John Forster wrote the Life of Eliot, the first in the volume, and began that of Strafford. He then fell ill; and as he was anxious to produce the book in the time agreed on, Browning offered to finish "Strafford" for him, on his handing over all the material he had accumulated for it. Forster was greatly relieved by Browning's kindness. The poet set to work, completed Strafford's life on his own lines, in accordance with his own concep-

tion of Strafford's character, but generously said nothing about it till after Forster's death." This discovery places the drama of "Strafford" on a still higher plane than before, as a work of creative genius, since the resemblances in it to Forster's "Life" already pointed out in POET-LORE (Vol. I. pp. 282, 332, 372, 426, 511, 562) are but echoes of the poet's self.

—THE STUDENT, a paper published by the students of the University of North Dakota, has an unusual and noteworthy department devoted to Shakespearian readings and kindred matters. The hand of the President of the university, Professor Homer B. Sprague, whose school-editions of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" are favorably known, appears here in various comments on Shakespeare readings, most of which are characterized by a praiseworthy tendency to find reasons for the meaning of the original text rather than to amend it rashly. In a recent number, February, for instance, is the following comment on this passage:

"Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends
And let them know both what we mean to do
And what's untimely done; [so, haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter—
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poisoned shot—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay."

(*"Hamlet,"* iv. i. 38-45.)

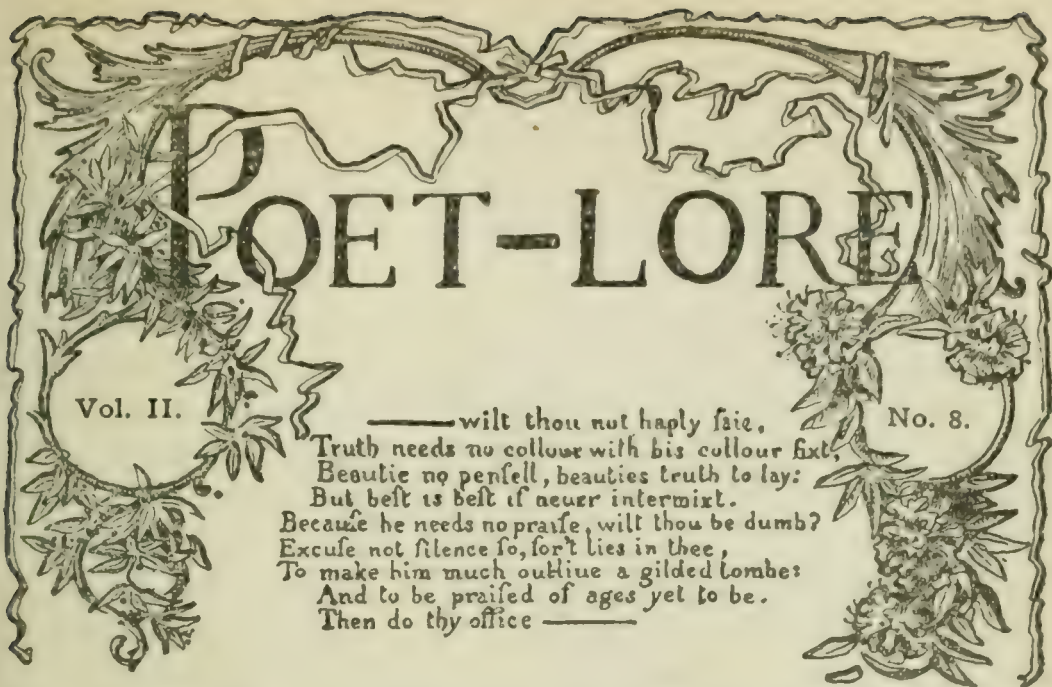
"In this passage the words in brackets, 'so, haply, slander,' which are not found in any of the early editions, are inserted as a part of the text by Capell, Stevens, Caldecott, Boswell, Knight, Collier, Singer, Elze, Dyce, Staunton, White, Keightley, Hudson, Moberly, Rolfe, and Furness. Malone inserted, 'so viperous slander;' Theobald, Warburton, Johnson, and Jenness read, 'for, haply, slander.' Tschischwitz has, 'by this, suspicion.' Stratmann prefers, 'so that suspicion.' Rowe, Pope, and Hanmer omit from 'done' to 'O.'

"In our edition of 'Hamlet' we have ventured to disagree with all these. We choose to omit the words in brackets; and, as we stand alone in thinking that nothing needs to be inserted to complete the sense, we will briefly assign our reason. We quote from our edition as follows: 'Are the discord and dismay,' line 45, sufficient to account for the imperfections of line 40, and for any break in the sense or syntax?' We think so, but the meaning is clear. Omit altogether, then, the words which modern editors would foist in, and interpret 40 to 44 thus: 'and the untimely deed—the rumor of

which, speeding to the ends of the earth as straight as the cannon transports its poisoned shot to the white of the target—may yet miss injuring our reputation, and may hit the woundless air.’ ”

— MR. S. TIMMINS contributes to the *Birmingham Post*, of April 23, his customary valuable summary of Shakespeare publications issued during the year, April, 1889–April, 1890, among which are chiefly the Furness “*Variorum*” “*As You Like It*,” Mrs. Stopes’s second edition of “*The Bacon-Shakespeare Question Answered*,” Walter’s “*Shakespeare’s True Life*,” Tyler’s book on the Sonnets, the “*Jahrbuch*,” and Griffiths’s “*Evenings with Shakspeare*,” all familiar to readers of POET-LORE. We have also to thank Mr. Timmins once again for his good words about this magazine.

— A WRITER in the *Indépendance Belge* scores, as only a Frenchman can, the snobbishness of the current belated acceptance, by the mass of English readers, of the original genius of Browning, attributing their late dull awakening to the misplaced splendor of his burial in the Abbey. He claims for Browning and his wife the place of cosmopolitans; will have it that their light and life found nourishment in sunny Italy and France, rather than in foggy, insular London; and resents British inclusion of these poets with the crowd of poets whom Europe is quite content to call English merely. Browning’s case, he continues, jeered against and railed at for thirty years, recalls the case of Paracelsus, whom the poet made by a singular chance, as though by some obscure instinct of his intellectual kinship with the famous alchemist, the hero of one of his early lyric dramas. Browning was an alchemist, also,—an alchemist of the soul, he continues, “writing not for ears but for brains.” Since the age of Elizabeth, since Shakespeare, there has never been a poet who sacrificed so pitilessly, whenever he found it necessary, the music of words and rhymes for virility of idea. With such a conception of poetic art a contemporary of chisellers of elegies—namely, Matthew Arnold and Tennyson—necessarily would appear, before them, like a Paracelsus before the books of Avicenna and of Galen. And, like Paracelsus, on account of the torrent of his thoughts, the unheard-of multifariousness of his knowledge, he had an incoherence of style, an abundance of abstractions, a complexity of images, which sentenced him to pass for a long time, in the eyes of the masses, for a charlatan babbling jargon.



Vol. II.

No. 8.

— wilt thou not haply saie,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
But best is best if neuer intermixt.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
To make him much outliue a gilded tombe:
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office —

A RECENT RENAISSANCE.

I.—ROUMANILLE AND MISTRAL.

ONE whose eyes have wandered over the fields of Provence when January has done its insufficient best to strip the landscape of flower and foliage must believe that poets grow from stony soil. Stones everywhere,—massive yellow boulders, strewn so thickly over the short turf that we wonder at the unconcern of the knitting shepherdesses or the blue-bloused herdsmen for the next supply of their flocks; orange-colored cobbles mortared into the straight, rough walls of dwellings and huddled outbuildings. Little enough do we find in the fields they till or the houses that they live in to suggest for the peasant anything but the austerities of existence. Yet these are but the equivalent of that sternness of life and heart experience, or severity of scholastic discipline,—have it as you will,—which must underlie the most delicate and exquisite forms of human expression. Here, in the home of vine and orange, has poetry an origin, "*vieux comme les rochers de Provence*," as the proverb goes, and all the human affairs which have occupied the soil, grown there, faded, and fallen, have been such as to overlay it with the mould best fitted to nurture the natural product to a most luxurious development.

In Provence, Nature has dictated her own idyl and created her own school. With Alpine glow and almond blossoms and the glint of curlew's wings, she has lit the land in love's own hue. She has taken her dark-eyed peasantry, with their emotional spirits and ardent temperaments, and set them in picturesque garb under a tender southern sky. She has so breathed and suffused the yellow light that the foliage of the olive and all low-growing things blends with the softness of the atmosphere in a harmony of appeal to the imagination, and the sharply-cut limestone cliffs, with their ruined towers and bastions, hold pale shadows and stand out gray and vague in their very distinctness.

The interpreters of Nature in Provence, if accurate, must be Idealists and Realists because ideal. The characteristic expression of these two elements, Realism and Idealism, though generally looked upon in literature as antagonistic, mingle strangely in the nature of the poet, that creature of paradox. It is the former that makes him content with the simple possessions and homely living he is so apt to choose, and keen to the worth of the one to whom he devotes lance and lyre. By Realism also he is quick in this human life to feel the painful dissonance of fancy and fact, and thereby gains, as Matthew Arnold did, his "sense of tears in mortal things," though he may hide it with a sweet or mocking smile. Thus, often subjectively, the poet, and thus, perhaps, in a greater degree than in all Southern Europeans, the heart of the Gaul.

Provence had her glory-day in an age of infinite sentimentalism. Knights were chasing the dream of regaining the holy sepulchre, and fine ladies sat under the trees at their courts of love, weaving codes whereby to define intangibilities. But in the "nursery rhymes of infant civilization," then sung by the troubadours, there are evidences that there did then live true affection, and, through pain and fight, heroism of deed as well as word.

To Idealism, however, the passing shadow is more powerful than fleshly actuality. It descries the celestial tint, not in the heart of the rose, but in the light resting on snow-tipped peaks, finds the charm of beauty in her very coyness, far-away joys sweeter than present; pageantry and glitter and faint trumpet-echoes rouse to

patriotic ebullition; it sings brave songs of remote conflicts while the temple of Janus is open, but perishes under the hardships of war. To Idealism, therefore, the supreme objective force is the *suggestion*, gathering intensity according to the distance it travels before reaching the hot soul. That act of the mind, the mysterious alchemy by which this most delicate and elusive element is transformed, the old Provençal writers called the *trobar*; the body gained by the process of thought, ethereal or sensual, according to the purity of the flame to which it has been subjected, they called the production of the *troubadour*, or finder.

With the true *esprit gauloise*, the Midi might well taunt all her conquerors with not only having brought, but left, what was for her their best gift. The very nature of the relations of Southern France with all the primary sources of Western European civilization have been such as to put her in the direct way of finding all their *inspiration*.

Every long occupancy, which seems now but a flitting across the rural stage, was an enactment of the genius of a national life. The magnificent relics which Greek, Roman, and Goth have left upon the soil will suggest to the imagination all the features of each national life as long as temple, arch, and buttress shall last.

A frontier position on the Mediterranean and the Rhone, deep and dull-flowing even as far up as Avignon, left the land of sun and dream open to invasion. All the giant forces, therefore, operating in the world were felt in Provence, but by their lightest touches. The sea brought specimens of Oriental luxury and echoes of Oriental story; stirring rumors of near and far-off conflicts found easy entrance.

By the eleventh century, when its unique literature began to show itself, the South of France had had its Doric civilization and gained its remains of Greek statues and temples. It had borne the discipline and undergone the culture of Rome, and tasted her lush splendor and corruptions. It also held monuments of her architecture, such as the aqueduct over the Gard and the theatre at Orange, second only to those of Rome itself. It had been dominated by Northmen, and some of the cities of the south had been

ruled by Moors. Many a town had especial quarters for the Jews; but the far East was yet better known from the tales of the pitiful few who came back from the holy wars bearing palms and chanting of triumph. There were also astrologers and doctors from Persia, gypsies from the opposite shores of Africa, holy hermits, and alleged witches,—in fact, none of the strange elements tossed up in the ferment of the ages had failed of representation in the South of France. Later on, though after the poets had ceased their singing, there came the crowning episode of the papal residence at Avignon.

These varied influences fell upon a race with the instinct to grasp and re-embody ideas lying back of outward expression, and the outcome was High Romance. If the customs of life were often unnatural and vamped, and literature filled with far-fetched and attenuated sentiment, the effect was at least refining to the grossness of the period.

With the beauty which suffused every landscape, such susceptibility to impressions would almost of itself appoint Pantheism as the native religious bent. Truly the gods of Greece were well received, but since their time the name of Southern France has been associated with many creeds unorthodox. The only thing which could overcome this tendency was an opposing personal force. Such an element, and that a powerful one, came, and to remain. It found a home in the hearts and thoughts of the people, and they hold it as peculiarly their own. The Provençaux claim that a large proportion of the immediate followers of that Person who shone in the earth as its Source of Light and Truth brought Christianity to their shores just after the crucifixion. The tradition is a very ancient one, and many of the churches to the memory of these disciples have lost the dates of their building. The legend runs that the holy crew were thrust by the Jews into an unseaworthy barque, which was finally thrown upon the sandy isle of Camargue, opposite the Rhone delta. There they separated, and went in their characteristic ways to preach Christianity in Gaul. Arles was turned from the worship of Venus by the eloquence of Trophimus, Lazarus became the first Bishop of Marseilles, Martial went to Limoges, Saturnius to Toulouse, Eutropius to Orange. The still contrite Magdalene

found a grotto in Sainte-Baume. There she wept her tears into a never-failing spring, until she ascended to heaven. That Martha freed Tarascon from its monster, La Tarasque, by sprinkling holy water upon its dreadful back, is still a cause of gratitude to every native of the village. Industrious to the last, she is said to have ended her days in spinning, by the banks of the Rhone, a pattern to her attending maidens, yea, verily, to the maidens of all generations. The family of Bethany lie now in effigy in the crypts of the church bearing her name, and many candles are kept burning and there are many offerings of flowers. The figure of Martha has been carved in modern times of the purest marble, but that of Lazarus is old and brown and crumbled, as if to testify that the grave had at length had its way. But the memories of the "dear saints" do not dwell thus unhealthily. They have had little to do with the lettered seclusion of cloisters, but have left their sweet examples to household and village life. They also figure quaintly in the popular song and story which, though never fully embodied in writing, in the eleventh century, as has been before said, took the shape of a distinct literature.

Fully three hundred and fifty years previous to this, there had already accumulated, from foreign sources also, a treasure second only to *inspiration*, without which the poetical impulse is but fine torture,—namely, an adequate means of expression. The Neo-Latin dialect, known as the Romance language of the South, had been somewhat directed in its peculiar forms by the original Iberian and Gallic tongues. It was strangely expansive, taking modifications from all incomers except the Teuton conquerors, from whose speech it held persistently aloof, and, in declining any affiliation whatever, became the *Langue d'oc*, distinct from the *Langue d'oïl* of the North of France. Through one of its branches, the Catalanian, it was the parent of the modern Spanish. Through the Piedmontese, it greatly directed the formation of modern Italian; and a third variation, more distinctly traceable to the ancient Iberian, was used in Gascony.

Through all the political changes that have taken place, the South has shown itself as possessing an inherent individuality. This has always been of a passive, rather apologetic nature, and not of a

*

kind to work political ill. But in spite of the loyalty of all Frenchmen to France, the Provençal language proper, and the other three before-named variations of the *Langue d'oc*, with their many dialects, give to the lower part of the country a sort of national distinctness,—separatism is too strong a word,—the Midi would decline it as would a gifted bride any result which distinguished her from her husband.

Until the civil wars of the early part of the thirteenth century there was everything to help and little to hinder the development of the literature which is her dower. All the changes of foreign rulership were made in a manner singularly gentle and peaceable for the times. The native quickness to avail itself of culture was as typical as the simplicity of the conceptions and the songfulness of their expression. Greece furnished artistic training, and Theocritus, with the “fire of *Ætna*” in his heart and the quiet and “wasting luxuriance” of the Sicilian landscape hovering over his imagination, was the unconscious head of the entire brotherhood of Provençal poets. Thus it came to pass that with the municipal organization and the cathedral, the minstrelsy of the troubadours added another protest against feudalism, uniting the king to the baron and the baron to the peasant, who improvised in his kitchen. Thus it happens that they gave lyrical patterns to all the Latin languages of modern Europe.

The various reasons given for the fall of their poetry are directly traceable to the causes which brought it forth. They themselves attributed its decay largely to the all too real representations of the poets' themes given by the jongleurs and jongleures who came to accompany them. Those who look over the field from a greater distance say that they fell into the metaphysical error of “making” instead of “uttering,” and grew vague and indistinct in the over-effort to catch at remote ideas. Taine asserts that the poetical literature of the South declined for lack of a serious moral purpose. All these conditions acted and reacted, and would undoubtedly, in time, have caused its disappearance; but there remains the record of its bitter cutting off by the internecine wars which began in the early part of the thirteenth century. The Albigenses had travelled beyond saintdom and papacy and grasped the fact of the infinite

supremacy of the one great Personality. After the local crusades of Simon de Montfort and eighteen years of horror, with Avignon sacked and Langue d'oc desolated, there fell upon the land the hush of death. The very language became a banished and proscribed thing.

Shall we waken to find that every seed which is of light enfolds the immortal? The first-fruits of the Renaissance which came to the Romance language were as pure as snow-drops arising out of the dark mould. To the rank and file the literature it had once produced was known only by tradition. From having been a thing which flourished far and wide in the air and sunshine, for five centuries it had had a sparse and stunted growth, mainly in the shadows of church and monastery walls. But the language itself could not die,—it too exactly corresponded to the nature of the people,—nor could the people avoid making occasional use of it in its natural functions; but the verses and songs were not of enough value to be remembered, and there was little rife but vulgar rhymes, fit for carousals in the vaulted taverns. Still, the Langue d'oc, or Provençal, as we call the tongue from its main division, continued to be spoken. Though foreigners make Mediterranean seaports a Babel, it may be heard in the cry of the vendor of tunnies and anchovies threading the squalid alleys of Marseilles, and of the artichoke-seller sauntering before the sun-bathed villas of Nice. In some of the little old towns farther back, whose stuccoed inns entertain few tourists, no other tongue has been in common use. The old women with the close caps, who beat their clothes into something like whiteness on the stones by the side of the streams, have always gossiped in Provençal. The young women, with hair drawn low over the ears and head-dresses of embroidered muslin, who meet under the plane-trees in the village centre, use the Provençal for the accompaniment to their bright, quick motions. It has always been the home language in the great “Mas” or farms around Arles,—the vernacular of shepherds, vintagers, silk-worm-tenders, and olive-pickers. It was thus kept alive by the simple folk, and from among them, if at all, one must come to show again what forms of beauty it could fashion.

- In St. Remy, a little village of Provence, not far from the Rhone, was born, in 1818, Josef Roumanille. His parents were gardeners, and their farm-house was half hidden by apple-trees. He was the eldest son, and his early life was a pastoral one; his flock, six little brothers and sisters, whom he minded all day in the fields, he their sturdy, rollicking shepherd. At the age of seventeen, having been educated in the French schools, he wrote French verses. These he read at night to his mother, but, as she could not understand the language of the North, she could not grant the young minstrel that enthusiastic appreciation that first efforts usually call forth from the family circle. With the sole idea of pleasing her, he "tried the adventure" of a few verses in her own familiar Provençal. They pleased her so much, and Josef was so enamoured of his task, that he shortly after conceived the definite aim of giving to the village folk pure and healthful rhymes in their own tongue. He worked on thus for ten years, and then became professor in a boys' school at Avignon. There, at his studies, was Frédéric Mistral, then fifteen years old.

In the following year, 1847, Roumanille published "*Li Margari-deto*," or Easter Songs, his first collection of Provençal poems. He had then written but two of the annual Christmas Hymns, "*Li Nouvè*," which form a second volume of fourteen numbers. Although now set to organ music, we do not know that they were chanted year by year by the choirs in Notre Dame des Dom or St. Pierre. They would, however, have matched in spirit many an old picture hung on Gothic walls, where, in holy scenes, costume and background familiar to the painter have brought him ridicule for his anachronisms. Rather, let us see the simple soul which would reverently receive the Lord of Glory into all the details of a present every-day living.

Roumanille's poems are of the native peasant life, circling round that of the Holy Family, while angels and evil spirits take their parts with mediæval freedom. His child figures are real Provençal children. He describes them with caressing tenderness, and we know his loving heart and review the experiences of his boyhood.

Translation is dangerous where simplicity in the original is a leading charm, and "Li Nouvè" were "by one of the people" for a people who have "infantile naïveté" for one of their component parts. In the final verse of "Li Pijoun," the Pigeons, one of the simplest, there may even in English be felt the velvet delicacy of expression which shows the restrained strength of a great master poet. A fair little thing, with round cheeks and angelic eyes, begs her mother to take her, with all her little treasures, her pearl collar and piqué coat, and her playthings, with honey and crumpets and two dearly loved *white pigeons*, to comfort the Babe, who, cold and trembling, yet beautiful as the sun, lies upon the stable straw. Then, after their journey,—

"And while He sleeps,—they kneel before Him—
He the Infant God—to pray;
The two white pigeons, from the rafters,
Fly away."

Here and there we find quaint touches of the humor which is so distinctive a feature of Roumanille as a man and poet. In "Lou Proumié Som de Jèsu," the First Sleep of Jesus, little André and Jouan and Zette, who are crowding around the sleeping Baby in the humble shed, are stilled in the refrain from using their whistle and drum and castanets. "But why," they plead,—

"Here sings the nightingale at will,
At Christmas, why not we?
The ox no singer is, so still
He keeps, or you should see
That like the ass, with us, he'd try
The joyous nightingale t' outvie."

The poet's Envoy prays the Holy Mother that her Son bless his little work when He awakes. In the original, it is like the suppressed yet rapturous outpouring of a bird's song in the hush that precedes the sunrise,—

"Fai, o bello maireto
Que toun Fiéu adoura
Benigne mis Oubreto
Quand se revihara."

Roumanille found the old language more and more available, and his enthusiasm was soon shared by two friends, Anselme Matthieu and Theodore Aubanel. In 1852 a volume appeared which set forth their various efforts, together with those of the young pupil of Roumanille, Mistral. It heralded the existence of a new school of Provençal poets.

The affectionate relations which grew up between the schoolmaster and the boy referred to, have been of the greatest importance to the lifework of each. The writings of Frédéric Mistral are the crowning glory of the Romance tongue.

Maria Lefferts Elmendorf.

(To be concluded.)

SHAKESPEARE'S INHERITANCE FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

“S YOU LIKE IT” is a mine of archaic usage: usage which had become obsolete among the university-bred men of Shakespeare’s own generation.

“The something that nature gave me, his *countenance* seems to take from me: he *lets* me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother.” *Lets* here cannot mean *permission* simply: still less can it mean *hinderance*: it is equivalent to *causes*, or *makes* me feed with his hinds: has the same weight as “bars me the place of a brother.” This meaning of *lets* is not found in our Bible: it is quite common in “Sir Tristrem” (thirteenth century): in Chaucer and in “Piers Plowman” (fourteenth century), and in the “Morte d’Arthur” (fifteenth century). So *countenance* is antique in meaning: it is harsh, overbearing conduct: Moberly’s note in his Rugby edition of this play is very good,—“the evil eye with which he regards me:” gen-

erally, it meant attitude, or pose, or bearing in the fourteenth century. Barbour, in his "Bruce," says of Douglas,—

"Quhen he wes blyth he wes lufly,
And meyk and sweyt in cumpany :
Bot quha in battaill mycht him se
All othir *contenance* had he."

Barbour, in point of word-forms, was by far the most advanced writer of English in the fourteenth century : and he does not hesitate to use *parlous* instead of the orthodox *perilous* just as Shakespeare does (iii. 2. 45) : and, even when written as three syllables in Shakespeare, it now and again must be spoken as two syllables, if rhythm is to be observed. Shakespeare puts *parlous* into the mouths of dukes and queens as well as of clowns. It cannot have been a mere provincialism—a popular corruption of *perilous*. Browning has rightly restored this so-called corruption in "The Ring and the Book."

The "cast lips of Diana" have, in my opinion, a right to complain of the ungallant attitude hitherto assumed towards them. If they are *abgelegten* (cast off), as Delius puts it, then Diana becomes a superannuated old maid—a slander upon her perennial gracefulness and beauty—and Orlando becomes a buyer of "old clo'!" Would the sprightly Rosalind have anything to do with the slough of Diana's lips? Would their contact be full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread? Might I, with all deference to the commentators, suggest that they are possibly mistaken? Shakespeare did not write *cast off*. What if *cast* here has the sense which the word bore in middle English,—*device, contrivance, mould*?—the sense which we still use in the expression *cast-iron*? The lips would then be a double of Diana's—of the lips of the buskined huntress armed with bow and arrows of unerring aim, roaming the mountains and hills of Hellas—the twin sister of the radiant Apollo, and, like him, ever young : she might very well, as regards kissing, be frigid as "a nun of winter's sisterhood;" for she is one of a triad of maiden-goddesses over whom Aphrodite, *alias* Venus, has no power. In "Piers Plowman's Creed" (486) we have, "of the kynrede of Cain he *caste*—formed, made—the freres" (friars). Scott, in chapter xvii. of his

"Monastery," exemplifies this meaning,—“As he spoke, the figure looked upon him with a fierce and awful countenance which, without losing the similitude of that which it usually exhibited, had a wilder and more exaggerated *cast* of features.”*

In the third scene of the fourth act, Oliver meets the ladies with a hearty greeting—"Good morrow, fair ones!"—and asks if they can tell him the whereabouts of a sheepcot in the forest. Celia makes answer,—

“West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.”

To a modern reader this is as good as a conundrum: yet it is very simple so soon as we know our whereabouts in our own English speech. *Left* is in a middle-English sense, and means *lying* or *remaining*,—the row of osiers lying on your right guides you to the place. So in “Piers Plowman’s Creed” (374),—

“Ther is more pride in prechours hertes
Than ther *lefte* in Lucifer or he wer low fallen.”

Occleve, who died in 1420, has in his translation of the “Rule of Princes,”—

“But out this golde on a tapite hath shotte
That in the bagges *lefte* ther no grotte.”

So Lydgate,—“Thebes,” 1174,—

“Non but on(e) *left* of hem alive,”—

only one of them remained alive.

Oliver’s salutation, “good morrow,” demands some notice. Quite

* [As Dr. H. H. Furness, in his recent edition of “As You Like It” (page 193, foot), makes a similar protest against the interpretation of *cast* in modern editions, and points his objection to the inappropriate coarseness implied with a similar reference to “old clo’,” it is only fair to our contributor to say here that this second paper of Dr. Korner’s under this title (see POET-LORE, December, 1889, page 551) had been in our hands some time before the issue of the “Variorum ‘As You Like It.’” The objection to the usual explanation is the more interesting because of the coincidence. But the coincidence extends no further than the objection. The explanations suggested as substitutes are not the same, though they have a cousinly quality. Dr. Furness suggests, we may add, that “‘cast’ is here the mere phonetic spelling of *chaste*, which from the Latin *castus* retained, it is not unlikely, the hard sound of *c*, or it is a downright misprint for *chast* or *chaste*, which the editor of the Second Folio quickly corrected [to ‘*chast*’]. Moreover, an allusion to her chastity is almost inseparable from Diana; this of itself would almost justify us in making the change.”—THE EDITORS.]

recently it was held to be a strong Baconian prop: it was declared a coin with Bacon's image and superscription upon it. Now, some two hundred years before Shakespeare and Bacon lived, it was well known among the middle and lower classes of English-speaking people. The pious monk, William Langland (was he really the man?), makes a woman tavern-keeper address a tippling good-for-nothing by this formula:

"Ac Beton the brewstere bad him good-morwe."

The line may be found in the Fifth Passus of "Piers Plowman."

A couplet in the "Ballad of Robin Hood and Guy of Gishorne" runs thus:

"'Good morrowe, good fellow,' sayd Ñ Robin so fayre:
'Good morrowe, good fellow,' quo' he."

"He betaught hem god, and gode day," occurs in "Sir Tristrem" (ii. 16), near the end of the thirteenth century: and we find the same salutation in Barbour's "Bruce:"

"He taucht him silver to despend,
And syne gaiff him gude day."

All the characters in this play are well bred; they use no scurrilous words. Indeed, Shakespeare's roughest characters compare most favorably with some of the pilgrims to the shrine of the "holy blissful martyr," in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." Shakespeare's vulgarest men are allowed no more than a cursory expression, not too literal; a concise innuendo, not too gross. He has greatly improved his inheritance from the fourteenth century in respect of chastity of speech and behavior. His Falstaff is not a disgusting beast like Langland's Glutton. Shakespeare did for dramatic literature what Burns did for the songs of Scotland,—elevated, purified, made classic.

Sinclair Korner.

“ANTONIO’S REVENGE” AND “HAMLET.”



WHATEVER may be thought of the attractiveness or otherwise of “Antonio’s Revenge,” there can be no doubt that as a play it is much more consistent than “Antonio and Mellida.” In “Antonio’s Revenge” Marston sets out with a definite aim, works steadily up to it, and nearly every passage contributes to the development of the action.

As in its broader features “Antonio and Mellida” can be compared with “Romeo and Juliet” [see “Marston’s Shakespearianisms,” *POET-LORE*, May and June], so it will be seen that “Antonio’s Revenge” bears a general resemblance to “Hamlet.” I need only point out that, as Claudius kills the elder Hamlet to marry the widow, so Piero despatches Andrugio and purposes to marry Maria. The ghost of Hamlet’s father returns to prompt the son to revenge, and so does Antonio’s father revisit him from the grave for the same purpose. It is upon these analogous main-springs that the action of the two plays depends.

Coming to the details of the play itself, it seems to me that Marston intends Piero to be seized with a sudden madness. In the first scene he comes in with a record of villanies in one night, and promise of more, that by its profuseness must have agreeably surprised the most exacting of his audience. In such a ruffian’s heart it is not difficult to see that there might be a desire to get rid of Andrugio, who might have proved a formidable foe; but it is wholly without reason or excuse that he should have killed Felice, whose only offence was that his “sinking thought frightened” Piero’s “conscious heart,” when in “Antonio and Mellida” (i. 1.) he cautioned his master not to be puffed up with pride at the victory he had won. Felice has paid dearly for his consistency as a censor of other people’s morals, a part he so often performed in the first play.

So much does this desire for blood possess Piero that it is most reasonable, after the friendly reconciliation at the end of the first part, to think that here Marston intends to represent a man suffering from homicidal mania. The placing of Felice's body close to Mellida, in order that Antonio should be led to believe that his love had been faithless to him, was a deed that should have led Strotzo to "adore" Piero's "topless villany" (85). When, referring to the Andrugio family, he rejoices at being able to "poison the father, butcher the son, and marry the mother," he acts towards them with a strict impartiality, although of the three the mother would most stand in need of our pity.

The scholarly audience in the school-room of St. Paul's must have been delighted with the rich promise that would be heralded by Antonio's description of his dream when he had been visited by the ghosts of Felice and of his father. The effect must have been overpoweringly terrible when one of the boy actors suited the action to the word, and

"Bow'd his naked knee, and pierc'd the star
With an out-facing eye; pronouncing thus:
Deus imperat astris. At which his nose straight bled."

(p. 367, col. 1.)

But all this rant may be pardoned for the sake of the inimitable record of Balurdo's dream which immediately follows, and in which he had been haunted by the "abominable ghost of a misshapen simile" (p. 367, col. 1). This, we cannot doubt, was written by Marston from personal experience, for, if there is such a thing as literary retribution, such a fate must have often befallen the writer of the two parts of "Antonio and Mellida." And at once, as if to show what he could do in this way, he makes Antonio say, in reference to his lady on their bridal morning,—

"Rouse the slumbering bride from gluttoning
In surfeit of superfluous sleep."

(p. 367, col. 2.)

Marston often seems to use the most inappropriate expression he can possibly find. Witness,—

"Hark, madam, how yon cornet *jerketh* up
His strain'd shrill accents in the capering air." (p. 367, col. 2.)

At the end of Antonio's speech, when he first sees the body of Felice, there should be no break in the scene, as Piero enters at once upon them.

When, at the beginning of the second act, Piero thus soliloquizes over the corpse of Andrugio,—

“I have been nurs'd in blood, and still have suck'd
The steam of reeking gore,”— (p. 369, col. 1.)

the scholarly audience in the school-room of St. Paul's must have been raised to the seventh heaven of delight, especially when they realized that this was only the beginning, for Piero had

“But newly twone his arm in the curl'd locks
Of snaky vengeance. Pale, beetle-brow'd hate
But newly bustles up.” (p. 369, col. 1.)

Our inane friend Balurdo, whom we knew in “Antonio and Mellida” as the counterpart of a conjoint Slender, Silence, and Aguecheek, consistently comes in with one of Marston's telling sarcasms after one of his more than ordinarily silly but characteristic utterances. Piero says, “Dost thou know what thou hast spoken all this while?” To which Balurdo answers,—

“O lord duke, I would be sorry of that. Many men can utter that which no man but themselves can conceive: but I thank a good wit, I have the gift to speak that which neither any man else nor myself understands.” (p. 369, col. 2.)

This is worthy of the best form of either of his Shakespearian analogues.

Piero outdoes Richard of Gloster in his projects of villany, and tries to get Pandulpho, whose son he has but just killed, to join in oath with him to secure Antonio's death, and to gloss over the horrible deed on the plea that it was Antonio who had plotted Andrugio's death. This Pandulpho indignantly rejects; and the St. Paul's audience, gifted, no doubt, with a fervid imagination, must have applauded to the echo the representative of Pandulpho when he said to Piero that, to escape his persecution, he would

“Skip from earth into the arms of Heaven:
And from triumphal arch of blessedness
Spit on thy frothy breast.” (p. 370, col. 2.)

Much could be hoped for from a writer who could present to an audience the idea of a righteous man, plagued for his resolve to abstain from complicity in unholy deeds, translating himself to heaven and seating himself on the summit of a rainbow's arch, where, secure from reprisals, he may take his revenge by spitting on his former earthly adversary.

Antonio, although impressed with the vision of his father urging him to revenge, has, Hamlet-like, been unable to put his desires into execution, and expresses his surprise that his responsibilities have not turned his brain (ii. 2. 144-150). Here we have a close Shakespearian parallel. The hearsay evidence which failed to move Hamlet to execution finds its likeness in this play in the dream which Antonio related in i. 3.; and the parallel is continued in iii. 1., where Andrugio's ghost appears to Antonio and relates, in language which recalls the scene in "Hamlet," the fact that he had met his death at the hands of Piero; he also has to lament that his widow consents to be the murderer's wife; and both end their reiterated injunctions to revenge by an emphatic command not to forget. Hamlet in English, Antonio—with due regard to the scholarship of the St. Paul's audience—mostly in Latin, call upon supernatural powers to aid them in their vows for vengeance.

There has been a lack of horror for some lines; so, to make amends, Julio, Piero's young son, is brought in, simply to be killed by Antonio. In his pleading not to be hurt there is a faint resemblance to that of Arthur with Hubert, but not more than would occur in any two passages of a like nature.

The time of midnight infuses wordy courage both into Hamlet and Antonio. Hamlet, in Antonio's phraseology, says,—

"'Tis now the very witching time of night
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world; now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on."
(iii. 2. 397, 406-10.)

Antonio, in a somewhat similar passage, says,—

"Now gape the graves, and through their yawns let loose
Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth."
(p. 374, col. 2.)

And adds, as he stabs Julio,—

“ And now, swart night, to smell thy hour out.
Behold I spurt warm blood in thy black eyes,”

with more of the same sort.

In the next scenes we have at first a little of Marston's lighter vein, in the chatter of the nurse and the consistent drivel of Balurdo, who, among his other sentences, drops one which shows that Marston was capable of those telling sarcasms that sting: “ Why, look you, lady, I was made a knight only for my voice; and a counsellor only for my wit” (p. 375, col. 2).

In “ Hamlet” the ghost only appears in the scene with the widow; here he not only comes to her and makes himself known, but addresses her with words of reproach and incitement to revenge.

When Antonio enters, the ghost counsels him to adopt a disguise for the furtherance of his aims; and, just as Hamlet himself tried to make out that for the sake of vengeance he assumed that which he was not, so Antonio takes the ghost's advice, and, as a jester, joins the judicial party that is appointed to try whether Mellida is innocent or not. Piero takes a fancy to him and his praise of fools, in a passage which there is no need to quote. “ Oh, your unsalted fresh fool is your only man” (p. 376, col. 2) reminds one of the enthusiasm of Jacques for Touchstone's profession. With Antonio present, the trial of Mellida proceeds, and her innocence is established by Strotzo unjustly incriminating Antonio as the author of her defamation and also as the procurer of Andrugio's death. Strotzo, self-condemned, declares himself unworthy to live; Piero takes him at his word, and, with the help of a courtier, strangles him. The joy of the scholarly audience in the school-room of St. Paul's could have known no bounds at this ingenious device, by which the playwright caused the murder of a man for deeds which he had not committed, and which he only pretended to have performed as part of a plan of his ducal master, by which another innocent man was to be condemned.

At this juncture Alberto, by prearrangement, gives out that Antonio is dead. But for the poetical justice of the drama this is too much. The sudden news induces fatal syncope in Mellida, and the

heroine of this play comes to an untimely end, as did both Juliet and Ophelia. The simpleton Balurdo, whose honest but foolish soul is of sterling quality, gets sent to prison for his determined advocacy of wrongful suffering. We part from him with a sigh of sympathy.

Antonio, still having to preserve his disguise, was present at Mellida's death-bed. In such a trying position we should have expected him to rant furiously, but instead, in broken accents, in a passage not often matched for sympathetic power, he thus expresses himself:

"Ay, Heaven, thou may'st, thou may'st, Omnipotence.
What vermin breed of putrefacted slime
Shall dare to expostulate with thy decrees!
O Heaven, thou may'st indeed: she was all thine,
All heavenly. I did but humbly beg
To borrow her of thee a little time.
Thou gav'st her me, as some weak-breasted dame
Giveth her infant, puts it out to nurse;
And when it goes high love takes it back." (p. 378, col. 2.)

This scene for expression takes high rank; but the stage directions and episodes are for the sole enjoyment of the scholarly audience in the school-room of St. Paul's. How delighted they must have been when Pandulpho, accompanied by his nephew and a page, brings in his son's dead body in a winding-sheet and lays it athwart Antonio's breast as he lies moaning on the ground! When he doesn't seem to pay the least attention to it, and says only that he had lost a good wife, Pandulpho rejoins,—

"Hast lost a good wife?
Thrice blessèd man that lost her whilst she was good,
Fair, young, unblemish'd, constant, loving, chaste.
I tell thee, youth, age knows, young loves seem grac'd,
Which with grey cares, rude jars, are oft defac'd." (p. 379, col. 1.)

Again, when Alberto, referring to his cousin, says he had lost a true friend, Pandulpho, in a marvellously fine passage, full of the Shakespearian expressiveness, freshness, and vigor, says,—

"I live encompass'd with two blessèd souls.
Thou lost a good wife, thou lost a true friend, ha!
Two of the rarest lendings of the heavens,

But lendings which, at the fixed day of pay
Set down by fate, thou must restore again.
O what unconscionable souls are here!"

"Hast lost a true friend, cuz? then thou hadst one.
I tell thee, youth, 'tis all as difficult
To find true friend in this apostate age

As 'tis to find a fixèd, modest heart
Under a painted breast. Lost a true friend!

O happy soul that lost him whilst he was true!" (p. 374, col. 1.)

This was much too good for the St. Paul's audience, and Marston had forgotten them for a time; but no doubt they sat on with patience, knowing what he had done for them before, and in time—and that not long—they were to be amply rewarded. Pandulpho still has a pathetic dirge to utter over his son's body as it is laid in its resting-place, but then, with Andrugio's ghost as a sort of chorus of the coming events, and in the last act accompanied by most exciting stage action, the spirits of the scholarly audience would rise at the obviously coming treat. A little fairly-good fooling from Balurdo intervenes, and then the last scene opens, and, although it falls far short of the slaughter scene in the last scene of "Hamlet" in quantity, it makes up for it in quality. Andrugio's ghost, knowing of course what was coming, takes up a good position for seeing, and then, every one turned against him, some with rapiers and all with taunts, Piero is despatched with such torturing detail and such emphatic language that, as the curtains were drawn, the "scholarly" audience in the school-room of St. Paul's must have hardly known how to contain themselves for the richness of the feast.

At the beginning of this play it is said that the *dramatis personæ* were all those of the first part; but for our present enjoyment we sadly miss the quick repartee of Rossaline, the smart pertness of Flavia, the shrewd cynicism of Felice, and the Armado-like verbosity of Castilio. Even Balurdo is not like his former self, all the lighter parts being made subordinate to the tragic character of this play, which deserves careful study as an integral and representative development of the more finished drama as it left Shakespeare's hands.

Shakespearian resemblances of detail are not so many in this play as in "Antonio and Mellida," which was more a record of Marston's contemporaneous London life than a serious attempt, as is this, at a consistent tragedy where unity of action was steadfastly kept in view. In purely dramatic expression Shakespeare had no difficulty in showing his marvellous pre-eminence. Although he would always be closely run and often surpassed in the delineation of life and manners by such keen satirists as Ben Jonson and Marston, in the presentation of the higher forms of human motive and human passion Shakespeare's powers of expression transcend all efforts of other writers. As David Masson long ago said, "By his powers of expression Shakespeare has beggared all his posterity and left mere practitioners of expression nothing possible to do. There is, perhaps, not a thought or feeling or situation really common and generic to human life on which he has not exercised his prerogative, and, wherever he has once been, woe to the man that comes after him."

Although Marston's works when judged by the Shakespearian standard must be pronounced failures, yet it must be admitted that they have in detail a considerable amount of power if not of beauty, and I strongly recommend all Shakespeare students to add to their work a consideration of many of the contemporary plays which go towards building up that marvellous edifice known as the Elizabethan drama.

L. M. Griffiths.

HUMOR.—CARLYLE AND BROWNING.



IN comparing Browning and Carlyle, one does not forget that each is incomparable; in the writing of each we are faced with a transcendent individuality, that defies classification and is insulted by measurement,—as if we were to limit the fourth dimension of space by the metric system. But, remembering that the genius of each escapes us in our analysis,

we may yet notice points of broad resemblance; as the botanist arranges his flowers according to their stamens and pistils, while each retains its peculiar fragrance, too subtle for classification.

The humor of a writer is very much like the odor of a flower: the intellect may say it is good or bad, delicate or coarse, kindly or cruel; but it is the taste of the reader that welcomes or rejects it, as one man is sickened by the scent of a tuberose, another unaware of the subtle perfume of a white violet. So we believe that a man appreciates the humor of Browning and Carlyle, not in proportion as his intellect can analyze it, but in proportion as his literary palate is fitted to the taste of it. But without pursuing further a mere analogy, let us try to analyze the humor of Carlyle and Browning, as far as it is the same—in quality and effect.

Under what definition may we bring it? We cannot pin it down within the limits of a genus, with its differentia carefully marking its limits, for it is emphatically *sui generis*. We must break all laws of logical definition, and say what it is not. It is not funny. We do not hold our sides over the Dandy's Articles of Faith: if we do, we are not seeing with Carlyle's eyes. He is looking on the dandy, and seeing in his body his life-epos expressed,—“*Clotha virumque cano.*” Together, before his mental vision, stand the ludicrousness and the seriousness of this discord between end and means,—this disproportion between the organism of the man, so “fearfully and wonderfully” made, and the end to which he has put himself,—to say to the world, “I am a trustworthy fashion-plate!”

Now look at Browning's treatment of a related thought, when he makes the duke, in “The Flight of the Duchess,” arrange his hunting-party according to the Middle-Age fashion:

“Then it so chanced that the Duke our master
Asked himself what were the pleasures in season,
And found, since the calendar bade him be hearty,
He should do the Middle Age no treason
In resolving on a hunting-party.
Always provided, old books showed the way of it!
What meant old poets by their strictures?
And when old poets had said their say of it,
How taught old painters in their pictures?”

So much of man's slavery to fashion. Now look with Carlyle at another aspect of clothes,—clothes in their symbolism. He says,—

“Society is founded upon cloth. . . . You see two individuals, one dressed in fine Red, the other in coarse, threadbare Blue. Red says to Blue, ‘Be hanged and anatomized;’ Blue hears with a shudder, and marches sorrowfully to the gallows.”

The same disproportion between the symbol and the symbolized authority of man over man is put before us by Browning:

“‘What will Rome say?’ began everybody. You know we are governed by Ravenna, which is governed by Rome. And quietly into the town, by the Ravenna road, comes on mule-back a portly personage, Ogniben by name, with the quality of Pontifical Legate.”

Now, to some men would have come the sense of overwhelming gravity in this relation between man and man; to some men, a keen sense of the ridiculous littleness of the symbols standing for so great realities. Few men have had the insight and the courage to recognize the inseparableness of the humor and the pathos. Perhaps no other two men have ever seen the two sides with so undivided vision as Carlyle and Browning. Through all the thought and all the writing of these two, we trace this characteristic manner of seeing and saying things. The humor and seriousness flow together,—not as a lighter ripple on the surface of an untouched depth; nor yet as two currents, alternately rising to the surface,—the grave and the comic appearing independently but in close juxtaposition, as Shakespeare puns in the midst of his tragedies. Rather are they as two series of waves, of simple curves but different amplitudes, which by the laws of physics unite into strange and unexpected complexity. And in the union, we trace the humor, not the less stern for being humor; and the seriousness, none the less grave for being grotesque.

He who fails to find the humor at all, or who degrades it into something antagonistic to the most serious intent of the whole, robs—we will not say of half—of all their peculiar power the “Sartor Resartus” and “The Ring and the Book.”

Jessie M. Anderson.

THE FIRST AMERICAN EDITOR OF SHAKESPEARE.



CULIAN CROMMELIN VERPLANCK, the first person who edited an edition of Shakespeare in America, was born in New York City on August 6, 1786. He was descended from an old Knickerbocker family, and was able to trace his lineage through six generations of ancestors in this country. At the remarkably early age of eleven years he entered Columbia College, and graduated in 1801. Shortly afterwards he read law, and in 1807 was admitted to the bar in New York.

In 1813 and 1814 he contributed a series of biographical articles to the *Analctic Magazine*, and in 1818 delivered an address before the New York Historical Society on the "Early European Friends of America," which attracted much attention at the time. In 1820 he was elected a member of the New York Legislature, and the following year he occupied the chair of "Evidences of Revealed Religion and Moral Science in its Relation to Theology" in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. In 1824 his lectures were published in a book entitled "Essays on the Nature and Uses of the Various Evidences of Revealed Religion." The lectures in this form were much read and highly thought of.

In the mean while he had resigned his professorship, and in 1825 he published his "Essay on the Doctrine of Contracts." The same year he was elected to Congress as a representative of New York City. Here he remained until 1833, and while in Congress he was active in procuring the passage of a copyright law extending the time to twenty-eight years and giving powers of renewal. His services in their behalf were gracefully acknowledged by the leading literary men of the day. They entitle him to the grateful remembrance of those of the present.

In 1833 he published an octavo volume entitled "Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Arts, and Literature," and from 1837 to 1841 he was a member of the New York State Senate. In 1847 he was appointed one of the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, and held the office for many years. He also held several other positions of high responsibility and trust, among which may be named the following: a Regent of the University of the State of New York; a Trustee of the New York Society Library; President of the St. Nicholas Society, etc. He died March 18, 1870.

In 1844 the first number of his edition of Shakespeare was published. It was issued in parts, and completed in 1847, when it appeared in three volumes, royal octavo. The title-page is as follows:

"Shakespeare's Plays: With his Life. Illustrated with many hundred Wood-cuts, executed by H. W. Hewet, after designs by Kenny Meadows, Harvey, and others. Edited by Gulian C. Verplanck, LL.D. With critical introductions, notes, etc., original and selected. In three volumes. Volume I.—Histories. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff Street. 1847."

In this volume the histories are arranged as they appeared in the First Folio. Volume II. embraces the comedies, arranged in the order in which Verplanck thought they were written; while Volume III. has the tragedies, arranged in the like order. The first volume also contains the preface; order of the plays; Rowe's Life of Shakespeare; a life abridged from that by Collier; the poet's will; a list of the folio editions; commendatory verses, etc.

In his preface Verplanck said,—

"My first intention was simply to adopt the revised text of Mr. Collier, with most of his critical and explanatory notes, various readings, etc., adding such a selection from the other commentators and critics, and especially from the curious and interesting comments and collections of Mr. Knight, as would, without much labor of transcription or abridgment, and with some few original additions, enable me to present to the reader all that was necessary or useful for the elucidation of the poet's meaning, and the decision of the more interesting questions of verbal criticism as to his text,

together with a satisfactory though brief view of critical opinions upon his several plays, including much of the higher and more philosophical criticism of the present century. But in the very first play which was prepared for the press—it happened to be ‘Hamlet,’ and intended for a specimen number—I found that I could not satisfy myself without varying widely from my original plan. Mr. Collier’s researches I found had brought together many new materials, of unquestionable value, for the correction and elucidation of the great poet’s text; but it frequently happened that I could not acquiesce in that editor’s conclusions, and much preferred the decision of some one of his editorial predecessors on doubtful readings or debated points of interpretation. But as he often presented new evidence on these questions, and especially on the contested readings, I was led to examine, weigh, and decide for myself on many of these curious and interesting, though often minute difficulties. Thus, without any ambition of novelty, I was gradually led to adopt a revised text not exactly corresponding with that of any preceding edition. Each play, again, presented a new, and, to me, most interesting subject of inquiry as to the probable date of its authorship, the changes it had received from its author’s hand in different editions, and the indications thus afforded of the great poet’s mental and moral history, his variations of temper and disposition and of tone of thought, and his progressive formation for himself of his own style and versification, and almost of his own language. Thus here, also, I was led much beyond my original expectation, and induced, after weighing the ample and curious evidence collected within the last few years, to express my own conclusions in brief introductory notices.”

The text mainly follows Collier’s edition of 1842–44, but Verplanck made many changes in printing from that work, and showed a preference for the First Folio over the Quartos. The notes are brief, and are printed at the end of each play. Many of them are original with Verplanck, and one of their chief peculiarities is the fact that they point out that many so-called “Americanisms” are to be found in the poet’s text.

The “Introductory Remarks,” which precede each play, are well written, and contain much useful information, while the editor also reprinted Planché’s comments on the costume, etc. Many of the wood-cuts are copied from Knight’s Pictorial Edition, and these are far better than those by Meadows and others which are also given.

A curious error which is to be found all through the work is that Steevens's name is invariably misprinted "Stevens," and this is all the more singular because Verplanck gives so many of that distinguished editor's notes in his edition. The work has now become rare.

J. Parker Norris.

THE LIBRARY.

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.*

YEAR AFTER YEAR gives birth to scores of new rhymsters and versifiers in this promised land of ours, and a hopeful enough sign it is, on the whole,—this continually increasing chorus of twittering sparrows,—since it proves that the present grim age of science is not so fatal an enemy to poetic expression as many would have us believe. Yet among all this poetic host there are only occasional song-birds, and even these have a caged air about them. Ardent souls are they, but they unfortunately think it necessary to fight against the imprisoning bars of practicalism, materialism, realism,—evils brought in the train of this prosaic era. Although in this age, they desire to be thought not of it. They spend their energies in vain flights after the Beautiful, for they are caged birds and break their wings against the bars. Besides, the Beautiful is a coy maid not to be won by too anxious wooing; more likely is she to crown and glorify by her presence the poet who, true to himself and his age, welcomes all that comes to him, in however new and strange a garb. As George Eliot says,—

"Is your beautiful
A seedless, rootless flower, or has it grown
With human growth, which means the rising sun

* HIGGINSON, T. W., "The Afternoon Landscape:" Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London, 1889. ALDRICH, T. B., "Wyndham Towers:" Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, 1890. MOULTON, L. C., "In the Garden of Dreams:" Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1890. CAWEIN, M. J., "Lyrics and Idyls:" J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville, 1890. WOODBERRY, GEORGE E., "The North Shore Watch, and other Poems:" Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, 1890.

Of human struggle, order, knowledge? sense
Trained to a fuller record, more exact
To truer guidance of each passionate force?"

The catholicity of knowledge and sympathy to which George Eliot here refers, the recognition of an ever-developing Beautiful—not some sudden apparition, who in the golden days of a vague past set up an inspired standard—are the crying needs of the poetry which America has recently produced. The upshot is, that, while graceful, flowing diction and smooth rhythm everywhere abound, our enthusiasm is rarely aroused, owing to the lamentable fact that the subject-matter and its thought-treatment are often so slight and commonplace; and where the thought is strong, through its frequently unvirile expression our sense of fitness is rudely offended.

Mr. William Sharp, an Englishman, has recently made a critical estimate of the minor poets of England and America, and in his opinion America has produced a much finer body of sonnets than England, and therefore is superior in poetic talent. But is the sonnet test altogether a fair one? The greatest poets of the century in both England and America have almost discarded the sonnet, and its wane in England surely shows a praiseworthy tendency to more freedom of form, while its growing perfection in this country reveals very clearly the fact that our poets are still in leading-strings; but when they shall break away, their long apprenticeship will only make them the more sure of their strength, and then may befall America's *Universal Poet*.

Among the brotherhood of graceful writers is Colonel T. W. Higginson, but after reading all through his "Afternoon Landscape" one is aware that only two or three of the poems have made a distinct impression, while the others seem like the placid trickling of a wayside brook which has no ambition even to "join the brimming river." Those which caught our attention especially were "A Jar of Rose Leaves," a quaint fancy in which remembered moments are compared to "choicest rose leaves shrined in some deep Orient jar," and "A Song of Days," which we quote. It represents a somewhat pessimistic and weak state of mind, doubtful of the present joy, ever seeking for one supreme moment as proof of love, unconscious, as

no poet should be, that the badge of love is, that to it all moments are supreme. But the thought is so appropriately and tenderly expressed that in our opinion it is the most successful poem in the book.

“O radiant summer day,
Whose air, sweet air steals on from flower to flower!
Couldst thou not yield one hour
When the glad heart says, ‘This alone is May’?

“O passionate earthly love,
Whose tremulous pulse beats on to life’s best boon!
Couldst thou not give one noon,
One noon of noons, all other bliss above?

“O solemn human life,
Whose nobler longings bid all conflict cease!
Grant us one day’s deep peace
Beyond the utmost rumor of all strife.

“For if no joy can stay,
Let it at least yield one consummate bloom,
Or else there is no room
To find delight in love, or life, or May.”

In Mr. T. B. Aldrich’s “Wyndham Towers,” we have an example of the wooing of the Beautiful. The theme is weird and horrible enough to have been worked up into a strong dramatic study, but so smooth are the lines, so delicately fashioned the images, that the poem loses much in strength and dramatic interest. We stop by the wayside to admire the dainty flowers and forget the treacherous swamp which lies ahead, nor are we much concerned when we reach it, for it, too, is covered with flowers. Perhaps this deadening of the horror of an event which came to pass so many centuries ago is true to those natural tendencies which soften past griefs, but we prefer the poet who takes our sympathies back and makes us live over again long-forgotten agonies. Charming, too, as the diction of the poem is, as a whole, we cannot but think it a fault that the person relating the legend, presumably later than the time of Charles II., should tell his story in language which is a mixture of Modern English and Elizabethan idioms. Mr. Aldrich says, in his preface, that this has been done in order to give an Elizabethan atmosphere to the poem, but it is

a question whether the result has been altogether happy, the introduction of the older English giving rather an air of affectation. Had the poem been cast in a dramatic mould, without a definite story-teller, whose occasional flights of rather commonplace wisdom might be dispensed with without detriment to the poem, the quaint language of the Elizabethans would have been appropriate, the atmosphere would seem real and not fictitious, and our sympathies would have been more deeply touched.

With such facility of artistic expression as Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has shown in her last volume, it is disappointing to find that almost all the poems in "The Garden of Dreams" are tuned to the same key. Sonnets there are in plenty and finely constructed, but, although she calls them "Sonnets in many moods," there is hardly one that has not a wail of disappointment or sorrow in it. A few of the titles will show this morbid tendency: "Silent Sorrow," "Love's Empty House," "Love is Dead," "To One Who has Loved Often," "To One most Unhappy," "He Loved." There is a set of sonnets in which a second wife is supposed to speak, with whom, however, we can have no sympathy, for she expresses this pernicious and self-lowering opinion:

"I would, indeed, that Heaven had made me meek,
Content to hold and fill a second place,
Take lesser love as undeserved grace,
And bow my thankful head when one should speak
Me gently, touch with careless hand my cheek,
Or bend sometime and kiss my upraised face."

In another sonnet, however, she is reassured by her husband, who insinuates that he loves her even better than the first one, and they decide to join hands and face the first wife unflinchingly in Heaven. It would be hard to imagine anything in worse taste than this. Still another sonnet, "Woman's Knowledge," shows that Mrs. Moulton has not yet advanced beyond that low conception of women which would make them thankful for the smallest mercies from the *superior sex*—surely an idea which it is high time was packed away with the useless lumber of the past.

Not only do the sonnets harp on the broken love string, on doubt and on death, but the lyrics are mostly in the same strain,

and even the roundels, rondeaux, and triolets, charming trifles as they are, echo these woful strains. Yet, amid all this dolefulness, there are many beautiful lines; in fact, few poets would have succeeded in throwing so much variety into such well-worn themes, and here and there the cloud is lifted, and a flash of real sunlight streams forth.

“ At end of Love, at end of Life,
At end of Hope, at end of Strife,
At end of all we cling to so,
The sun is setting—must we go?

“ At dawn of Love, at dawn of Life,
At dawn of Peace that follows Strife,
At dawn of all we long for so,
The sun is rising—let us go!”

Still she is strongest in despair.

“ I built a shrine, and set my idol there,
And morn and noon and night my knees I bent,
And cried aloud until my strength was spent,
Beseeching his cold pity with my prayer.
Sometimes at dawning, when the day was fair,
A ray of light to his stern visage sent
The semblance of a smile. ‘ Does he relent,’
I cried, ‘ This strong god, Love, whose high-priest is Despair?’
But noon came on, and in its full, clear light,
I saw his lips as ruthless as of old,
And his eyes mocked me like relentless fate,
Till I was fain to hide me from his sight;
Then one swept off from him his mantle’s fold,
And lo, my idol was not Love but Hate!”

It has frequently been suggested that the richest poetic genius of America is destined to come from the more sensuous land of the South, and there have not been wanting signs of it, though much of the Southern poetry is marked by absurd extravagance of diction. But the taming hand of a wider culture may in future work on all this wild freedom to great purpose. A recent volume, “*Lyrics and Idyls*,” by Madison J. Cawein contains promising signs. Among the lyrics which make up the first part of the volume we notice the same faults which so much marred his last volume,—an over-fondness for alliteration and an often exaggerated

use of language, one of the minor examples of which is the frequency of the word "wan." Still, there is a swing about them, a bold running of one line into another which makes them, spite of the fact that the thoughts are meagre, attractive reading. One of the best of these we quote, a picture of a midsummer noon, almost perfect in the effect given of that profound stillness—the stillness which is audible—of a hot summer day.

"Weak winds that make the water wink,
 White clouds that sail from lands of Fable
 To white Utopias vague, and sink
 Down gulfs of blue unfathomable:
 Their rolling shadows drifting
 O'er fields of forest lifting
 Wild peaks of purple range that loom and link.

"Warm knolls whereon the Nooning dreams;
 In droning dells that bask in brightness,
 Low-lulled with hymns of mountain streams'
 Far-foaming falls of windy whiteness;
 Where from the glooming hollow,
 With cawing crows that follow,
 The hunted hawk wings wearily and screams.

"Thick-buzzing heat the dryness fills
 Where ever some hoarse locust's whirring;
 No answering voice shouts in the hills
 Receding echoes far-recurring—
 As when the dawning dimpled,
 With hazel twilight wimpled,
 From dewy tops called o'er responding rills.

"Wan with sweet summer tips the deep
 Hot héaven with the high sun hearted—
 A wide May-apple bloom asleep
 With golden-pistiled petals parted.
 Now could befall,—her pouting
 Cheeks anger-red—from sprouting
 Rock-mosses some white wildwood dream might leap."

In the latter part of his volume Mr. Cawein shows forth in much stronger colors, which we hope may be an earnest of his coming development. He has done two or three dramatic monologues very well indeed, and, though that particular form must, for a time at least, always remind one of its supreme master, Browning, we think

Mr. Cawein possesses enough originality to carry him beyond the line of mere imitation, as, indeed, "Masks" and "Under the Greenwood Tree" in the present volume show. Weird and somewhat wild is the group of poems called respectively "The Caverns of Kaf," "The Spirit of the Van," "The Spirit of the Star," illustrative of sensual, ideal, and spiritual love. There certainly needs to be here some taming of a fantastic imagination which fairly bedizens the ideas with far-fetched images. The moon is described by the Spirit of the Star as containing

"Streaming steeples sharp of dædal
Emblem, each an obelisk
Wrought of lividness, whose needle
Balanced bubble, crescent, disc."

But this same poem ends with the perfectly sane and charming lines,—

"Live beyond men lest they shame you!
Lest their shame, not I, should blame you!
Dream! and when the shadows settle,
Be the dream you dream you are!"

The best sustained of these three poems is "The Spirit of the Van," which, though not without faults, contains some really striking lines.

With all its blemishes we are free to confess that Mr. Cawein's poetry has always much interested us; that he has chosen many models proves a catholicity of taste most encouraging for his future growth.

On the mountain heights, away up above anything we have had for many a long day, is the poetry of Mr. George E. Woodberry. "The North Shore Watch" is upon a theme which must necessarily challenge comparison with "In Memoriam," and the long line of elegiac poetry extending back to Moschus and Bion, and farther—to the plaintive folk-songs which bewailed the death of the beautiful youth Linus, the lovely summer; and, as if the old myth must ever exert its influence upon all human grief, each poet from Spenser to Tennyson has, in his own way, interwoven his sorrow with imagery drawn from nature. But the nature Mr. Woodberry draws upon is a peculiarly beautiful region whose distinctive charm has penetrated deeply into his soul, and his poem therefore comes to us with all

the force of originality. The poem ends with the same cheerful resignation as others of its class, but here we have a touch of the positivist's philosophy, the immortality of which George Eliot sings :

"No more will he arise !
 Yet not in vain was our adoring trust,
 Our deep-vowed fealty, our service done ;
 To finer issues love that was lives on,
 Nor moulders into dust.
 Of Love, the Giver, still my song shall be,
 The Victor, Love, repeat, whose grace descends on me."

Almost startling in its original beauty is the poem—the last but one in the book—"In the Shadow of Ætna," when the poet's thoughts suddenly revert to his dead friend, and there follows a burst of eloquence and grief which, in our opinion, surpasses in passionateness anything in the first poem.

The longest poem, "Agathon," though not of sustained power throughout, is, on the whole, the finest thing Mr. Woodberry has done. It is in the dramatic form, but is a drama of thought ; and is, in as true a sense as any of Browning's, the development of a soul. The soul is personified in Agathon, while the forces which mould it from within, representing self-development, are Eros, Anteros, and Urania ; Diotima and Nature are the forces which work from without. Agathon, the young poet, sings no more, his heart is silent, he is overwhelmed and saddened by the constant change which affects all things in nature, when he is visited by Eros, who reveals to him love, but Anteros struggles for his soul and lures him towards sensual love. The stealing influence of Anteros is finely represented in the language of Agathon when he addresses Eros himself, "Sweet fabler, fable on," and Eros exclaims,—

"I fable not,
 But as the sense is fashioned sees the mind,
 And as the tongue is languaged hears the ear,
 And as the heart is chambered lives the soul ;
 Illusion binds us !

"Alas, he hears me not !
 And by the darkening of the way I know
 Anteros, him, my brother, born with me,
 Who will contest for this most noble prize."

Eros conquers, and Agathon learns that only pure love is worthy to be called love, and how life has no meaning except for love, the eternal essence underlying all external change. This attempt to give the main argument of the poem can give no idea of the wealth of suggestion with which every line is freighted, nor of the noble language which has put truth in a new way. The philosophy of Diotima is well worthy the woman from whom even Socrates could learn.

“Not once but many times the soul is born
Before the mortal body wastes away
That it inhabits: it is born in sense,
And, like a thing of Nature, in what is
Lives momentary; born in memory next,
In time's dark shadow and eclipse it builds
The insubstantial world where Nature hath
Her only immortality; nor long
Consents to tarry with that second death
And to eternize loss; but, risen aloft,
Is in imagination born, whose throe
Is Nature's dissolution. Nature dies
In uttering the ideal; earth below
Is stubble, stars, the refuse of the thought
That works in time and death, denying both
And all the world of change, and winnows thence
The inviolable and perfect element,
And sees the gods afar.”

With this quotation we must be content to close. Mr. Woodberry gives evidence of a vigor, a moral earnestness, combined with an originality of mind and expression, such as to give him from the first a high position among modern English poets.

Helen A. Clarke.

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SOCIETIES.

The Boston Browning Society held its thirty-eighth meeting, closing its fifth season, on May 22. Its membership is larger than ever before, numbering one hundred and sixty. While the Society deeply regrets the retirement from the chair of so able a presiding officer as Col. T. Wentworth Higginson, it has to congratulate itself that Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe has consented to fill the position, while Col. Higginson becomes First Vice-President, with Mrs. Emily Shaw Forman second in that office. Mrs. John C. Rand and Mrs. M. P. Randall, of Medford, Mass., are re-

spectively Secretary and Treasurer; Miss K. L. Green, of Boston, Librarian. The Executive Committee consists of Mr. Dana Estes, Chairman, Miss M. Le Baron Russell, Judge Robert C. Pitman, Mr. Howard M. Ticknor, and Mrs. Alice Kent Robertson.

The following is the programme of the past season's work:

On October 22, a paper on "Browning as the Poet of Life" was given by Judge Pitman.

November 26, Reading by Mr. George Riddle of "In a Balcony."

December 31, short papers on "In a Balcony," by Mrs. A. H. Spaulding, Professor Shackford, Mr. Joshua Kendall, and Mrs. Robertson. [The latter paper was published in POET-LORE for May, 1890.]

January 28, Memorial Meeting in King's Chapel.

February 25, a paper on "Fra Lippo Lippi," by Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke.

March 25, a paper on "Caliban on Setebos," by Rev. C. G. Ames.

April 27, Reading, including selections from "Asolando," by Mrs. Robertson.

May 22, a short programme of poems and songs, the readers being Mr. Howard M. Ticknor, Mr. Charles T. Copeland, and Mrs. S. G. Davis; the singers, Miss Mary H. How and Mrs. W. H. Bradbury, with Mr. Prescott as accompanist.

A portion of the coming season will be devoted to the study of "The Ring and the Book."

BOSTON, June 26, 1890.

NOTES AND NEWS.

LITERARY FOPPISHNESS is perhaps the right name for the proceeding of which *The Critic* was guilty, about six years ago, in getting the votes of some idle few of its readers for the members of "A possible American Academy, formed on the same general principles as the French Academy," and publishing the names thus collected under the title of "The Forty Immortals!"

It now repeats this great American feat under a title of humorous implication to those who are not blind to the mawkishness of such journalistic compliments,—“Nine New ‘Immortals.’” “As concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of the day, . . . I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.” But this time, indeed, “Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies,” for in place of the “human various” who served as electors for the first ballot, we have the old “Immortals” themselves cajoled into voting (*incog.*) for new “Immortals” to fill the gaps in their ranks made, in the meanwhile, by old Mortality himself. We wish we could be justified by prevalent custom in calling this proceeding of our canny contemporary un-American.

But here’s some comfort yet,—one fact that speaks for itself. There are two noteworthy blanks in the returns. Walt Whitman—genuine democrat—sends no vote, because he is not a believer in “close corporations.” Neither does Henry James, though he does not explain his silence. Is it democracy on his part, or simply good taste?

Such outrageous democracy as this of Walt Whitman’s strikes us as being perilously near to absolute good taste and an essentially aristocratic demeanor. It’s all of a piece with his famous rejoinder upon the President of the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia last spring, who rose before the poet’s address on Lincoln to give the usual complimentary introduction of the speaker of the evening, when in cut Walt Whitman with—“We want no preliminaries,” and straightway on to what he had to say.

With all men perfected alike in self-respect, and also in respect for all other men, different howsoever though they be in quality,—with no survivals of artificial distinctions, whose sole merit is outside the accident of accurate label, their sole effectiveness in relation to the demands of trade or social advertising,—perhaps the manners of a pure democracy would outrank the most ideal of aristocratical good manners. Once have many real democrats in this half-civilized republic, unstirred and unabashed either by the conferring of degrees or the beholding them conferred, still asking,—“Behind the degree what of the man himself?”—once have many

such men, and what use in eulogistic "preliminaries" or "pseudo-academies?" There would be no crass public to be impressed; no pre-inducement to judge of a man's deed otherwise than simply by the deed.

Patience, then! patience and self-culture!

PAST CRITICISMS, in old periodicals, of writers then unknown and now famous, yield some suggestive points of comparison with current criticism. The critic of to-day is scarcely less servile than the critic of yesterday, but his masters have changed somewhat. He is less autocratical, more dependent on the public that reads him. It is a result of boasted progress in the spread of civilization among the populace that a critic nowadays shall seek not so much to express his own criticism as to mouth what he supposes will suit the public. "I succeed," says a dramatic and musical critic, "when I am able to say the next morning after a performance of any kind, just what most of the audience will have thought of it, more vaguely, the night before. It is my business to guess how they like it and then to tell them, as amusingly as I can, why they did or didn't like it."

This democratically commercial following of the way the popular wind blows is a shade better, sometimes, in immediate results, than the cliquish subservience that ordered Keats back to his gallipots; better in immediate results, because, of the two kinds of slavish criticism, old and new, it is the one which has the larger and less biassed authority back of it.

But is there any work under the sun that is not better done for having a man of moral force and uprightness behind it? When shall the world learn that no accomplishment is in itself so valuable as the ethical and intellectual strength brought out in the worker, and the addition of that leaven of power to the common stock of honest and strenuous living? We have, moreover, now, alongside of the demagoguery of critics that wait on the nod of popular success, the subservience of the writer to his publisher and of the publisher to his advertising patrons. It is pitiful to note the confidence of some of the guileless readers who have not seen the

augurs meet in the market-place and smile, and who quote with awe and trust the decisions of this or that respectable time-serving periodical. Yet, though none is so quick to face about as the clever paper that finds its despised minority coming to the sceptre, it can make as woful mistakes in the effort to poise and to follow popular favor now, as reviews of old did in the effort to control it. And the disposition to discredit beforehand the man whose work is unusual, or who is unbacked by influence or unvouched for by known scholastic or specialistic training, and to truckle afterwards when need be, is as strong in the days of Browning—the poet of self-culture who knew not the universities, yet was not unlearned,—as in the days of Keats—the poet of self-culture who knew nothing of Hellenistic lore, yet was not wholly unfit to bring men close to the myths of Greece.

Keats's friend, Joseph Severn, tells a curious little story, in a recent *Temple Bar*, of Sir Walter Scott, which adds to common report in implicating him in responsibility for the perfunctory criticism Keats received. Severn says he met Scott in Rome, and for a time was in the habit of visiting him each morning, bringing in sketches and pictures to interest him. Once, taking a picture of Keats, the same one now in the National Portrait Gallery in London, Scott remained so long silent that he wondered at his apathy, but went on talking of the caprices of the fame that had at last yielded Keats a place in the hearts of all real lovers of poetry, until he saw that he was touching on an embarrassing theme, and that Miss Scott turned her face away crimsoned, and Sir Walter said, falteringly, "Yes, yes! the world finds out these things *at last, for itself*," and, taking Severn's hand, closed the interview. The following night Scott was taken ill; his physician hurried him away from Rome; Severn never saw him again, and it was not until some time later that Sir Walter's agitation was explained to him when he learned a fact of which he chanced to be ignorant, that Sir Walter was a prominent contributor to the *Review* whose malicious criticisms had been popularly said to have caused Keats's death.

LADY MACBETH'S COMPLEXITY.

IN AN interesting paper on "Womanhood in Modern Poetry," in the October number of *POET-LORE*, the character of Lady Macbeth is brought forward as an example of the simplicity of nature in Shakespeare's heroines. I cannot quite think that Lady Macbeth's character is as simple as it appears at first sight, or that one is altogether justified in branding her with the title of "fiend in woman's shape," as was formerly the custom of commentators.

Lady Martin's theory that "Lady Macbeth is not a fiend" is that entertained by most of the commentators of the present day, in direct opposition to Mrs. Siddons's rendering of the character. It is curious to remark that even in Mrs. Siddons's written description of Lady Macbeth's character we find a view very different from that to which she gave expression in her acting of the part. "Fair, feminine,—nay, perhaps, even fragile," Mrs. Siddons writes; and Dr. Bucknill almost simultaneously expresses the same opinion. He also considered that Lady Macbeth was in all probability small and slight in stature, as she herself speaks of her "little hand;" and we cannot imagine Macbeth addressing a kind of female Richard III. by the caressing title of "dearest chuck." Lady Macbeth may be regarded as a most womanly woman; one who can work herself up to the utmost intensity of passion; one who will plunge into crime and brave the powers of heaven and hell themselves for the sake of the man she loves, in the hope that by furthering his desires she may bind him to her yet more closely. In her devotion she is quite self-forgetful, and will do more for her husband than she would ever have thought it worth while to do for herself. Her wonderful fortitude and strength of will, blended with a strong tendency to self-sacrifice, if bent in an altogether different direction, might have made her a most exalted heroine; as it is, these same qualities combine to make her a terrible and dangerous companion to a man of so low and weak a moral standard as her husband. She worships him with all the intensified strength of a narrow mind's affection; she thinks that nothing is too great or too high for him, and, at the same time, is so well acquainted with the weak points in his char-

acter that she knows exactly how to deal with his changing moods, and what taunts and bold words are necessary to rouse him and spur him on to action. Softer touches in her character are not wanting. Clearly as she sees the necessity of the murder to further at once her husband's plans, she cannot do the deed; some fancied resemblance to her dead father in the face of Duncan stays her hand. When she tries to work herself up to a most unnatural pitch of passion and cruelty, she feels that she is yet a woman, and that she does violence to her nature. She invokes spirits who shall "unsex her," "fill her with direst cruelty;" who shall see "that no compunctious visitings of nature" shake her purpose. She does not feel cruel enough. Yet when she has to incite her husband to the deed, she knows that nothing but the hardest, cruellest words and the bitterest taunts will avail, and does not spare to make use of them for the accomplishment of her purpose.

In her sleep-walking scene, again, she betrays the overwhelming horror which evidently filled her mind at the time of the murder, but of which the whole terror and remorse were completely hidden from view by the force of her indomitable will.

When Macbeth falters and is in imminent danger of betraying both himself and her, Lady Macbeth is calm, resolved, and strong; it is she who goes back to complete the deed by destroying, as far as possible, any clue to the murderer. But when Macbeth has recovered his equanimity, and admits that he has slain the king's guards also, Lady Macbeth's highly-strung nature can no longer stand the tension, and she faints away. Ultimately, the shock of the deed working on the sensibilities of her highly-susceptible nature causes her death. She either kills herself in a fit of madness, to which state she has been reduced by mental suffering, or she is gradually worn out by it; but the awful intensity of her suffering at the last shows the workings of a better nature.

On the ground that she was the main instigator to her husband's first crime, she attributes all his later crimes to herself, a refinement of which Macbeth could never have been capable.

Her words to Macbeth, where she says, "thinking on it will make us mad," are characteristic and prophetic. She knew what

the horrors of imagination were, and had faced thought in all its terrible details; it was therefore only by putting her imagination under the iron control of her will that she could reach that high pitch of resolve which rendered her capable of bringing about and assisting in the darkest deeds and of uttering the most cruel and bitter words. Separated from the companionship of her husband, she could not live; in addition, the sense of failure crushes her, and she falls a prey to the horrible imaginings which formerly filled her with terror. Her will relaxes its hold, and the womanly weakness of her character reasserts itself; yet even at the last it is only in sleep that she betrays the full extent of her suffering.

— Ethel G. Skeat.

CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

* — MRS. CHARLOTTE STOPES, our studious contributor, has just asked the Stratford Town Council to authorize a work that all students should wish accomplished. She asked that the Council permit the transcription and publication of the Corporation Records under the supervision of Mr. Savage, the Birthplace Librarian, and in a way intelligible to the general public,—that is to say, a clear version of the Elizabethan script, which needs the eye and office of the expert.

It appears from the *Herald* of July 4 that this admirable proposition was reported upon unfavorably by the Committee to whom it was referred, and this report was unanimously adopted by the Council. The report instances the expense necessary; the limited interest in the publication; the fact that the documents are now open to the labors of antiquarians; and Mr. Savage's already engrossed time; and concludes with empty thanks to Mrs. Stopes for the suggestion they appreciate but cannot see their way to realize at present.

Mrs. Stopes rejoined later, in a letter to the *Herald*, as follows:

"I think it is only just to myself to say that I did not ask the Record Committee to print the Stratford MSS., but to *allow them to be printed*. But as Mr. Savage's co-operation was necessary to the plans that had been made, permission had to be obtained in order to make use of his time as well as of the manuscripts. No further 'expense' was suggested.

"Charlotte Carmichael Stopes.

"DUNBAR, July 8, 1890."

Now, we would like to hear what Mr. Savage has to say.

It is to be noted, however, that the Committee's report anticipates Mrs. Stopes's answer to their objection as to expense, in slipping in these words, "as their publication could only properly be undertaken by the Corporation." But why "only properly by the Corporation," so far as expense goes? There ought to be some way of reconciling the concern that all the world has in the documents of Shakespeare's town with that town's peculiar interest and ownership in them. Mistakes enough have been already made in the past in the warring of these existent claims. There should be no more jars, and both claims be satisfied, if the right spirit were adopted. In moving the acceptance of the Record Committee's report, we notice that Alderman Cox referred to the miscellaneous papers calendared by Halliwell-Phillipps, and took occasion to say that "the Committee had been again struck with the great labor undertaken" by the deceased scholar and the debt they owed him "for what had been done. A great deal more might now be done," he continued, "but," etc., etc. It is a pity that, having pointed the way to the moral, the Alderman did not apply it, with something more than a "but," to the exact matter in hand.

As to the remaining points of the Report,—that antiquarians now had access to the papers, and that interest in them was limited,—it might be replied, we think, that interest is necessarily limited in matters open only to expert investigation, and that it is precisely here that Mrs. Stopes's proposition is so valuable. She wants to open the sources of information to others than dryasdusts, who often are so bent upon details that they don't see their value in wide relations, and who love to barrier their discoveries by means of costly limited editions. We often think that the Baconian theory would have had much less vogue if the public had had access to more than that "little knowledge" which "is a dangerous thing." Success yet to Mrs. Stopes!

— ALL the way from the Danish West Indies come the following verses, celebrating with light touch the charms of Shakespeare's girls and boys:

SHAKESPEARE'S GIRLS.

Dear Shakespeare's girls—a lovely train
Immortal born from poet's brain;
What model maid their traits combined
In crucible of fusing mind
Till each did separate soul attain?

Did his young daughters foreordain
 Marina pure, Miranda fain,
 Perdita modest, Rosalind,
 'Mong Shakespeare's girls?

Or did his inspiration gain
 From her the Sonnets scarce explain,
 A Juliet true, a Celia kind,
 Or "Lady Tongue" but love could bind?
 Who made sweet Page, French bevy vain,
 Dear Shakespeare's girls?

SHAKESPEARE'S BOYS.

Dear Shakespeare's boys—a parlous few,
 Too cute for youth, as Gloster knew,
 "So wise, so young, do ne'er live long;"
 And victims to ambition's wrong
 His princely juvenals he slew. —

Each page but serves as word-play cue;
 His Roman puppets tears bedew;
 No real fun gladdens us among
 Dear Shakespeare's boys.

Did his own boyhood so imbue
 With sadness, shrewdness, boys he drew?
 Or did child Hamnet's death make strong
 Impress of likeness on his song?
 That thus precocious, doomed askew,
 Are Shakespeare's boys.

ST. CROIX, 1890.

Sarah Bridges Stebbins.

— READERS who care to keep up with what little there is in current English, still less in current American, magazines that have to do with literature merely, and who may have been encouraged to trace an increasing attention to literature in the length of our last "Index to Critical Literary Articles" (see April POET-LORE), will notice a falling off in the list given in this number. We can assure such readers that the falling off is rather in quantity than quality. Matter that treats of literature only because it is a "burning question," is scarcely in any adequate sense literary. Generally speaking, the large number of hurried notices of Browning, got ready to meet the popular demand for news of a dead hero, either were dictated by a narrow critical conservatism not yet aware of the fact that it was an epoch-marking poet who was dead, and that traits of originality in such a one are not necessarily blemishes, or were made up of the personalities, funeral news, and small gossip that not only are in no sense literary, but that are often justly repulsive to a sound literary taste. Such articles as these, and a number of counter-irritants on Tennyson, made up the bulk of the old list.

— DR. ROLFE sends us a circular bearing a capital photographure of Mr. William Ordway Partridge's admirable statue of Shakespeare, from which we learn that a private effort is being made by Bostonians, working through a committee consisting of W. J. Rolfe, Henry A. Clapp, and Nathan Haskell Dole, to secure a *replica* of this statue, which was made for Lincoln Park, Chicago, for presentation to the City of Boston. It is to be hoped by all who are interested in the adornment of American cities with works of art of some excellence and originality, instead of with soldier monument monstrosities, that the effort may be successful.

— THE PIRATICAL publishers and public of this dishonest American nation ought to be content with the profits they get—quite undiluted by any charges for what Mr. Wanamaker calls "authorial rights"—from English classic writers whose claim has long since lapsed. Milton, for instance, is fair game, for his bad bargains can never be righted, so far as trade rights go. He was the first poet who received money for his work. He sold "Paradise Lost" (1667) to his printer for £5 down, and the same again when 1300 copies were sold. It was thirteen years before the third edition was exhausted: the poet was dead and his widow resigned all further claim for £8. The original indenture was finally sold, half each, to Tonson and Aylmer for 100 guineas; and forty years after his death Dr. Bentley was paid £105 for editing him; and later, Dr. Newton received £630 for editing "Paradise Lost" and £105 for "Paradise Regained."

— MILTON is not the first precedent we have for the receipt of copy-money, however. The Bible commentator, Dr. Henry Hammond, was first in the market, fourteen years earlier, having been paid by the King's printer for annotations on the New Testament.

— PUBLISHERS AND CRITICS alike have made monumental mistakes in deciding what the public would like. A paper by Mr. Smiles, in the January number of *Murray's*,—from whence we have gleaned also the preceding bibliographical facts,—tells how Defoe hawked "Robinson Crusoe" about among all the publishers of London. They'd have none of it; but at last he sold it for £60. Thereupon £1000 was made on it the first year; though it had to compete with four pirated editions, presumably issued by publishers who could not undertake to handle it under the burden of "authorial rights," but who did not mind whipping in when it was once set going.

— THE RESTORATION of the Parish Church at Stratford-on-Avon is still going on, the putting in of two stained-glass windows in the Chancel being one of the latest important renovations. The lower part of the window behind Shakespeare's monument will be filled in by Mr. E. E. Baker in memory of the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps.

— SIGNOR E. NENCIONI, the reviewer of Tennyson and of Browning, in *Nuova Antologia*, notes the curious parallel between Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" and Browning's "Prospice," the suggestion being almost identical, the treatment very different. "In Tennyson, contemplation, a solemn calm, the harmonic note; in Browning, action, the heroic accent, indomitable hope, the transcendent triumph of the soul. So the poetry, so also the poets!"

— A GLASS CASE to keep the Shakespeare Birthplace in had a good chance of being put up not long ago, according to a London correspondent of the Stratford-on-Avon *Herald*, who writes as follows:

"Mr. Charles Frederick Skirrow, who not long ago retired from the office of taxing-master in Chancery, at one time took a great deal of trouble to get a Shakespeare scholarship founded in connection with the Grammar School at Stratford-on-Avon. During the sixties he was solicitor to a certain John Shakespeare, who claimed descent from the immortal William. This John Shakespeare was a somewhat eccentric character, possessed of great wealth, and yet so averse to spending money upon himself that he lived in a London back-room on the most frugal fare. One of his eccentric notions was to build a glass case over the birthplace of his illustrious namesake, and to provide spiral staircases so as to enable the ultra-curious to gratify their curiosity to the extent of looking down the chimneys. When this far-fetched idea was broached to Mr. Skirrow, that gentleman strove his hardest to induce his client to abandon it, and spend his money instead in founding a Shakespeare scholarship. But John was obdurate: if Skirrow would not favor his plan, he would not favor Skirrow's. To avoid this deadlock, communications were opened up with Dr. Thomson, of Leamington, then chairman of the Shakespeare Committee, which resulted in the three visiting the Birthplace in company with the late Mr. William O. Hunt. During lunch at the house of the latter gentleman, the eccentric John was brought to see that he could best preserve the famous house by pulling down the next house on one side, and the two cottages

on the other side, thus removing sources of possible danger. Delighted with this scheme, John Shakespeare authorized his friends to make all necessary arrangements and promised the sum of £2500 on the spot. The money was paid, the houses were bought, and pulled down. But John's generosity was not to stop there. A second donation of £2500 was soon forthcoming for further improvements, but unfortunately the donor died and the second sum was reclaimed by his heirs under the Statute of Mortmain. The house which stood on the right of the Birthplace was a notable one in the municipal history of Stratford, inasmuch as three of its mayors dwelt in it during their terms of office,—Mr. Chattaway (the father of the retired custodians of the Birthplace, whose place has been filled by Mr. Skipsey), Dr. Connolly, and Mr. T. D. Gill. It is a somewhat curious coincidence that the kitchen of this house, which was partly detached from the main building, was left standing, and being built over formed the custodian's house, and that the parlor occupied by the Misses Chattaway, when keepers of the Birthplace for nearly twenty years, was the kitchen of their father's house in the days of his prosperity."

— THE TRUSTEES of the National Portrait Gallery waive the rule that excludes portraits of men who have not been dead ten years, in favor of the portrait of Browning, painted in 1879 by Mr. Rudolph Lehmann.

— WE LEARN from a German paper, that the Court dramatic company of St. Petersburg will go to Berlin next autumn to take part in a sort of dramatic convention ("*Gesammtgastspiel*"), and, in order to show the superiority of their dramatic art, which the Russians themselves consider equal to any in the world,—not yielding even to the Comédie Française nor the Imperial Theatre of Vienna,—they will represent the superior plays of Shakespeare and Molière.

— AMONG the De Quincey manuscripts recently unearthed, letters from Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Charlotte Brontë are found. One letter, signed "Currer Bell," in which she sends De Quincey a copy of the poems of the three sisters and tells him that the publishers say only two copies have been sold, has a melancholy interest. Along with these letters have been discovered five lost papers, "The Dark Interpreter" and the "Spectre of the Brocken" with the rest. Of course, they are all to be given to the public in the orthodox shape, two volumes of "Life and Letters," which Dr. Japp is now editing.

POET-LORE

Vol. II.

No. 9.

— wilt thou not haply saie,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Besutie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
But best is best if neuer intermixt.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
To make him much outlive a gilded tombe:
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office —

A RECENT RENAISSANCE.

II.—THE “FÉLIBRIGE.”

AT a floral *fête* held in the theatre of Foix in January, 1854, there one day appeared a pilgrim improvising for the great audience in the Gascon dialect. His songs, full of *esprit* and heart, were like the nature of the common people in all its fire and gentleness. He played little dramas picturing their uncontrolled joys and unrestrained sorrows. His sweet and careless strains, now burning, now pathetic, roused the poetic soul of the populace. His hearers were transported as only a Southern audience can be. They laughed and cried, and interrupted him with bravos and bravissimos, and, when he passed his box for offerings for the churches and schools of the poor, for whom he begged, besides the coins, rings and bracelets fell into it from the white hands which had added to the applause.

After the *fête* was over, and the strange visitor with the kindly face had gone, an old peasant addressed to him a few verses, simple, but showing that the spirit of song was waking. There has been made known to us, through our own Longfellow, one of the poems

of the singing pilgrim, "The Blind Girl of Castel Cuillé," for the humble traveller was none other than Jaques Jasmin, the *coiffeur* of Agen. Wandering thus from South to North, improvising in his native Gascon, he reached Paris. Though scarcely understood, he sang before the king in the Tuileries, and was crowned by the Academy. Wherever he went he was greeted with a rapture which was the prototype of that which later hailed the general movement. His is apparently a solitary figure, strayed from past centuries, yet a manifestation of the changeless soul of the *Midi*.

We have not heard that the Gascon met others equally alive to the hidden beauties of the old Romance tongue. If he had, his simple heart would have glowed over the object of their mutual devotion. But he was too genuinely a troubadour to be either sufficiently philosophical or philological to enter upon its systematic revival. Such a plan was to be undertaken, however, and that by men with every requisite for its fulfilment.

The *fête* at Foix was in January. On the 21st of May of the same year, 1854, in the little château of Fonségugne, which stands at the foot of a low range of castellated hills, there assembled a company of young men. There were seven of them, with Roumanille at thirty-six, ten years at least the senior of any of his companions. They were, most of them, of humble origin, hardy from the open-air toiling which had helped them to win their way to solid, scholarly attainments; Mistral, the son of a farm proprietor at Maillane, perhaps what is called the most favored of fortune, Anselme Matthieu, the fellow-student of Mistral, Jean Brunet, Alphonse Tavan, a farm boy, Paul Giéra, who owned the château, and Aubanel the printer.

Never did knights more loyally espouse the cause of forlorn lady than did they the language of their forefathers, as they reviewed its desertion by scholars and the decadence of its literary forms. With all the chivalry of their natures they pledged themselves to rescue and revive it. As they sat round a table under the olive-trees they drank the glory of Provence, in *Château Neuf des Papes*. The name which they chose for themselves is first met with in a mediæval poetical legend. In the tale some question arises,

which is referred to "*Li set fèlibre de la lèi*," the seven doctors of the law. These may have been those "Seven Lords Conservators of the Gay Science" who controlled, after all else had died out, the floral games at Toulouse, the last vestiges of the old efflorescence of poetical demonstration. However, the seven young savants called themselves *Fèlibres*, and hence the title of the organization now known as the *Fèlibrige*. At their first meeting they agreed to publish the "*Armana provençau*," Provençal Almanac. This was to receive and annually scatter the productions of the new school. Roumanille, shortly after corrector of the widely-known publishing house, Seguin, of Avignon, became its editor, and its first sheets fell from the press of Aubanel in November of the same year. The welcome given to that first number, as it was circulated through Provence, Languedoc, and Comtat d'Avignon, was in its enthusiasm—French. In no other country but in social France would gentle and simple have been able so to join in common congratulation over the reappearance of such an abstract form of national glory. The contents were all written in Provençal; verses, wherein relived the old spirit of song, varied here and there by narrative, as the troubadours used to vary their renderings with certain droll ventures in prose, since called *Cascareleto*. These latter were by Roumanille. The ponderous master is a true Gaul in his satirical perception of the incongruities of human nature. But then he is "Rouma," and "Rouma" is sweet and simple as a child, and, unless roused by too great provocation, aboundingly good-natured. In these overtures towards his cherished plan of an established prose literature, Provence could see itself in early manners and antique national dress, as the Tarasconais could see themselves mirrored by Daudet, only with the contrary effect of making them laugh and clap their hands. "What a reception!" says Roumanille, "and what a beautiful out-flowering of poetry!" It was again the spring-time of song on the banks of the Rhone.

When Frédéric Mistral, then graduate of the college of Montpellier and of the law school of Aix, published his "*Mirèio*," with its accompanying French translation, it was plain that the movement was to be limited neither to a small space nor to a lowly

audience. In many ways the poem showed itself the work of a brother to Theocritus; one way being that it had power to charm the cultured as well as the untaught. It was as great a delight to Parisians as to shepherds.

The dedication of the poem contains its substance: "To Lamartine I dedicate 'Mirèio;' it is my heart and soul,—the flower of my existence. With all its green leaves, a peasant brings thee a bunch of grapes from Crau."

Mistral's parents owned a silk-worm farm in the Department of the Bouches-du-Rhône. Born neither to poverty nor wealth, he was among those who form the representative class. The freedom and simplicity of his life gave his joyous nature full room to expand. As only a country boy can, he gained a vivid knowledge of the birds, insects, and plants which were his fellow-natives. But with all his learning there were mingled strange traditions and romantic legends of the ruins from every historical period which crowd the country round the homestead. Plainly to be seen were old Magalouno's towers, the last vestiges of a Greek settlement. Near by was the great rock of Baux. The three faces cut upon it, in colossal cameo, they say are miracle-wrought and associated with the Marys. Occasionally the children of the family were taken in the wagoner's cart to some neighboring town to see the national sports. At Nîmes, across the Rhone, in Languedoc, it was perhaps under the shadow of the Roman Amphitheatre, next in grandeur to Rome's own, that the acrobats tumbled or the runners held the race. At Tarascon they saw the great dragon, *La Tarasque*, burnt in effigy in front of King René's château at the annual *fête*. On Sunday the children, dressed in their best, were taken to the Church of St. Agatha, and were taught to think of the "dear saints" as presiding at their happy feasts and fireside games. On week-days, out in the fields with the laborers, their ears were filled with strange superstitions of marvellous cures and blights wrought by witches, and of elfin beings who danced on the waves or flitted among the rocks and caverns.

All this was no more for Frédéric Mistral than for others born in the Midi. But while he had a typical Provençal nature, he had

also the mind of a Greek. He bore beauty's divining-rod, and every vivid impression lent itself towards the conception of one ideal form, upon which he bestowed a passionate love. Mistral's contact with Roumanille made this ideal definite to himself. Through all his studies he was faithful to it. Erudition only helped him to view the far-away causes, by whose influences he had been surrounded, as having worked distinctly for and towards its formation. Each factor was of use only as it contributed to form one concrete whole. The figure thus mentally shaped was that of his native land, Provence. King René had said, in dying, "France, take thy sister by the hand;" to Mistral it again bore a fair and beautiful identity. This form he embodied in "*Mirèio*." The construction of the poem is worthy of its conception. It has the symmetry and polish of a Greek statue in which breathes the simplicity of Provençal living and glows the ardor of Provençal loving. Yet they are genuine flesh and blood, this daughter of Lotus farm and the Valabrègan basket-weaver. Is not the tale of poverty and homely trade keeping happiness away from two as old as that of the Cyclops and Galatea? We have seen them, though they seem covered with a radiant mist; we know them, since "everywhere they love."

One prose and two metrical translations have given the lovely idyl to English readers, that by Miss Harriet Preston holding most of the fascination of the original.

The figure of the little *Mirèio* in her Arlesian dress flying, in the agony of her heart, over the desert, whose stones are said by Æschylus to have been showered by Jupiter, is one of the most dramatic in the field of modern literature. The poem is the genius of a people reliving, and uttering itself with its natural freedom controlled by the art which it is its instinct to acquire. The work is faithful to human nature, but, as the characteristics of a people distinct from others are shown upon a background in which a separate history as well as religion, literature, and all that constitutes a country are interwoven, Mistral's first great work revealed itself as a national epic. In it the entire Midi knew herself. In the joy of self-recognition a thousand poets and would-be poets came forward

to join the brotherhood of *Félibres* and to avail themselves of all that the Society of the *Félibrige* could give them in the use of the language.

All France and Germany knew how Lamartine hated the materialistic thought of his times. He believed the truth to have been struggling through the fantasy and exaggeration of the romance of the Middle Ages. He, therefore, received Mistral's offering as if he had suddenly come upon the blind and wandering spirit of Homeric song. In addition to the *éclat* which he gave to "Mirèio," the Academy awarded its author one of its choicest crowns and three thousand francs. The poem was set in opera by Gounod, and the young girl of Arles appeared in marble and on canvas till she was as well known by her French name, "Mireille," as by her Southern one. Mistral was soon courted by princes and statesmen,—always serene and graceful, always simple and radiant, he was as much at home in the society of Paris, by which he found himself embraced, as in the fields by the Rhone.

The object of the *Félibrige* has been distinctly set forth as being to inculcate in the people of the South pride of their race and all that has been in all times theirs, and to raise up the genius of a people by presenting old customs and restoring their natural language. The wise and learned of France have set themselves to philosophize and make up their minds on the subject. Those in its favor congratulate the nation on having produced within its bounds works which are the purest utterance of the old Gallo-Romanic genius. They point out that after Nice was annexed to France, it kept its Italian spirit only until the citizens had forgotten their own language in speaking the modification of the Provençal called the Nicard. They reflect that Avignon is perfectly French, though ruled so long by the Popes, because it had its dearly-loved dialect. Above all, there is the historical fact of the tenacious refusal of the Southern language to accept Teutonic mixture. Since the Franco-Prussian war this has gained a deeper meaning. "There are many barbarians in Europe," they say; "they always live in the great forests of Germany. They are always ready to bombard our libraries and our museums." While in all Latin tongues the Langue

d'oc has kindred poetic idioms, its revival would tend to attract what was related to it, and to strengthen the prowess of the French nation. The most serious obstacle which the movement has had is the cry of "Internationalism!" "Federalism!" "Separatism!" raised by prominent politicians. This caused a temporary failure of the effort to carry the motion before the municipal council of Marseilles to establish a chair of Provençal at the University. This charge is stoutly repudiated by the *Félibrige*. Their reply is that, "notwithstanding there is more than one language in France, there is but one heart, and, when the necessity comes, Bretons, Basques, Flemings, and our always-lamented Alsatians, Corsicans who speak Italian, Roussillonnais who speak Catalanian, all cry, '*Vive la France!*' And we of Auvergne, of Périgord, of Quercy, of Languedoc, of Provence, did we not understand when the cry was raised, '*Pour la Patrie, en avant!*' "

Jules Simon says: "It is not the French language, but a French language, since it is spoken only in France. Among the common people, those who know Victor Hugo best are those who read Mistral." "Let one," he adds, "leave the society of his academicians and go, like Roumanille, Mistral, or Aubanel, among the laborers of Arles. Let him take his seat at the great slab table where the laborers eat, in the shadow of the lotus-trees, or go into the solitary cabins of the keepers of the horses of Camargue, or into the round hut which serves as a shelter for the vine-dressers of Languedoc, and hear him ask the brave people, 'Are you Separatists?' 'Separatists? *Qu'es aco?*' (What is that?). Perhaps a new species of Tarasque. I should not advise him to explain that a Separatist is one who wishes to leave France to become Spanish, Italian, or Turk: down *there* blood is quick and there are plenty of stones."

The plan of the seven original *Félibres*, who met thirty-six years ago, was like the conception of a beautiful fancy: it has taken hard work to carry it out. All have been passionately faithful, and the results have been greater, perhaps, than even they dreamed. With the exception of Paul Giéra, who died leaving a few scattered songs, each of the seven has issued collections. With Roumanille, who

reproduces in the Renaissance the Gaulish features, and Frédéric Mistral the Greek, Aubanel stands as an exponent of the Latin period. They have called the printer of the papal city the modern Petrarch, and elected him to preside over the great celebration held on the five hundredth anniversary of the death of the sonnetist of Vaucluse. For Aubanel too had an unfortunate glimpse of loveliness, and then seven cloistered years of sorrow, which were revealed in verses cast and exquisitely wrought in the language which both Petrarch and Dante, under similar circumstances, decided would not do.

Aubanel married, drank in the sunshine for himself, and was a radiance in the lives of all who knew him. Yet he has never been called a sentimentalist. His unrestrained, passionate, even turbulent emanations were too evidently the outcome of a central force, deep and powerful. Aubanel lived more than he wrote, there being a lapse of twenty-five years between the publication of "*Grenada Ajar*," his first volume, and "*The Daughters of Avignon*," his second. The intensity of his personality and the constant giving out of himself wore out his body, and he died of paralysis, in October, 1886. He was buried at Avignon, not like Petrarch in scarlet satin, but in his penitent's robe of white. In the great procession was carried the banner of the *Félibrige*, sown with seven golden stars. Pre-eminently a lover of God, of beauty, of his own friends, country, province, city, perhaps it is as well that when the work of his fine genius is spoken of, they say, "But, ah, you should have known our Aubanel."

These three are the most illustrious of the modern poets of Southern France. Then comes Felix Gras, the laborer, with his great skill in rhymes and metres; then Tavan, and Anselme Mathieu, with his translations of Horace and Catullus, Roumieux, Paul Arène, and their many compeers. These all use the tongue of Provence, which is now reduced to a well-defined and available form. Mistral spent years over his dictionary, "the very antithesis of poetry, apparently, but the carrying out of a poetical idea." Since its completion, the language has been granted by the government freedom from extra taxation in telegraphic despatches, and

is again used in the pulpits of the village churches, to which services the peasantry flock.

There are fewer writers in the less pliable Langue d'ocienne, but still they are numerous; among them Arnaveille, eager for the Roman Catholic faith, Fesquet, the Protestant pastor, and August Fourès; while from the Catalonian districts, far west of the Pyrenees, to the High Engadine in Switzerland, Neo-Latin dialects are being revived by the people and made ready for use by scholars. In all of these innumerable small productions are appearing. They are the findings of troubadours on their own soil, yet curiously colored as if from far lands. Set in the old gay forms of *chanson* and *tenson*, *aubade* and *serenade*, they form a polished Roman mosaic.

The modern Langue d'oc has an extensive bibliography, in one year seventy-five treatises upon the movement having appeared in various languages. It has numerous schools and libraries. It has given a great stimulus to the study of national folk-lore, and its effects are shown by the choice of subjects in all the art exhibitions of France.

The growth of the *Félibrige* has been rapid, even for France. Mistral is President of the organization, which has a Grand Consistoire or Committee called *La Sainte Estelle*, consisting of fifty poets, who inspect and pass judgment upon literary efforts. It is needless to say that, in the whole movement, there is not lacking a due appreciation of feminine talent. Let a lady write verses, never so simple, in the old tongue, and every *Félibre* takes it as a personal favor, and there is the title of "Félibresse" in waiting. So there are women, also, on the honorary committee of masters in the Gay Science. The four main divisions of the *Félibrige*, corresponding to the natural linguistic divisions, are those of Provence, Languedoc, Aquitaine (Gascony), and Catalonia, each with its Syndic and Secretary. Besides these departments, there is a society of over two thousand Parisian *Félibres*, calling themselves Grasshoppers ("*Les Cigaliers*"). Even in New York City, two hundred patriots, in 1886, took the name of the "Bee," and chose Roumanille for their President of honor.

In France, during the flowery months the society has its great

annual convocations, which are attended by thousands. *La Sainte Estelle* holds poetical assizes, where great scholars discourse in the Romance tongues, and some beautiful queen bestows the palms upon the winners of prizes. Far and wide small companies of *Féli-bres* hold floral games, which in many points call to mind the old Courts of Love. Prizes are awarded for works of the imagination, translations, dialect dictionaries, and grammars; also for pictures or sculpture illustrating local history or tradition, and for the adaptation of songs to melody. They adorn the now numerous statues of their poets with olive. Clasp hands, they dance the old farandole; airs are rendered to the accompaniment of the Provençal tambourine and on the Catalonian mandolin, and perhaps some beautiful girl gives a dramatic recitation, dressed in Arlesian costume. Then come the banquets. What serving of traditional dishes! What singing of ballads and *chansons*! Even the *sirvente* is again in play against the Teuton enemy, past and present. It would be useless to try in cold Saxon to tell how the people of the South enjoy these festivities; how, as emotions reflect inward and outward, in the way supposed to be peculiar to the French people, they ecstasy themselves (*s'extasient*) and excite themselves (*s'embrasent*) and each other, until they reach an acme of delight. Without regard to party or position, from the prince to the humblest artisan of the Republic, all is equality, fraternity.

It is at this season of the year that the beautiful flocks of Arles and Camargue are driven from the valleys to the fresh mountain pastures. Alluding to this, Mistral, at one of the meetings of *La Sainte Estelle*, exclaimed, "God grant us also so to do, the people of to-day! We who live in an epoch of fatigue, tired of the sheep-fold, where we turn one upon another; tired of divisions, of impure joys, of bitter scepticism, of empty words. God be pleased to help us to remount towards the salubrious sources of our origin, towards the heights of our glory, towards the *Pontificate of our dear France*; to find again the force, the energy of our fathers; to find once more joy and hope; to renew and vivify the blood in freshness and light."

The inquiry is, how far will they succeed in reascending? With all their imagination and love of the old and tenacious adherence

to type, will they bring their present selves into the past, as they have brought the past into the present? It is not a new experiment. This year's child, since the world began, has been putting himself into the games so dear, because the sport of last year's child, and finding them strangely hollow.

As might be expected among poets, there is a perfect freedom of religious opinion in the Society of the *Filibrige*. Above all, they are characteristically reverent, and believers,—of whom there is not a superabundance in France. But as has been said in the *Nouvelle Revue*, it is impossible to help noticing the great number of Romanist clergy who find the attempt to compose verses in the new Provençal a fascinating employment. Also the number of ministers plenipotentiary who have joined the society; William Bonaparte Wyse, a grandson of Lucien Bonaparte, and Alecsandri of Roumania, being among those who hold prominent positions.

If sometime it should be deemed expedient to turn out the brawling soldiery from their barracks in the Provençal Vatican, and the Pope should again look out upon that smiling landscape with the silvery Rhone, half-spanned by St. Benazet's broken bridge, would the "days of benediction" really return? Would not the Avignonais themselves, behind their battlemented walls, be obliged to put their shoulders to the pushing of that strange and utilitarian concern called progress?

How much better for the Provençaux to be among the advance guard of France, and with their rare quality of intuition, spiritually lit, to go beyond the intellectual point reached by the Albigenses in the recognition of the divinely revealed personality of Jesus Christ as the source of Truth and Beauty. With a free Provençal Bible, what might they not become, these people of the South, with their hearts of flame and their skill in the arts and sciences? France might then save for her own use in human advancement material similar to that which she scattered upon the world at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Maria Lefferts Elmendorf.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS, "W. H.," AND THE "DARK LADY."



THE late edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets has made us all look back to our authorities to see if we can prove, disprove, or supplement any of Mr. Tyler's theories. I bring forward the few facts I have gleaned, regardless whether they tell for or against my feelings or his, believing that truth can only be gained by careful comparison of all points and possibilities. Some of these facts I have already noted in the Weimar "Shakespeare Jahrbuch," but they may also be interesting to those who do not live so near the British Museum as I do, and who cannot therefore follow out the research so fully as they would wish. I have not yet learned enough to make an original theory of the Sonnets for myself, though none of those proposed as yet quite satisfy me.

BORN HEIR to a noble family, son of a beautiful and talented mother, there is no doubt that at about eighteen years of age William Herbert was charming enough to merit a poet's praise; especially the praise of such a one as Shakespeare,—loving, sensitive, and ambitious.*

He had been sent to New College, Oxford, in 1592, and probably remained there four or five years. It is more than likely the dulness felt by him on resuming a permanent residence in the "Mannour of Wilton," with his parents, induced him to urge his invalid father to allow him to go to London (even without his paternal care) in the spring of 1597. The anxious father postponed his son's plunge into life, at least until April, 1598, when he would be eighteen years old, and was anxious to have him married before then, and also that he

* See Wood's "Fasti Oxoniensis."

should have some foreign travel before appearing in court. The summer and autumn of 1597 were spent in negotiations with the Earl of Oxford for his daughter. These evidently were broken off; but I think it more than likely that the youth stuck to the project for foreign travel, as being a change and occupation; in which some grave and reverend tutor or governor would accompany him and bring him back to London for the spring and summer season there. Had he been in London late in 1597, he would not likely have met Shakespeare then, who was on a long tour,* being at Dover, Faversham, Bath, Bristol in September, and in Marlborough 13th December, 1597. It seems, indeed, on several bases, more than possible the friendship began early in 1598. Probably, on Herbert's coming to town, masters of polite accomplishments would be secured for the brilliant young lord; and Shakespeare may well have been chosen to teach acting, elocution, versifying, and have been given the hint of his ailing father's and anxious mother's desires to see him happily married: hence the early Sonnets. As Francis Meres would lately have been Lord Herbert's professor in Oxford, it was more than likely he would meet his former student in London, and see these Sonnets, not then kept privately, and perhaps meet the writer of them in Herbert's house in friendship. At least, he saw some ere he published his book. If the introduction took place in 1598, the unequal acquaintance ripened rapidly, from similarity of tastes and from mutual admiration of each other's gifts. Baynard's castle, the London home of the Pembrokes, was not far from Blackfriars; opportunities of meeting were doubtless abundant, in theatres or friendly homes. With some natures affection becomes an absorbing passion, little differing from love, even between friends of the same sex,† as Jeremy Taylor said,—

“Some live under the Line, and the beams of friendship in that position are imminent and perpendicular; . . . some are the Courtiers of the Sun, and wait upon him in his Chambers of the East.”

This friendship ripened thus, and there is no reason to be surprised at the strong language used in poetically expressing it. “Love,”

* See Halliwell-Phillipps's “Tours of Shakespeare's Companies.”

† Pointed out by Prof. Rolfe.

"lover," and other phrases now limited to the opposite sex, were then quite appropriately used between friends of the same sex.

Lord Herbert was evidently received cordially by his royal god-mother and her subservient court, though he was considered by many to use but indifferently his opportunities, and to get the character of "a melancholy young man." This may have been the reflected effect of Shakespeare's brooding with him upon all things in heaven and earth. The overflowing affection of the early friendship became troubled with anxieties, saddening the Sonnets. The absorptions of Lord Herbert during 1599 may well account for these.* In August he was to have two hundred horse sent up by his father, to attend Her Majesty's person. His own horse would not stand fire or martial music, and he had to borrow "Bayleigh," from the stud of his uncle, Sir Robert Sydney, then abroad, governor of Flushing.* He would be "away from court a week at a time, swaggering it amongst the men of warre, and viewing the manner of the musters." In September "he was a continuall courtier, but too cold in a matter of such greatness."* By the 12th, his father fell ill, and he hurried to the country, "leaving others to observe the suitors for the many places he holds under her majesty;" and he was again blamed for coldness and melancholy.

His uncle's secretary, meanwhile, proposed a match between him and the Lord Admiral's niece. "Fortunately, Earle Pembroke recovered, or strange and cunning courses would have been held with the young Lord." He was sent for by the Queen on Michaelmas Day, but his father refused his attendance, on account of expenses, and probably on account of his own health; but he was back by 6th October, and "much bound to the Queen by her gracious favour." Essex was in disgrace, and the world waited, watching for the new favorite. Herbert had a good chance; Southampton, a friend of Essex, was "spending his time going to plays every day;" but Herbert was sent on an embassy to Denmark, where he was well received; and well received on his return also, though "he brought no certain answer in the business he went for," 4th Novem-

* See the letters written to Sir Robert Sydney when governor at Flushing, by his secretary, Rowland Whyte.

ber, 1599. He was anxious for the return of his uncle, Sir Robert Sydney, whose advice and presence would help him. At the end of November, he went to see his father at Ramsbury; and the Queen honored him greatly, giving him an hour's private audience before his departure. Another marriage was suggested to him, but he "needed a male relative at court" to arrange these and other matters for him.

Instead of a short absence it proved a long one; an attack of ague, a relapse and consequent weakness, also the charms of the race-course established by his father, kept him with his parents until Easter eve, the 22d of March, 1599 (or, with us, 1600).^{*} Then, on his return, Lord Herbert begged the Queen to excuse his father, on account of his health, and promised to do what he could in his place. It was probably at this time, when sympathy with his sufferings and joy at his return made every heart open to him, that he became more intimate with Mary Fitton; an intimacy that reached its climax in the festivities in connection with Mrs. Anne Russel's marriage to "the other Lord Herbert," son of the Earl of Worcester. There he and she shone foremost in the favor of the Queen and the beholders.

"The young lord was in less inclination than ever to marry."* During the year he was anxious to train for the tournament, and practised tilting at Greenwich, for the Coronation Day, 24th October, 1600. In January of the following year his father died, and he became the Earl of Pembroke; and a dark time came over the youth. At the summer festivities he had begun clandestine relations with Mrs. Mary Fitton that ended, in March, for her with bitter shame and disappointed love and ambition, and for him, first in the Fleet, then in more honorable custody elsewhere; afterwards, in banishment from the Queen's presence, refusal of permission to travel, heavy charges for his wardship on attaining his majority, in April, 1601, and an exile to country-life in Wilton. It is not clear whether the Queen wished him to marry Mary or not, but certainly the lady and her friends did; yet he was not inclined to matrimony. When he did marry afterwards, in 1604, Mary, daughter of Earl

* See Sydney Papers.

Shrewsbury, probably it was only a *mariage de convenance*, for it was not a happy one.

His life harmonizes well with the suggestions of the Sonnets. The desire of the parents that he should marry young was made more evident by their plans regarding his younger brother Philip. At an even earlier age they suggested a marriage between him and a neighboring heiress of St. Gillians, of the family name, who, however, married Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. In April, 1600, Philip was at court for a week, and made the most of his opportunities, being "the forwardest young courtier" Whyte had ever seen; and in May, Earl Pembroke offered the Queen five thousand pounds if she would allow her ward, daughter of Sir Arthur Gorge, to marry his second son; but it was not arranged. Afterwards, he married, in 1603, Lady Susan Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, sister of the Bridget whom William previously had refused to wed; so that it is very evident early marriages were the wish of the parents. That, therefore, accounts for the youth of the person Shakespeare urges to marry. His addressing him as his "Muse" and inspiration is not altogether unnatural. Herbert had come of a poetic family; his uncle, "Philip Sydney," was a chief name in literature; his mother, though more retiring, had produced translations, poems, tragedies even. She had inspired Daniel; her son now inspired Shakespeare. His patronage of literature is a matter of history; his poems, though not well known, are mentioned in Wood's "*Fasti Oxoniensis*," and were published, with some by Ruddier, in 1660, from manuscripts preserved by Christian Bruce, Countess of Devonshire, the lady of royal descent who raised the glory of the Cavendishes. She was a lady not connected by blood or marriage with Pembroke; her character was far above the breath of any scandal in connection with him; and it is probable she had these verses in one of those manuscript copies sent round among friends in those days. In the dedication, the editor says, "This monument your Ladyship hath erected to his memory will outlast the calculations of all Astrologers, who, though they could foretell the time that he should leave us, would set no date to the fame that he should leave behind him."

The horoscope of William Lord Herbert was well known to the world, and anxiously watched by his friends, some allusion to which seems clear in the reading of the Sonnets. (See Sonnets 14, 25, etc.)

The poems of Pembroke, however, do not add much to his fame, if those we have are *all* he wrote; nevertheless, comparing them to lines in Shakespeare, there are many points of interest in them, beyond the undoubtedly finest one, quoted by Mr. Tyler,—“Soul’s joy, when I am gone,”—which seems almost as if written to Shakespeare himself. Another sonnet begins,—

“Can you suspect a change in me
And value your own constancy?”

Another on the same subject ends,—

“Short love liking may find jarres,
The love that’s lasting, knows no warres.”

In this little volume there are also strange parallels between the poems evidently addressed to ladies. For instance,—

“Others are fair if not compared to thee,
Compared to them, thy beauty doth exceed.
So lesser stars give light, and shine, we see
Till glorious Phœbus lifteth up his head,
And then as things ashamed of their might;
They hide themselves, and with themselves the light.

“Since nature’s skill hath given you your right,
Do not kind nature and yourself such wrong
You are as fair as any earthly wight.” (See Sonnet 21.)

“You wrong yourself if you correct my tongue
Though you deny Her and yourself your due,
Yet Duty bids me *fair* entitle you.” (page 27.)

He has a poem

“TO HIS MISTRESS, ON HIS FRIEND’S OPINION OF HER.

“One with admiration told me
He did wonder much and marvel
(As by chance he did behold ye)
How I could become so servile
To thy Beauty.” . . . (page 90.)

finding fault with her rolling eyes, wanton expression, and tall

stature. There is another on "Venus and Adonis" (page 99), and one, specially interesting in the parallel with Sonnet 127:

ON BLACK HAIR AND EYES.

" . . . Why should you think (rare Creature) that you lack
Perfection, cause your hair and eyes are black: . . .
Nor was it fit that nature should have made
So bright a sun to shine without some shade."

(page 61.)

IN REGARD to Mistress Mary Fitton being "the dark lady" of the Sonnets, I am not yet satisfied. The connection supposed to be established between her and Shakespeare's Company by the dedication of "Kempe's Nine Days' Dance to Norwich," I think too slight to be used, even if we accept the name "Anne" as intended for "Mary." (Earwaker's "History of Cheshire" gives *both* sisters as maids of honor.) The dedication proves no personal acquaintance. From all accounts in the Sydney Papers and elsewhere, Mary Fitton seems to have been the best dancer at the court. In the "Masque of the Eight Muses seeking the Ninth," at the marriage of the "other Lord Herbert" to Mrs. Anne Russel, "Mrs. Fitton led," and "went to the Queen, and wooed her to dawnce, her Majestie asked her what she was; 'Affection,' she said. 'Affection,' said the Queen, 'Affection is false,' yet her Majestie rose and dawnced." 23rd June 1600.* Now, I believe she ought to have said "Terpsichore," which explains at once the reason of the Queen's remark, and of Kempe's dedication. Probably he had been brought to court at times, to design and teach the dances in the masques; and finding her the most important person near the Queen, the most skilful in dancing, the most affable in manner, the most liberal in purse, he had dedicated his little book to her as a compliment, not without a view, doubtless, to future liberality. But there is nothing against her character in this, as Mr. Tyler would suggest. Neither does he notice a short address in the middle of the work (p. 18), in which Kempe says, "*Faire* Madame, to whom I too presumptuously dedicate my idle pages." This, taken with the allusion to the "Blackamore" in the dedication, certainly suggests that even IF Mary

* See Sydney Papers.

Fitton had black eyes and hair (of which we have no testimony to support the witness of the tombstone, which is not very clear in itself), she was not so "coloured ill," or so unlovely, that a lover might say he lied when he called her fair, as in Sonnet 152. Mrs. Mary Fitton was certainly not abhorred by others (Sonnet 150), as was proved by the friendship of the Queen, the affection of her great-uncle, the love of her father, her second fault, and after marriage with two husbands. She was not plain; even the representation on her tombstone (not likely to be flattering, from the character of the art of the period) gives her an oval face, arched eyebrows, moon-shaped forehead, delicately-outlined cheeks, and lips like the arch of Cupid's bow, all points greatly admired in these days. We know Elizabeth liked good-looking women, as well as handsome men, to be near her. Her life gives no trace of her ever having in any way been connected with Shakespeare; nor do I think she could have sat for the portrait of "the lady of the Sonnets" in her character, any more than in her face. It was a very different thing for a woman, in the lax moral opinion of the time, to risk a fault with the handsomest and highest youth of England, with a view to matrimony, and any other person so dangerous as a married play-actor. There is no doubt of Mary's relations with Earl Pembroke. One suggestive little point Mr. Tyler does not mention: when, in November, 1599, Herbert went to see his father, and was detained in the country by his own illness, we find in the Sydney Papers, under date of January 12, 1599-1600, "Mrs. Fitton is sicke and gone from the court to her father's;" and again, "Lady Sydney visited Mrs. Fitton that hath long been here sicke in London," February 21, 1599-1600. I read this as a sign of a genuine attachment, and believe that Mary was too much in love with Lord Herbert (or his prospects) to have been in the habit of flirting with any one else. Even from her father's letters we can see she expected to have married Herbert; and there was no real bar of circumstances. Mary had been born in 1578, and was then twenty-two years old; Herbert had been born in 1580, and was very nearly twenty-one years old. Mary's family was good; and Elizabeth could have made it equal to the Pembrokes, then a comparatively new creation. She

was distinctly one of the Queen's favorites, as he was; and what more natural—we may imagine she thought—than that they two should marry? Only he did not see this. I think that Elizabeth did; on account of the severe punishment she meted out to him for their detected fault. He was a royal ward; the Queen was also his godmother, and she was not inclined to bear the sins of her godchildren on this account. He was straitly examined, confessed the fact, renounced all matrimony, was sent to the Fleet, then to more honorable custody elsewhere, banished from court, confined to his own house in Wilton, forbidden to travel abroad, as he requested, a heavy sum exacted for his wardship, and he remained in disgrace during the life of the Queen. Now it seems to me all this severity was a sign that Elizabeth held Sir Edward Fitton's view of the case,—that "he had beguiled her," that is, with a promise of matrimony. Her father's letter to Lord Cecil says,—

"I can say nothing of the Erle, but my daughter is confident in her chance before God, and wisheth my Lord and she might but meet before in different scenes—But for my selfe, I expect no good from hym who all this tyme hath not shewed any kindness. I count my daughter as good a gentlewoman as my Lord is, though the dignitie of honour be greater onelye in him which hath begiled her, I ffeare, except my Lord's honesty bee the greater vertues." (May 16, 1601. See Mr. Tyler's "Sonnets," etc.)

If Elizabeth, who had evidently loved Mary, believed her story, we should not be surprised if, after the banishment of Herbert, she should be restored somewhat to favor. I think it possible she was; because in the same part of Rowland Whyte's letters to Sir Herbert Sydney,—generally devoted to Lord Herbert and gossip about him,—on December 28, 1602, he writes, without comment,—

"*Mrs. Mary*, upon St. Stevens Day, in the afternoone dawnsed before the Queen two galliards, with one Mr. Palmer, the admirablest dawncer of this time; both were much commended of her Majesty, then she danced a corante."

If we suppose Mary's name too well known to both writer and reader to require a surname, and that no near connection was secured Mary, it seems quite likely it meant "Mary Fitton," who

had been so much connected with Sydney's nephew. Her life up to this time gave no trace of being associated improperly with Shakespeare, or with any one else. It is true that Mr. Tyler points out that Mary afterwards had two daughters, by Sir Richard Leveson; and that she afterwards married two husbands of lower degree. But in such cases we cannot argue from events after that date to events before it. Mary's heart may have been wounded and her pride crushed by the events in March, April, May, 1600-1601, and the whole course of her future life turned out of its natural course. I certainly refuse to believe this bright girl to be the "evil angel," the "despair," the "woman coloured ill" of the Sonnets. She must have been some other dame, older, more practised in deceit, and, above all, she must have been a *married woman*. We know Clarendon says that "Earl Pembroke was the most universally beloved of any man in his time, but he was much given to women." It is more than possible young Pembroke had a second string to his bow even then. No one could have wondered at his attraction to a court-favorite like Mary Fitton; no one would have thought him disgraced by marrying her; no one could have termed her ambitious love "foul pride," least of all Shakespeare; and to read the Sonnets through her life can only lead to false conclusions. If they had been *real* letters addressed to her, they would have belonged to *her*, and we cannot imagine that in 1609 she would have permitted a publication recalling the blazoned story of her youthful shame, just when she was settling down quietly into married life with Captain Polwhele, to whom her great-uncle left his best sword and best horse to show "his love for him and his now wife." Nor would Shakespeare, on the other hand, had he ever felt them, had he ever written them to her, have been so unmanly and ungenerous as to have permitted them to be so published.

I believe the Lady of the Sonnets is yet to be found, and the real meaning of most of them.

Yet that there is more autobiography than is to be found elsewhere, no one can deny. Let us take it for granted that the early sonnets are addressed to Earl Pembroke, who "living had prose-

cuted him with much favour," as said the Preface to the 1623 edition of his works.

IN REGARD to William Shakespeare himself, there is one point that Mr. Tyler has not alluded to; that just in 1597 he had lost his only and dearly beloved son, and, with his heart sore from his loss, had bought the fine house in Stratford he had hoped to lodge him in. The loss would predispose him not only to melancholy, but to love of such a youth, who might forever have suggested to him the "might-have-beens" in his own saddened home-life. (See Sonnet 35.)

The "Theatre War," so connected with the "vulgar scandal," whose deep "impression" was filled by the love of his friend (Sonnet 112), lasted through this period of three years; and in it Shakespeare was not only in the right (Sonnet 121) but had the might to conquer, as proved in the "Returne from Pernassus," Part II., "written by a university pen in 1601." Jonson was the chief leader of the attack, but it seemed to have moved the whole "Profession," and all their followers, and galled the soul of the poet, till he cried, "'Tis better *to be vile* than vile esteemed" (Sonnet 121). Yet here and there sounds the pæan of conquest not only over foes, but over self. Mr. Tyler treats the Sonnets as all poetical epistles written by Shakespeare in his own character, either to Herbert or the lady connected with both. I think there are some grounds for believing that, though all were by Shakespeare, they were not *all* directly addressed to Herbert, and that a few were even Shakespeare's voice for Herbert's feelings; but a paper such as this does not give room to discuss this question exhaustively enough to work out my reasons for this opinion.

Another point Mr. Tyler seems sure of is that the *order* of the Sonnets is practically the true order. But if his theory is correct that they were all addressed to Herbert and the lady, it is clear that the consecution cannot be correct; as the addresses to the lady must be sandwiched between the later addresses to the youth at least, thus altering the context. I think a rearrangement might probably elucidate many difficulties; and it is certain that many

of the unimportant sonnets have been transposed; for instance, it is clear that Sonnet 22 should precede 19, and 24 should follow 21. We know, indeed, that a rearrangement of a few took place in the 1640 edition, for some reason or other sufficient to interfere with the simpler repetition of the order of the 1609 publication. It is very probable some are lost, of those that Meres spoke of "among his private friends;"—perhaps "the Amours* by J. D. and certain *other* sonnets by W. S." were some of these, and Professor Minto believes that the sonnet by Phaeton to his friend in Florio's "Second Fruits," is by Shakespeare.

For Chapman, as the rival poet, Mr. Tyler—basing his views on those brought forward by Prof. Minto—makes out a very strong case. "The proud full sail of his great verse," "his compeers by night," and "affable familiar ghost" (see 86th Sonnet) seem very likely suggested by Chapman's "Shadow of Night," 1594; and "The first seaven bookes of the Iliade," published in 1598, and noticed by Meres. We might almost imagine that a small poem entitled "Euthemiæ Raptus, or The Teares of Peace," published in 1609, had been handed about in manuscript among his friends. Because there "The Shade of Homer" appears to him, addressing him in lines concluding thus:

"And I invisible went *prompting* thee

To those faire greenes where thou didst english me."†

"The Blinde Beggar of Alexandria," 1598.

Chapman had written a "Pastoral Tragedy" in 1599, now lost (see Henslowe's Diary); as well as other plays (see Meres). He had published "Hero and Leander" in sestiams in 1600, and he was known to devote himself enthusiastically to poetry. But on the other hand, there was no trace of any connection, at any time, between him and Pembroke. He gave him no honor in his works, he dedicated none to him; but to the Earl of Essex, Prince

* "Third January, 1600, in Stationers' Registers, Eleazar Edgar entered for his cōpye, under the hands of the Wardens, a book called Amours by J. D. with certeyn other sonnettes by W. S." Yet in 1599, we know that "Venus and Adonis" was spoken of as "certain amorous sonnets;" and the word was then loosely used in relation to verse forms.

† At the conclusion of the 24th book of the Iliad, he also speaks of "that most assistful and unspeakable spirit" of Homer, 1616.

Henry, and Carr, Earl of Somerset. He was unfortunate in his patrons and his praise. In 1614 the twelve books of the "Odyssey" were dedicated to Carr with the touching lines,—

"Twelve labours of your Thespian Hercules
I now present your Lordship; do but please
To lend life means, till th' other twelve receive
Equal achievement."

In 1616 a reprint of the whole of Homer's works was issued; the "Odyssey" completed and dedicated to Carr, though out of favor, the "Iliad" still dedicated to Prince Henry, who had died in 1612. But in addition to the dedication was prefixed a print of a tombstone and mourning verses, concluding,—

"Yet welth of soule is poore
And so 'tis kep; not thy thrice sacred will
Signed with thy deathe, moves any to fulfill
Thy just bequests to me. Thou dead, then I
Live dead, for giving thee Eternitie:
Ad Famam
To all Tyme's future, this Tyme's marck extend,
Homer, no patron found; nor Chapman friend.
Ignotus nimis omnibus
Sat notus, moritur sibi."

The poverty in which he died seemed also proved by a poem in the Ashmole papers, inscribed "The Genius of the Stage deploring the Death of Ben Jonson."

"There are no more by sad affliction hurled,
And Friends' neglect, from this inconstant world.
Chapman alone went so; *he* that's now gone
Commands him tomb; HE scarce a grave or stone."

Had Pembroke at any time been a patron, he would not have left his poet to suffer "these slings and arrows," for, as we said, kindness and constancy were noted traits in him. It is true that, at the close of the "Iliad," Chapman addresses him in one of a group of sonnets, probably to those great people to whom he meant to send presentation copies, generally very liberally paid in coin. But these sonnets are: first, to the Duke of Lennox; second, to the Lord Chancellor; third, to Earl Salisbury; fourth,

to the most honoured Earl Suffolk; fifth, Earl Northampton; sixth, to Earl Arundell; seventh, to Earl Pembroke; eighth, to Earl Montgomery; ninth, to Lord Lisle; tenth, to Countess Montgomerie; eleventh, to Lady Wrothe; twelfth, Countess Bedford; thirteenth, Earl Southampton, etc. Now, each sonnet implies that the person addressed is the greatest in some way, so we need not wonder there are compliments in *this*, the only poem we know to have been "Bound for the prize of all too precious you." (Sonnet 86.) Besides, this was very much after the date of the Shakespeare Sonnets, and gives no clue to them.

"To the learned and most noble patrone of learning, the Earle of Pembroke,
Above all others may your honor shine,
As, past all others, your ingenuous beames
Exhale into your grace the forme divine
Of godlike learning, whose exiled streames
Runne to your succour, charged with all the wracke
Of sacred virtue. Now the barbarous witch
(Foule Ignorance) sits charming of them backe
To their first fountaine, in the great and rich;
Though our great sovereigne counter-check her charmes,
(Who in all learning reigns so past example)
Yet (with her) Turkish policie puts on armes
To raze all knowledge in man's Christian Temple,
(You following yet our King) your guard redouble;
Pure are those streames that these rimes cannot trouble."

At the end of the group of sonnets Chapman signs himself "ever most humbly devoted to you and all the rare patrones of divine Homer, George Chapman." But he *thanks* none.

Samuel Daniel, on the other hand, was connected with the Pembroke family much through life. He studied at Wilton, "was taught," or at least encouraged, by the Countess of Pembroke—no mean poetess herself—to write verses, dedicated many works to her, and promised her immortality through his verse and the 1601 edition of his "Defence of Rime," to "his patron," Earl Pembroke. His first volume of poems came out in 1592; and several editions in the same year. An edition in 1594 included "Cleopatra;" and "First foure books of the Civil Wars" appeared in 1595. In 1599 "poetical essays" were published, and he was made poet-laureate that

year, on the death of Spenser, groom of the Queen's Chamber, and Master of the Queen's Revels. His wife was Justina, sister of John Florio. And Southampton also patronized him. Fitzgeffrey, in his Epigrams, says of him,—

“For, in my judgment, if the god of verse
In English would heroic deeds rehearse,
No language so expressive he would choose
As that of English Daniel's lofty muse.”

The edition of “The Civil Warres,” published in 1609, was dedicated to the

“Right Noble Lady the Ladie Marie, Countesse Dowager of Pembroke. After the many editions I send it forthe againe by your goodness, to whome, and to whose noble family I hold mysefve ever bound, and will labour to doo you all the honour and service I can.”

Perhaps there was, after all, a second rival poet to whom Pembroke thus may be said to have given countenance. Daniel's “Mask of the Twelve Goddesses” also introduces Night and Sleep; and he too had had visions and dreamed of spirits, from Dr. Dee downwards. Daniel's “Delia” sonnets are no doubt the nearest approach to Shakespeare's in style, theme, and quality. I do not put him forward as “*the* rival poet,”* but as a proof that, had any real rivalry been applicable to Chapman, he would have fared better at the Pembrokes' hands. Daniel was appointed tutor to the noted Anne Clifford, born in 1589, afterwards Countess of Dorset, who, marrying Philip, Earl Montgomery, succeeded to the title of Countess of Pembroke; and thus again, in her, the same family honored him in his age, and raised a splendid tombstone to his memory and hers on his death, in 1619.

But the point on which I differ most from Mr. Tyler is his translation of “W. H.” in the dedication. Of course this form of addressing a nobleman by a printer was *possible*, but it was *very improbable*. Such an example is to be found nowhere else in the history of printing, and certainly not in any future relations between T. Thorpe and the Earl of Pembroke. And we have fortunately an

* Daniel was at least said to have supplanted Shakespeare in the coveted post of Master of the Revels.

example of how he would really address him, discovered by Mr. Hazlitt in a dedication of nine years later :

“ ‘ Epictetus Manuall, Cebes Table &

“ Theophrastus Characters’

“ by Jo. Headley. London. Printed by

“ George Purslowe for Edward Blount. 1616.

“ To the Right Honourable, William, Earle of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlaine to his Majestie, one of his most Honourable Privie Counsell, and Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter. etc. . . .

“ Right Honourable

“ It may worthily seem strange unto your Lordship, out of what frenzy one of my meannesse hath presumed to commit this Sacriledge, in the straightnesse of your Lordship’s leisure, to present a peace, for matter and model so unworthy, and in this scribbling age, wherein persons are so pestered daily with Dedications. All I can alledge in extenuation of so many incongruities, is the bequest of a deceased man ; who (in his life-time) having offered some translations of his unto your Lordship, ever wisht, if these ensuing were published, they might onely bee addressed unto your Lordship, as the last Testimony of his dutifull affection (to use his own termes :) The true and reall upholder of learned endeavours. This therefore being left unto me, as a Legacie unto your Lordship : pardon my presumption, Great Lord, from so meane a man, to so great a person : I could not without some impiety present it to any other ; such a sad priviledge have the bequests of the dead, and so obligatory they are, more than the requests of the living : In the hope of this honourable pardon and acceptance I will ever rest your Lordship’s

“ Humble devoted

“ T. TH.”

No one could honestly consider these cringing tones a dedication from the same publisher to the same patron. Of course Mr. Tyler might suggest that Earl Pembroke had been so indignant with the Sonnets dedication that Thorpe might have vowed never to offend again. But I cannot think the verbosity, the awe, the respect to titles, could have so accumulated in Thorpe’s mind in nine years. At the date of the publication of the Sonnets, W. Herbert had been the Earl of Pembroke for eight years, his father dying in 1601 ; he had been Knight of the Garter in 1603 ; and honors were continually raining on him, as he was the “ most universally beloved and

honoured of all men in this reign."* Furthermore, he, being the eldest-born son of a great earl, had *never at any time* borne the title of "Mr. W. H.": he had *always* been Lord Herbert, even in the register of his birth and baptism, which was carved in great letters over the south entrance of St. Mary's Church (a rectory held in the gift of the Pembrokes from the time of Henry VIII.), at Wilton. It ran thus:

"Be it remembered, that at the 8th day of Aprill, 1580, on Friday, before 12 o'clock at night of the same day, was born William Lord Herbert, of Cardiffe, first child of the noble Henry Herbert, Erle of Pembroke, by his most dere wyfe Mary, daughter to the right Hon^{ble} Sir Henry Sidney, Knight of the most noble order &c & the Lady Mary, daughter to the famous, John Duke of Northumberland, and was Xt'ned the 28th day of the same month, in the mannour of Wilton. The Godmother, ye mighty and most excellent Princess Elizabethe, by the grace of God Queen of England, by her deputye the most virtuous Lady Anne, Countice of Warwick; and the godfathers were the noble and famous Erle Ambrose, Erle of Warwick, and Robert, Erle of Lycester, both great uncles to the infant by the mother's side, Warwick in person, and Lycester by his deputye, Philip Sydney Esq. uncle by the mother's side, to the fore-named young Lord Herbert of Cardiff, whom the Almighty and most gracious God blesse, with his mother above-named, with prosperous life in all happiness, in the name of God. Amen." (Hoare's "History of Wiltshire," p. 119. Above this inscription are the arms of Herbert Earl Pembroke, with quarterings and impalements.)

I thought this important to the present question, as showing that the use of his title began *at once*; and the Sydney Papers and other letters show that it was never disused. Such a dedication could have been *dared* only by one in collusion with the Earl Pembroke himself; and had it been Thomas Thorpe, who had been once so honored, he would not have been so afraid to address his lordship in 1616, as constancy to his friends and dependents was a prominent trait in Earl Pembroke's character.

I am perfectly well aware that it is easier to deny that it was Earl Pembroke than to assert who "W. H." was. I am aware that many attempts to make a theory round the names of others have failed. Dr.

* See Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion" and Sydney Papers.

Drake thought "W. H." should be "H. W.," for Henry Wriothesley, Earl Southampton. Tyrwhit thought it William Hughes: "A man in hue, all hues in his controlling." B. Heywood Bright (1819) first suggested William Herbert; James Boaden (1832) and C. A. Brown thought the same. The analogy of the use of Mr. to Sackville (after he was Lord Buckhurst), in quoting from his poems, has been shown by Prof. Minto. Ellis and Hazlitt thought it might have been a William Hammond, an early patron of Middleton's "Witch." I have been unable to find a dedication to this person; the earliest copy I can find being dedicated to "Thomas Holmes," by Thomas Middleton, in "The Ancient British Drama," which *professes* to reprint exactly the edition of 1603.

I bring forward no theory, but I make *another* suggestion. Karl Elze says that in 1873, Charles Edwards found at Lamport Hall a copy of an unknown work of Southwell's, to which were added four poems, "brought together" by W. H. and by him put to press, and printed by G. Eld, 1606, the printer three years later of "Shakespeare's Sonnets." This fits into a possibility that had crossed my mind. In the "Paradise of Dainty Devices, by M. Edwardes, the rest by sundry learned gentlemen, both of honour and worship," published in 1596; out of 102, there are 16 poems signed by a Mr. W. H. or Mr. William Hunnis. These are—

"The Introduction, a translation of the Blessed St. Barnarde's verses containing the unstable felicities of this wavering world." W. Hunnis.

12. "No pleasure without pain." W. Hunnis.
51. "If thou desire to live in quiet reste." W. Hunnis.
60. "Finding no joy, he desireth death." W. Hunnis.
61. "Hope well and have well." W. Hunnis.
63. "He complaineth his mishap." W. Hunnis.
64. "No foe to a flatterer." W. Hunnis.
68. "He assureth constancie." W. Hunnis.
71. "He repenteth his follie." W. Hunnis.
73. "The fruit of fained friends." W. H.
84. "That love is requited by disdaine." W. Hunnis.
85. "Of a contented estate." W. Hunnis.
87. "Of the meane estate." W. Hunnis.
93. "Being in trouble, he writeth thus." W. Hunnis.

George Gascoigne writes :

A "Brief Rehearsal or rather true copie of as much as was presented before her Majestie at Kenilworth, during her last abode there as followeth: Her Majesty came there, as I remember, on Saturday, the ninth of July last past. On which day there met her on the way, somewhat neere the Castle, Sybills, who prophecied unto her Highness the prosperous raigne she should continue, in verses. This device was invented and the verses also written by Mr. Hunneys, Master of her Majestie's Chappell."

This was published on 26th March, 1576, of the doings in the summer of 1575; and brings Mr. Hunneys both near Stratford, and near stage-writing and designs of the kind. I find this William Hunnis also the author of many semi-religious poems. The first notice of him appears in the middle of the century.* "The Psalmes of Davide," translated into English metre by Sternhold, Wyat, and William Hunnis, 1551; "A Hive full of *Hony*," 1578 (notice the pun); "Seven sobbes of a sorrowful soul for sinne," 1585; "Recreations, &c, Adam's Banishment, Christ's Crib, the Lost Sheep, and an old man's complaint," 1588; "Rules or Weapons concerning the spiritual battle," translated by W. H., printed for John Dalderne, 1589. As this Hunnis was master of the Children of the Queen's Chapell in 1585, it is more than probable he is the W. H. of the poems in Southwell's volume, from the similarity of feeling. It is quite possible that Shakespeare, attracted by Sacred Music, might have made friends with him; might have been advised by him to *try* the then new-fashioned sonnet-form. It is quite possible also, that, knowing this, the publishers might have traced, in the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," some clue to those sonnets that began to appear among Shakespeare's private friends so shortly after the publication of this work. While not comparing these verses to Shakespeare's as *poetry*, the subjects and treatment are sometimes apparently similar, as for instance poem 68,—

"With painted speech, I list not prove, my cunning for to trye,
Nor yet will use to fill my pen, with guileful flatterie . . .
And sure Dame Nature hath you decked with gifts above the rest."

Compare Sonnets 24 and 21 and others.

* Ames's "Typographical Antiquities."

Of course this Mr. "W. H." could not have been much under seventy-nine at the period of the dedication of the Sonnets by Thomas Thorpe; but the friendliness was quite permissible. Thorpe might have believed him to be the only suggester; and "that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet," may be retranslated. I am not about to make a case of this, nor do I attempt to explain everything; I only bring it forward as "material;" for no sound theory can be built up without comparing and considering even rejected material.

Another supposition I may also mention, as one more likely on some considerations. Though I cannot believe Thorpe ever addressed Earl Pembroke as "Mr. W. H.," there were several men of the same name at the same time,—some of the same family even. Is it not possible that some retainer or secretary, guardian or friend, might have conveyed the Countess of Pembroke's wishes regarding her son to Shakespeare, and, willing to glorify the family, might have handed them on to Thorpe, who, in grateful return, might call him the only begetter, and wish him all happiness and a share in the family "eternity." There was at least one such William Herbert in the family, who attended, as gentleman usher, the funeral of Pembroke's grandfather, the first earl, from Hampton Court to St. Paul's Cathedral, following, with Henry Morgan, the chief mourner Henry, second Earl Pembroke, in 1570. He may very well have been sent as a sort of guide, guardian, or chaperon with the young lord when he came to London in 1598. And there were others nearer himself in years. William Earl Pembroke and his brother were made Masters of Arts of New College, Oxford, August 30, 1605, the king being then at Oxford, at the time Prince Henry matriculated (see Wood's "*Athenæ Oxoniensis*," vol. ii. p. 483). At the same date was made M.A. a William Herbert, knight; and Wood says, in connection with Earl Pembroke: "There are others of both his names that have been writers." Now, in a little volume of verses published in memory of Elizabeth, I find some by "another of both his names:"

•
"Oxoniensis Academiæ Funebre
Officium in Memoriam Honoratissimam

Serenissamæ et beatissimæ
 Elizabethæ
 Nuper Angliæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Reginæ .
 Oxoniæ excudebat
 Josephus Barnesinus. Almæ
 Academiæ Typographus 1603"

written in Greek, Hebrew, and Latin. On page 156 appears :

"Luna facit solis defectus, terra labores
 Lunæ neutra Angli solis eclipsus erit,
 Luna laboravit, lux occidit orbis Elisa
 Unde igitur nostri solis eclipsis erit?
 Cynthia deseruit solium, tria regna reliquit
 His inuxit quartum, qui dedit illa, Deus.
 Guliel. Herbertus, Coll. Jesus. Gen."

Though I do not on this fact either build a theory, I think it right to note it. The value of fragments is great. Others may possess fragments that seem unmeaning, but when all are fitted together, it may be they may form a mosaic of clear design and noble pattern, with mottoes and meanings enscrolled, on which we may read the truth. And hence, it seems right to me that all connected facts should be brought forward; and some day the artist may come who can piece them together, and let all the world read the inner meaning of Shakespeare's sonnets.

Charlotte C. Stopes.

A STUDY OF RHYMES IN BROWNING.



SO much has been said in adverse criticism of Browning's rhymes that many people, especially those already inclined towards poetry, feel in duty bound to look askance at even the covers of his works, supposing that these contain within themselves unpardonable sins, in the form of deliberate transgressions of the canons of literary art. On the other hand, some admirers of the poet have said that his imperfect rhymes, though poor and forced, are nevertheless proportionately few, and

that all the talk about imperfection in this line has been occasioned by a dozen or twenty rhymes, such as "dab brick" and "fabric," "syntax" and "tin tacks." Evidently both of these opinions as they stand cannot be true: somewhere between the extremities, or in some way by the happy combination of the important points of the conflicting ideas, must the truth be found.

And the truth is worth finding. It would seem at first sight as if the matter were not of sufficient importance to warrant thorough investigation; for those who like Browning like him in spite of these "deliberate transgressions," and those who do not now enjoy his writings, probably would not were he able and willing to revise every forced rhyme out of his poetry. But a knowledge of truth is worth having, even at the expense of victory, and there are certain facts which, if taken in connection with one another, may throw a little light on the subject.

At the outset one is confronted by the difficulty felt by all students of Browning,—that of remaining absolutely impartial, unprejudiced either for or against the favorable side of the question at issue; and it might as well be said here that, in the figures to come, no one need discount the work as presumably that of an admirer of Browning, and therefore tinged by the personal equation. An admirer of Browning I certainly am, but for this very reason have been especially careful to be exact and consistent in the division of rhymes. That is a matter which, except in the most obvious cases, must be settled by feeling, by instinct, by a certain indefinable, though no less real, sense of that which is beautiful and poetic: the question does not admit of the application of a fixed set of test rules.

It seems almost needless to say that such a study as this should be carried on as far as possible with the eyes blindfolded, and that not until the end should one see the results, the probable conclusion. But a suggestion may be needed to remind us that we study to find the truth, not to establish some stated and imaginary theory, and that for this reason we must deal altogether with facts, having nothing to do with theories and as little as possible with interpretations.

The first question must be with regard to the amount of work produced by Browning and the proportion of pages of rhymed to unrhymed verse, for we assuredly cannot give him credit for having no false rhymes in "The Ring and the Book," or in "King Victor and King Charles."

Taking the last edition of the Riverside Press as our standard, we find that in the seven volumes—allowing for a few blank pages—there are 2668 pages in all, bearing the relation of 1096 of rhymed to 1572 of unrhymed verse, or, approximately, the proportion of two to three. With the three-fifths we have nothing to do: our study is to be within the limits of the 1096 pages of rhymed verse; and in these we find a total of 34,746 rhymes. The whole matter at issue now resolves itself to the two following questions: First, In what does a bad rhyme consist?—that is, what are its essential characteristics? Second, The first question being settled, what proportion of the 34,746 rhymes found in Browning's poetry are, according to our definition, poor?

In answer to the first question, it seems fair to say that the word "bad" in this connection may involve two qualities, either one of which would be sufficient to warrant the term; that is, a bad rhyme may be an imperfect one, as "angered" and "vanguard," or a forced one, as "happen" and "clap pen," or "equals" and "weak walls." Surely we will allow Browning, as we have allowed poets and versifiers before him, to rhyme "dull" with "full," "lone" with "gone," and "saith" with "faith;" we must, for due honesty, give him his share of poetic license.

Granting, then, that a bad rhyme may be both imperfect and forced, and must be one or the other, we find that out of the 34,746 rhymes, three hundred and twenty-two, or about one out of a hundred, come under the unfavorable heading. What this proportion means to us will depend somewhat upon our definition of poetry, somewhat upon our preconceived ideas as to Browning's transgressions in this particular department of literary art. However, granting the premise with regard to the essential characteristics of a poor rhyme, and allowing a little one way or the other for the differences of personal judgment, the result of the

proportion remains indisputable: it is no longer a theory; it is now a fact.

But is this the only fact which can be gained from the figures? By a careful study of the poems in which the bad rhymes appear, and even more particularly of those in which they are most frequently found, it seems a not unfair inference to divide these poems, or parts of poems, into three main heads. With few exceptions, it will be found that all the poems in which imperfect or forced rhymes occur, have in them rough, odd, uneducated, or unbalanced characters. This in itself is not saying much, but on investigation it will be noticed that about all of these criticised expressions occur in some one of the following three cases: First, when, through the dramatic method, these rough, uneducated characters speak for themselves. Second, when Browning is speaking about or describing such characters. Third, when Browning is speaking in his own person, evidently or apparently for himself.

In a recent number of *POET-LORE* [May, 1890] there is an article by Dr. Brinton, in which is given a somewhat different explanation of Browning's avowedly imperfect rhymes. He says:

"On this point I would observe that not unfrequently Browning employs rhyme in such a manner that one must regard it merely as a means of heightening the effect of his secondary rhythm. The rhyming words are so far apart that we are aware only of a faint but melodious echo. The always artificial and somewhat mechanical effect of rhyme is thus avoided, while its rhythmic essence is retained,"—

proceeding to illustrate by an example from "*Pheidippides*." The difference, however, is more superficial than central: the underlying principle is the same in each case,—that Browning's apparent indifference and neglect, if viewed from the right stand-point, may be seen to be rather intentional than unavoidable or careless violations of the restrictive rules of poetic art. While neither one of the two theories includes the other, it seems not unfair to say that neither one excludes the other.

A good example of Browning's use of imperfect rhymes when, through the dramatic method, some rough, uneducated character

speaks for himself, is found in "The Flight of the Duchess." Take, for instance, the words of the old hunter, who says,—

"Blessed was he whose back ached with the jerkin
His sire was wont to do forest-work in;
Blesseder he who nobly sunk 'ohs'
And 'ahs' while he tugged on his grandsire's trunk-hose;
What signified hats if they had no rims on,
Each slouching before and behind like a scallop,
And able to serve at sea for a shallop,
Loaded with lacquer and looped with crimson?
So that the deer, to make a short rhyme on't,
What with our Venerers, Prickers, and Verderers,
Might hope for real hunters at length and not murderers,
And, oh, the Duke's tailor, he had a hot time on't."

Later on, he rhymes "instinct" with "quince-tinct," "eye-holes" with "viols," and "falcon eye" with "balcony." Now, contrast this with the words of the gypsy who, at the time of that exaltation which is almost inspiration, half says, half sings,—

"So, trial after trial past,
Wilt thou fall at the very last
Breathless, half in trance
With the thrill of the great deliverance,
Into our arms for evermore;
And thou shalt know, those arms once curled
About thee, what we knew before,
How love is the only good in the world.
Henceforth be loved as heart can love,
Or brain devise, or heart approve."

One would know instinctively that these two selections—though too short to tell much—were not meant to represent one and the same person.

The second class is, as we would expect, by far the smallest of the three, and its examples are found entirely in the shorter poems, with the exception of a few extracts taken from the longer and more dramatic works. The longest illustration, and perhaps the best, is the description and story of Pacchiarotto. One can hardly help thinking that it would require less genius to write technically perfect poetry than to construct some of the rhymes in the following extract:

“ At which last ‘ If ’

There flew at his throat like a mastiff
One Spare Horse—another and another !
Such outbreak of tumult and pother,
Horse-faces a-laughing and fleering,
Horse-voices a-mocking and jeering,
Horse-hands raised to collar the caitiff
Whose impudence ventured the late ‘ If ’—
That had not fear sent Pacchiarotto
Off tramping, as fast as he could trot toe,
Away from the scenes of discomfiture—
Had he stood there stock-still in a dumb fit—sure
Am I he had paid in his person
Till his mother might fail to know her son,
Though she gazed on him never so wistful,
In the figure so tattered and tristful.
Each mouth full of curses, each fist full
Of cuffings—behold, Pacchiarotto,
The pass which thy project has got to,
Of trusting, nigh ashes still hot—tow !
(The paraphrase—which I much need—is
From Horace ‘ per ignes incedis’).”

But the third class, those poems which show us Browning apparently speaking in his own person and for himself, and which yet contain poor rhymes, are greater, both in number and in importance, than many of us would suppose. One well-known and striking example is the Prologue to “*Ferishtah’s Fancies*,” in which Browning has out-rhymed himself. Granting the right to criticise adversely and freely the combination of “Italy” and “Spit ally,” of “peptic’s state” and “masticate,” of “lesson,—eh?” and “Gresoney,” what shall be said for some of the longer poems, such as “Christmas Eve,” and even “Old Pictures in Florence,” which Browning certainly had more reason for writing than he had for the Prologue mentioned above? We are concerned just now with facts, not with theories nor with interpretations, so there is nothing for us to do with the fact—if we believe we have sufficient reason for considering it that—but to acknowledge it as such, leaving to others all questions of why and wherefore.

If we find that out of the nineteen poems containing the large majority of Browning’s poor rhymes, eighteen come under one of

the three heads already mentioned, surely, taking this in connection with the proportion of good to bad rhymes, we can say that Browning's bad rhymes are rather striking than numerous, and that even the most noticeable are not necessarily proofs of carelessness. They may be, on the contrary, the proof of a great poet's idea of consistency, of the relation of expression to thought and to character.

Elizabeth M. Clark.

THE LIBRARY.

LEO, F. A.—“*Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft.*” Edited by Leo. Twenty-fifth yearly issue. A. Huschke: Weimar, 1890.

THE SURPRISE Dr. Leo had in store for us in this year-book, in his announcement of the discovery of veritable signatures of a Rosencrantz and a Guildenstern, of Denmark, in the sixteenth century, is already known to the readers of POET-LORE from the extract given in the July number of this magazine. Another prominent chapter of “*Jahrbuch xxv.*” is the paper on “*Shakespeare's Sonnets,*” by Charlotte Stopes, which is in effect the same as her contribution to our present issue.

Preceding Mrs. Stopes's article in the “*Jahrbuch*” is a timely bibliographical paper by Dr. Sachs, in which he makes an exhaustive survey of the diverse theories held and the many commentaries written touching not only “*The Sonnets,*” but also “*Venus and Adonis,*” “*Lucrece,*” and the various smaller poetical pieces called Shakespeare's. This thorough-going bibliographical summary is the best on the subject, unquestionably, and supplies the student with an indispensable tool.

Miss Grace Latham contributes a study on “*Some of Shakespeare's Waiting-Women,*” finding peculiarly Shakespearian excellencies in the poet's treatment of minor as of major characters, and

a balance of values, essentially dramatic, in the offsetting, for example, of the weak, indolent Olivia with witty, sprightly Maria; the anxious, shy Lucetta with passionate, capricious Julia; loyal and loving Juliet with her shifty, corruptible nurse, and so on.

Especially rich is this volume of the "*Jahrbuch*" in matters bearing on the stage side of Shakespearian illustration. Dr. Eugene Kilian gives not only an account of Dalberg's and other adaptations of "*Timon of Athens*," but Dalberg's whole play as given at Mannheim in 1789; and Dr. Merschberger offers a full report on the introduction of Shakespeare to the Hamburg stage. "*Hamlet*" was first to be represented, September 20, 1776; and it was given during the year thirteen times. Brackmann was Hamlet, Fräulein Ackerman Ophelia, and Schröder the ghost. And during the next twenty-two years, "*Othello*," "*The Merchant of Venice*," "*Measure for Measure*," "*King Lear*," "*Richard II.*," "*Henry IV.*," "*Macbeth*," "*Coriolanus*," and "*Much Ado about Nothing*," followed, in the order given, and were many times played. Dr. Merschberger holds, of course, that adaptations or distortions of the plays, with Shakespeare's name left out, such as the English dramatic pieces already so well shown by Dr. Cohn to have been early given in Germany, were known to the Hamburg stage; but concerning himself primarily with stage recognition of Shakespeare as Shakespeare, he calls attention to Schröder's labors as the first that gave to the English dramatist his lasting value on the German boards. In 1682, Morhof first named Shakespeare's name in Germany; in 1708, Feind spoke of him as "the famous English tragic poet; and in 1726, Richey mentioned the first play under the poet's name. Wieland's version of "*The Tempest*" was brought out in *Ansprüh* in 1761, and Schröder himself first perceived the mighty influence "*Hamlet*" would exert "under other conditions," as Dr. Merschberger puts it, in 1776, at a representation in Prague. The early Vienna performances he speaks of as having no especial luck; and so, the remunerative career of Shakespeare in Germany begins on the Hamburg stage.

The common prejudice against literary societies receives one more blow from Dr. Merschberger's story of facts, for it appears

that Schröder's early attraction to Shakespeare was fostered in the meetings of a little society which gathered to read Steinbruchel's "Theatre of the Greeks," Wieland's Shakespeare, etc., and later, the works of Goethe and his school; and from such consideration of dramatic masterpieces arose also the influence of a more enlightened criticism that was not without its part to play in the recognition of Shakespeare in Germany.

Still another interesting paper is that of Dr. Daniel Jacoby on the effect of Shakespeare on Lessing's coterie, or, more especially, the influence of the Hamlet soliloquy in the writings of two of Lessing's friends,—Mendelssohn and Kleist. The leading article of the volume is the address delivered in Freiburg on the anniversary of April, 1889, by B. Suphan, on Shakespeare in the beginning of the classic period in German literature.

Shakespearian specialists already know that they cannot afford to leave the "Jahrbuch" unread; the more general student of literature should realize that it will stead him also to have knowledge of its contents, because they touch at many points upon cosmopolitan literature.

Charlotte Porter.

BROOKS, SARAH WARNER.—"English Poetry and Poets." Estes & Lauriat: Boston, 1890.

WITHOUT leaving well-beaten paths, either in subject-matter or in criticism thereupon, and without any evidence whatsoever of the modern idea of tracing development, and penetrating towards the life which informs and enlivens literature, this compilation of Mrs. Brooks is yet likely to be found a much better manual for schools, and for many readers outside of schools who want a general yet readable summary of English literature, than most books in use. Its good points are the wide range of periods of literature which it covers, the variousness of the elder authorities it freely quotes, and the easy, unforbidding style.

A STUDY PROGRAMME: ENGLISH LIFE AND LITERATURE.

THE FOLLOWING programme covers a good deal of ground, and is not meant to serve any other purpose than that of a pleasant cursory general review of English Life and Letters. It has been used with success by a study club of less than twenty members in Philadelphia, and is here given by its framers because they suppose it may be a useful plan for either single students or a group of students to follow who want a working outline for a winter course of study and reading. The plan provides for fourteen fortnightly sessions, beginning in November and ending in May. The editors of POET-LORE will be glad to hear from any who choose to follow this programme, or any part of it, to learn of any difficulties encountered, or to give any further information that may be needed.

I.

Reading.—Characteristics of the English Land and People.

Paper.—Myths of Ancient Britain.

Summary.—Roman Remains and Early Saxon Art.

Reading.—Anglo-Saxon Poets: Selections,—Beowulf, Cædmon, Cynewulf.

Paper.—Domestic Manners in England During the Anglo-Saxon Period.

Reading.—Boadicea,—Tennyson, Cowper.

Conversation.—Queen Boadicea.

II.

Paper.—Dress: Yeoman, Squire, and Dame.

Summary.—Feudal Castles and Customs.

Reading.—Selections from Thackeray's Continuation of "Ivanhoe."

Paper.—Literary Beginnings in Middle English (with selections).

Reading.—"The Bard,"—Gray (with explanatory introduction).

Conversation.—Three Influential Women: Queen Bertha, Saint Hilda, Emma of Normandy.

III.

Reading.—The Great Universities.

Summary.—Wyclif and the Lollards.

Reading.—The Heroes of the Crusades, and Effect of the Crusades on Civilization.

Paper.—A Tour Through the Cathedral Towns of England.

Reading.—Legend of Good Women,—Chaucer (selection).

Conversation.—England's Warrior Queen: Margaret of Anjou.

IV.

Reading.—The Renaissance in England.

Reading.—William Caxton.—“Literature after Chaucer and Caxton's Translations” (Greene).

Paper.—First English Romances.

Reading.—Selections from Contemporary Poems: Skelton's “Phyllip Sparowe,” “Chevy-Chase.”

Paper.—The Philosopher's Stone and Elixir of Life.

Conversation.—Juliana Berners and her “Booke of Englysshe Sportes.”

V.

Paper.—A History of England's Possession of Calais.

Summary.—Elizabeth's Connection with the Netherlands and Philip II.

Reading.—Francis Bacon's Life and Work (with selections).

Paper.—Music in the Elizabethan Age (with illustrations on the piano from Elizabeth's “Virginal Book”).

Paper.—Sketch of the Development of the Drama.

Reading.—“Imaginary Conversation between Ascham and Lady Jane Grey,” —Landor.

Conversation.—Lady Jane Grey.

VI.

Reading.—Manufactures and Commerce in the Reign of Elizabeth.

Summary.—Spenser and his Predecessors.

Paper.—The Tower of London and its Illustrious Prisoners.

Summary.—The Wits of the “Mermaid” (with lines from Keats and poems to Shakespeare, from First and Second Folios).

Paper.—English Love of Travel and Modes of Travelling.

Reading.—Imaginary Conversation between Princess Mary and Princess Elizabeth, —Landor.

Conversation.—Mary Stuart, Elizabeth Tudor.

VII.

Reading.—England's Empire in the New World.

Paper.—The Cavalier Poets: Selections, —Suckling, Waller, Cowley.

Summary.—Bunyan and the Popular Religious Movement (with selection from Hawthorne, —Railroad between City of Destruction and Beulah).

Paper.—Cromwell's Policy.

Summary.—Milton's Poetry and Politics.

Conversation.—Mary Powel.

VIII.

Summary.—Establishment of the Royal Society for the Promotion of Science.

Paper.—Adventures and Intrigues of Prince Charlie.

Reading.—Loyalist Ballads.

Paper.—The Theatre of the Restoration.

Summary.—Judge Jeffreys and the Bloody Assize.

Conversation.—The Duchess of Newcastle.

IX.

Paper.—Parliament and the Stuarts.

Summary.—Art and Architecture after the Restoration.

Paper.—Famous Actresses.

Summary.—The English Novel: Smollett, Fielding, Richardson.

Reading.—Dryden's "Alexander's Feast."

Conversation.—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

X.

Reading.—"The Four Georges,"—Thackeray (selection).

Paper.—The Opium War.

Summary.—The Lake Poets and the Transcendental Movement in English Literature.

Paper.—Handel's Effect on English Music.

Paper.—Inventions and Discoveries of the Georgian Era.

Conversation.—Caroline Herschel, Mary Lamb, Dorothy Wordsworth.

XI.

Reading.—Decisive English Battles,—Creasy's "Decisive Battles of the World;" "The Musket as a Social Force,"—*Popular Science Monthly*, February, 1886.

Reading.—Sir I. Newton.

Summary.—Samuel Johnson, with Selections from Boswell.

Paper.—Beginnings of Periodical Literature: Addison and Steele (with selections).

Reading.—"She Stoops to Conquer,"—Goldsmith (selected scenes in character).

Conversation.—Hannah More, Charlotte Lennox, Fanny Burney, Mrs. Barbauld.

XII.

Paper.—England's Military Heroes.

Reading.—The Gordon Riots,—from "Barnaby Rudge."

Summary.—The Crimean War.

Reading.—The East India Company: Lamb's "South-Sea House."

Paper.—Berkeley and Locke.

Reading.—Selections from Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

Conversation.—The Brontë Sisters.

XIII.

Paper.—The Birth of Modern Science: Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley.

Summary.—The Eastern Question.

Paper.—Tennyson and Browning (with selections).

Summary.—The Royal Society of Artists and the Pre-Raphaelites.

Paper.—Carlyle: Historian, Critic, Philosopher (with selections).

Conversation.—Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Jameson, Harriet Martineau, Mary Somerville.

XIV.

Summary.—Great English Statesmen.

Summary.—Dickens and Thackeray (with selections).

Paper.—John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer.

Paper.—Women's Colleges in England.

Reading.—"A College Breakfast Party,"—George Eliot (selections).

Conversation.—George Eliot.

NOTES AND NEWS.

"If I sent him word again, it was not well-cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip modest."—"As You Like It," v. iv., 76.

OUR attention has been called of late to some vulgar attacks, founded on misstatements and apparently envious, which have been made on POET-LORE. In justice to ourselves we say here, once and for all, that such attacks we do not think it worth our while to repel. We ask attention to the work of POET-LORE on its merits only and from the discriminating alone.

SHAKESPEARE FOR AMERICA.

TO THE EDITORS OF POET-LORE.—Let me send you a supplementary word to that "view" of Shakespeare attributed to me, published in your July number, and so courteously worded by the reviewer (thanks! dear friend). But you have left out what, perhaps, is the main point, as follows:

"Even the one who at present reigns unquestioned,—of Shakespeare,—for all he stands for so much in modern literature, he stands entirely for the mighty æsthetic sceptres of the past, not for the spiritual and democratic, the sceptres of the future." (See pp. 55-58 in "November Boughs," and also some of my further notions on Shakespeare.)

The Old World (Europe and Asia) is the region of the poetry of concrete and real things,—the past, the æsthetic, palaces, etiquette, the literature of war and love, the mythological gods, and the myths anyhow. But the New World (America) is the region of the future, and its poetry must be spiritual and democratic. Evolution is not the rule in Nature, in Politics, and Inventions only, but in Verse. I know our age is greatly materialistic, but it is greatly spiritual, too, and the future will be, too. Even what we moderns have come to

mean by *spirituality* (while including what the Hebraic utterers, and mainly perhaps all the Greek and other old typical poets, and also the later ones, meant) has so expanded and colored and vivified the comprehension of the term, that it is quite a different one from the past. Then science, the final critic of all, has the casting vote for future poetry.

Walt Whitman.

LONDON LETTER.

ONE of the notable "signs of the times" is the somewhat sudden popularity of, and interest in, the writings of Mr. George Meredith. A great artist in words, a profound thinker, and a humorist of no mean order, Mr. Meredith has been for long years producing work of the first rank,—but which, for the most part, has hitherto only appealed to the few. It is not to be denied that some of these novels are hard reading; that in one or two of them especially the prologue will appear, to the uninitiated in Meredithian literature, somewhat prolix, and to have little bearing on the subsequent story; while at times the style will be found as involved as some of the lines of his renowned contemporary, Robert Browning. Indeed, the curious in these matters will notice the striking similarity between poet and novelist,—the similarity not only in style, but in the fact that their best work had been long before the world before due recognition from the general reading public was awarded them. However, it would now seem that Mr. Meredith has gained the ear of the "general reader," for a cheap edition of his novels has recently been issued, and has proved most successful. There are those who deny the artistic faculty to Mr. Meredith, and to whom these brilliant novels appear void of form and sense,—a mere rhapsody of words and phrases. But those who know "Richard Feverel" and the wonderful chapter in which are narrated the loves of Lucy and Richard will certainly be forced to admit that, as an artist, George Meredith takes rank with the great masters of English fiction; while for aphorism and depth of thought he undoubtedly excels all but the very greatest. "Diana of the Crossways," again,

is a novel through which the most obtuse reader could easily find a pathway; though here undoubtedly the first chapter has repelled many a reader of novels from venturing farther into the unknown country. Yet that chapter is a brilliant piece of writing,—full of that subtle humor which is one of the author's most striking characteristics, and replete with aphorisms which sparkle like gems upon the pages. "Beauchamp's Career," again, with its marvellous love scene between Renée and Beauchamp,—certainly a hard spell of reading for the ordinary "three vol." novel reader; but then Mr. Meredith does not write for the ordinary novel reader. He evidently counts on a certain amount of intelligence on the part of the reader; and, as Mr. Browning expressed it, expects "that he will meet him half-way" by bringing that intelligence into play.

Premising thus much, your readers will understand the interest that has arisen here concerning Mr. Meredith's new book, the title of which is to be, "One of the Conquerors," and which will, I believe, deal with social and religious questionings. The work is to be issued simultaneously in an American serial and an English magazine. Mr. Meredith has also another novel in progress, entitled "The Journalist;" while there are one or two other stories in a more or less advanced state,—the novelist generally keeping more than one book going at a time.

In October, Messrs. Longman propose to publish the two final volumes of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century,"—in which the chief subjects dealt with will be the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, the extension of Irish conspiracy and its relations with France, the rise and influence of the Orange Association, the rebellion of 1798, the Legislative Union, and the failure of the measures of Catholic relief which Pitt intended to be the immediate sequel of the Union.

Several interesting items of literary interest are, I understand, likely to be forthcoming; chief among which is that we are to have some additional particulars concerning De Quincey. A couple of volumes of correspondence and many papers supposed to have been destroyed are now brought to light, and it is presumed will, in due time, be given to the public. The correspondence includes

letters from Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Charlotte Brontë. One of these letters is especially interesting; it is signed "Curren Bell," and accompanies a presentation copy of the poems of Curren, Ellis, and Acton Bell, of which the poet humorously observes only two copies have been sold. What a quaint meditation Charles Lamb could have written as to the purchasers of those two copies!

At last it seems we are to have a single-volume edition of the poems of Matthew Arnold. Better late than never, one may well say in regard to this announcement; for such an issue has long been wanted. Arnold's mind was essentially typical of a certain phase of thought of the Victorian age, and which finds expression in some of his best-known poems. His work in verse was but small compared with that of contemporaneous poets; and the reason is not perhaps far to seek,—“poetry does not pay.” That he accomplished as much as he did of enduring work in verse, when one considers his educational and other mundane duties, is matter for congratulation; and it is perhaps a melancholy fact to know that, had he lived, he had “more to come.” Some little time before his untimely death, Mr. Browning told me that Arnold had made up his mind to retire from his public engagements, and to write some more poems. “Fancy,” said the old poet, with a touch of real pathos, “waiting till sixty years of age ere he can devote his life to poetry!”

The late Mrs. Craik (Dinah Maria Muloch), the authoress of “John Halifax, Gentleman,” had many warm and enthusiastic admirers in America, and these will be pleased to learn that a fitting memorial to her memory has now been placed in Tewkesbury Abbey. Soon after her death, in 1887, a scheme for the erection of such a memorial was started,—the committee including the names of Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, Mr. J. Russell Lowell, Mrs. Oliphant, etc., and it was by them decided that the memorial should take the form of a marble medallion in Tewkesbury Abbey,—Tewkesbury being the home of John Halifax, and the last place visited by Mrs. Craik before her death. The memorial is the work of Mr. H. H. Armstead, R. A., and is designed to indicate the “noble aim of her work.” Above the cornice is placed a group illustrative of Charity; while in the architectural member is a winged laurel

leaf, surmounted by an alto-relief containing the figures of Truth and Purity. A central shield bears the quotation from "John Halifax,"—"Each in his place is fulfilling his day, and passing away, just as that Sun is passing. Only we know not whither he passes; while whither we go we know, and the way we know,—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." A medallion portrait is contained in a circular moulding, supported by Corinthian pilasters, on which are borne the maiden and married names of the author. The inscription on the frieze runs, "A tribute to work of noble aim and to a gracious life."

It seems that the new edition of Mr. Ruskin's poems will be considerably larger than was at first anticipated; the "unpublished poems" of the Art critic turning out to be so numerous that the work will make at least two volumes. These will be "complete,"—that is, they will contain all the poems that Mr. Ruskin deems worthy of publication. An "original edition" of Mr. Ruskin's poems was, I believe, sold some little time since for £45! It is likely, too, that a third volume may be added, containing some early prose pieces by Mr. Ruskin, hitherto unpublished. The volumes are under the editorial supervision of Mr. W. G. Collingwood, M.A.

There are doubtless many worshippers of William Blake among your readers, and these may be interested in hearing that a full and minute account of his "Mystical System of Theories" is in preparation. The work will contain "commentaries on the whole of his extant prophetic books, printed and unprinted." An Herculean task this, one would imagine!

William G. Kingsland.

LONDON, August 7, 1890.

— A BUST of Sidney Lanier will be unveiled in the Public Library at Macon, Georgia, October 17. William H. Hayne will read a poem in Lanier's honor, and Judge Bleckley, of the Supreme Court in Georgia, will deliver an address.

— PRESIDENT CARNOT, of France, is a lover of English genius, and has translated into French "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Winter's Tale."

— THE POETS AND BOTANY is the subject of some literary comparisons of great interest in a forgotten magazine of some ten years ago. We give the gist of the article, which was by J. Hutchison :

Wordsworth, in the supplementary preface contained in the second volume of his works, asserts in the most emphatic way the deplorable ignorance of "the most obvious and important phenomena" of nature which characterizes the poetical literature of the period intervening between the publication of "*Paradise Lost*" and the "*Seasons*." A very cursory examination of the productions of the poets who flourished during the seventy years referred to will suffice to show how little they were affected by the manifold beauty and grandeur of the visible universe everywhere around them. In this respect they contrast unfavorably, not only with their successors of the present century, which might have been expected, but with those of the two preceding centuries as well. The latter, whose works embrace a period dating back a hundred years from Milton, display generally a much more accurate acquaintance with the appearance and phenomena of the natural world than the school of Dryden and Pope. It may be worth mentioning, as a pertinent illustration, that in the poem of "*Windsor Forest*," by the latter poet, with the exception of a semi-patriotic allusion to the oak in connection with ship-building, there is not a reference to a single forest-tree.

Darwin is a well-known instance of the opposite defect,—of the absence of poetic fire rather than of a taste for the delights of the country. His "*Botanic Garden*" is a dreary, mechanical affair, several degrees worse and more unreadable than Cowley's "*Plants*," a century earlier.

George Herbert might also be quoted here as a case of poetic talent of a very genuine kind, yet unaccompanied by much perception of natural beauty or picturesqueness. On the other hand, Keble, to whom he has been likened, is singularly alive to the sights and sounds of nature.

It is unnecessary to enter into much detail in order to show how, much more truly than himself, Pope's predecessors, and especially those of the Elizabethan era, were entitled to the designation of poets of nature. Shakespeare, Spenser, the two Fletchers, Milton, and many others might be adduced in confirmation.

With reference to botany, it is evident that the greatest of the tribe, in his universality of knowledge, flowing over into every region of human research, was well acquainted with the subject in its

twofold aspect,—trees and flowers. Many beautiful floral descriptions occur in the plays, and, although the arboricultural allusions are less frequent, they are sufficiently numerous to justify the belief that his knowledge was both extensive and accurate. Perhaps the most important passage of the kind is where Cranmer, “dilating on a wind of prophecy,” portrays under the figure of a “mountain-cedar” the future glories of the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor. Milton has many striking and appropriate images borrowed from trees. His artistic use of the pine as a simile for Satan’s spear and the comparison of the rebel host to blasted pines are fine examples. Still finer is the exquisite description in “*Lycidas*” of the vernal flowers strewn on the hearse of his lamented friend. And, not to multiply quotations further, the vale of Vallombrosa has been immortalized forever by three lines in “*Paradise Lost*.” The most distinguished names in the list of natural poets of the present century are undoubtedly Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. The allusions in the works of the latter, particularly that part of botany relating to trees, are more numerous and show more insight and acquaintance with the forms and processes and changes characteristic of the inhabitants of the forest than those of any other modern author. His verse, in this respect, differs from other descriptive poetry chiefly in this, that his notices are not general appellations or similitudes applicable equally to any or all trees, but are specific, exact, and true only in the particular case. Thomson, for example, in the “*Seasons*” is in general curiously vague in his descriptions. Such phrases as “sylvan glades,” “vocal groves,” “umbrageous shades,” and the like, frequently occur, doing duty in place of more minute descriptions. Tennyson, on the other hand, pursues exactly the contrary method; his descriptions are nearly always pictures of particular places, instead of fancy sketches, and the distinguishing features are given incidentally in the course of the narrative. When, again, particular trees are referred to, it is almost invariably with a phrase or an epithet clinching the description as precisely as a paragraph from Evelyn or Loudon. Slight, too, though in many cases they are, they indicate a deep appreciation of the results and tendencies of modern science.

— WE ALWAYS say, “Everybody knows the Arber reprints, of course;” but of course the Arber reprints are not half widely enough known by the mass of the American public. There are many potential students of the development of our English literature, we believe, lying latent in the midst of our apparently most hopeless newspaper-reading American world. It is these potential

students who ought to know how cheap and attractive are the little reprints of early pieces covering all branches of writing, ranging from 1186-1757, and clustering thickly in the Elizabethan period. It is a mean and detestable fact, however, that our students would have to add our disgraceful American duty to the cost of these excellent literary tools, but they are so cheap aside from the duty that they ought not to be barred out. We shall be glad to give information about them to any who do not know and who are interested in knowing.

Concerning the Transcript of the Stationers' Registers, London, 1554-1640, which appeals to a narrower public, Mr. Arber sends us an announcement explaining the delay necessary for the preparation of the final volume. He sends specimen pages, also covering three years, of the Bibliographical Summary of English Literature, 1553-1640, and announces his hope to issue the final Index volume early in 1891.

— THE RUSSIAN tactics which England—and now this so-called American Republic also—has assumed, to her shame, towards literatures of a foreign fashion or an antique mould served to cut short for a long time the cheap and admirable issue of old English plays, known as "The Mermaid Series," by the imprisonment of Mr. Vizetelly, the publisher. But now, happily for us and for Mr. Vizetelly, the series is resumed by the publication of a second volume of Middleton's plays (the first was published in 1887), which contains "The Roaring Girl," by Middleton and Dekker, accompanied by the portrait of Mary Frith as given in the first edition of 1611; "The Witch," especially interesting from its relation with Shakespeare's "Macbeth;" "A Fair Quarrel," in which Rowley probably had a hand also; "The Mayor of Queenborough" and "The Widow," both doubtful plays, though their present editor seems to settle both by condemning Middleton's claim to the first and vindicating it to the second. Sober and pure-minded students, who don't want their view of other times and minds to be falsified and dyed another than the true color, will wish no further interruption to this very good unexpurgated edition.

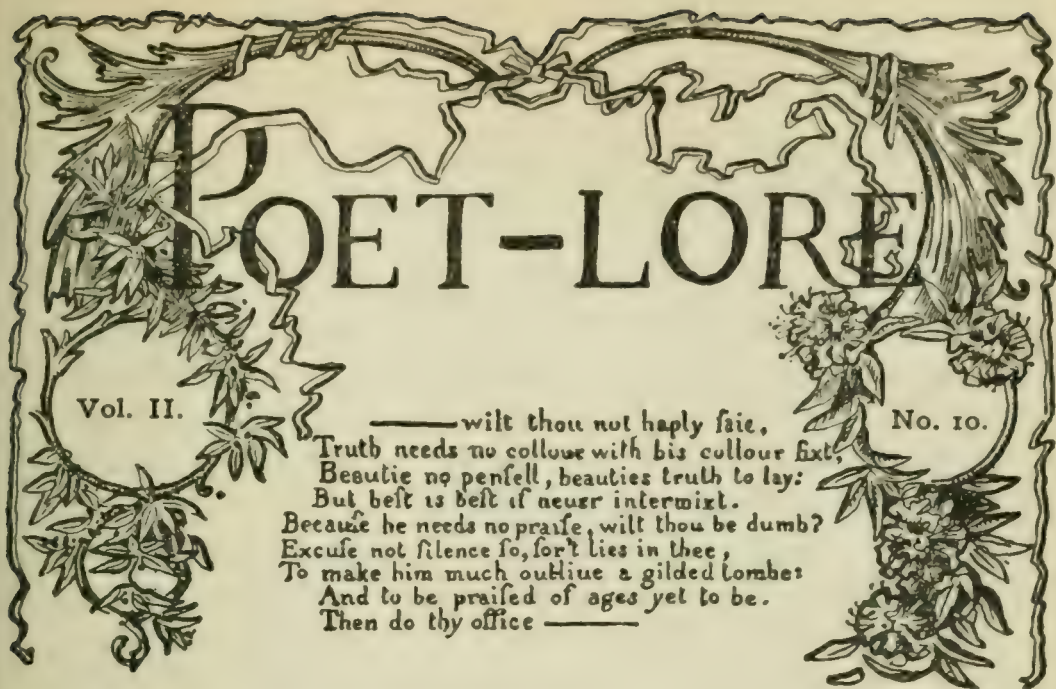
— "A REALLY important discovery," as Mr. Walter Skeat calls it, has recently been made about "The Romance of the Rose," by Dr. Max Kaluza. The manuscript contains two distinct fragments; the first extends from the beginning to line 5813, the second from that line to the end, and these are considered to be by two different hands. Dr. Kaluza discovers that the first can be cut again into two

pieces ; that the arguments against Chaucer's authorship hold against the second piece of the first fragment, lines 1705-5813,—most of the poem,—and that what remains is Chaucer's. "But this is going too fast," says Mr. Skeat, in a letter to *The Academy*. Although the second fragment is nearer to Chaucer than the second piece of the first fragment, Mr. Skeat thinks he can "prove, to utter demonstration, that Chaucer had no hand in it." As to the separable first piece of the first fragment,—Dr. Kaluza's discovery,—although there are difficulties, this may be claimed as Chaucer's very own, or rather, as Mr. Skeat puts it, "If there is any Chaucer in the poem at all, it is certainly in lines 1-1704 only, and nowhere else at all."

— SAPPHO APPEARS to be not so mythical as modern critics would make her, and the fame of her writing more universal and lasting than they were ready to conclude, if we may accept some conclusions of a learned Latin treatise written recently by a Russian textual critic, Mr. John Luniak. He undertakes to investigate the sources of Ovid's "Sappho to Phaon," and to prove that Ovid's Sappho was founded on facts about her and on verses by her, neither of which have come down to us, as well as on extant verses ; and of these he cites seventeen instances where Ovid's source of inspiration seems to him to have been Sappho as she still exists.

— THE SERIES of University extension manuals, to be edited by Prof. Knight, of St. Andrews, and published in London, by Murray, are as follows, so far as they relate to literature: "Outlines of English Literature," by Mr. William Renton ; "The English Novel, from its Origin to Scott," by Professor Raleigh ; "Shakespeare and his Predecessors," by Mr. F. S. Boas ; "Jacobean Poets," by Mr. Edmund Gosse ; "English Poets, from Blake to Tennyson," by the Rev. Stopford Brooke.

The education of the populace in scholarly ways, when the populace really cares for such instruction and is not forced or wheedled into it by "upper class" philanthropy striking a new pose, doubtless means a great deal in the issue, as time shall show it. We venture to predict that it will mean not less enlarging of mind to the instructors than to the instructed, if in respect only to the warming and vitalizing of the monasticism that clings to college views of life and literature.



DANTE'S IMPERIALISM.

Dante, pacer of the shore
 Where glutton hell disgorgeth filthiest gloom,
 Unbitten by its whirling sulphur-spume—
 Or whence the grieved and obscure waters slope
 Into a darkness quieted by hope ;
 Plucker of amaranths grown beneath God's eye
 In gracious twilights where His chosen lie.

—BROWNING'S "Sordello," i. 366.



NEW interest seems to have been awakened of late in the life and poetry of Dante.

In the various essays upon these subjects recently published, one finds comparatively little reference to his political ideas, and even when referred to, they would seem to have been misapprehended in many cases. Remembering how marked a feature of his character was his devotion to these ideas, the realization of which he held to be essential to the well-being of his country, it must be desirable to examine with some care those views in defence of which he incurred an almost life-long exile, and which influenced so profoundly the whole tenor of his thought.

An ardent Italian patriot, whose sympathy outran the limits of

his own republic, in a manner most unusual in that age, Dante was heart and soul a Ghibelline, a staunch upholder of the divinely-appointed power of Cæsar and of the claims of the German kings to that august title, to the rule of "the city and of the world." To many this must seem a matter of surprise, and we shall do well to study the conception of the Mediæval Empire as set forth by its most logical, eloquent, and consistent advocate, and the better so to do, we should first make a hasty survey of the historical conditions out of which this conception had grown:

When, in 325 A.D., Constantine transferred his capital to the new Rome on the banks of the Bosphorus, he opened the way for the future division of Christendom,—the East, Greek in literature, language, and modes of thought, full of theologic as, of old, of philosophic speculation; the West, Latin in speech and mental character, more ready to yield to authority, more uniform in creed. As time passed the two portions of the empire became more and more widely sundered, Arianism and iconoclasm parted the East from the West, and when these earlier faiths had mainly died away, the Greek or Orthodox Church separated itself from the Catholic, differing upon some points of doctrine, and refusing to recognize the Roman bishop as the Head of the Church.

A political division was also accomplished in fact, although never accepted in theory, when, on Christmas-day, 800, the pope placed upon the head of the Frankish king, Charles the Great, the crown of the Roman Empire, the elder capital vindicating her right to choose the ruler of the world. Adding to the domain of the Western Empire the vast realm of the Franks, which included most of Germany and Gaul, Charles sought to establish a theocracy, in which he should rule as a sovereign divinely appointed, upholding the power of the church and the spiritual sway of the Roman bishop, yet regarding the latter as his subordinate, and himself the unquestioned lord of church and state. So grand were his ideas, so majestic his personality, that he has left his impress upon all succeeding times; but purposes so vast could be realized only by a spirit as mighty, and it was reserved for his successor, the Saxon Otto, to build up in the tenth century a more lasting organized state,

upon a narrower and more practical basis. After his reign it was universally admitted that the elected king of the Germans had the right to demand in Rome from the pope, what the latter had no right to refuse, the imperial crown of Rome.

Then was established the theory of the Mediæval Empire, which asserted that there were upon earth two vicars of God, the emperor in temporal, the pope in spiritual, affairs; the offices of both were theoretically open to any Christian man, of whatsoever rank or nation, and both derived their claims from Rome, the head of the world, while both depended for authority upon God alone, and were designed to supplement each other. The theory based itself upon the mediæval conceptions of an Universal Empire and an Universal Church. The sway of Rome had effaced very largely national feeling and distinctions, and accustomed men to the sight of a single ruler of the world, and when Christianity became the state religion the World-Monarchy and the World-Church seemed inextricably bound together.

In that age, moreover, to realize ideal conceptions in concrete form, was an object perpetually aimed at, and this helped, no doubt, to create the intense desire manifested for the establishment of a church that should include all mankind within its fold, and the Roman clergy, in seeking to promote spiritual unity, kept alive the belief in temporal unity also, in some cases, as in England, being largely instrumental in effecting that unity. The philosophy of the day, too, presenting Humanity as a whole, typified its temporal and spiritual aspects in the emperor and the pope, the earthly representatives of the heavenly Unity, and, unable to conceive of a communion of souls save as expressed in a visible church, could comprehend temporal brotherhood only as embodied in an universal state, which seemed to be realized in the venerable power of Rome. But the lofty theory was a failure in fact; the emperor was not even the ruler of the whole West, the empire being practically limited to Germany, Italy, and Burgundy,—while Eastern Christendom refused to acknowledge the claims of the Roman bishop. Nor were popes and emperors mindful of their relations to one another, but were ere long engaged in deadly strife for supremacy, and Europe, aghast,

saw now an emperor humiliated at Canossa, now a pope dying in exile and despair.

Frederick Barbarossa, of the House of Hohenstaufen, assumed for the empire the title of the "Holy," thus vindicating its right to be held of equal sanctity with the papacy, and asserted his claims bravely by word and deed; but even his brilliant dynasty maintained an unequal contest, and perished at length in the struggle, leaving Germany and Italy divided, as they had been throughout that whole period, into two contending parties,—the Ghibellines, the friends of the emperor, the Guelfs, the friends of the popes. We are by no means to infer that either party was limited by strictly national lines, the Italians all Guelfs and the Germans all Ghibellines, since supporters of the Holy See were to be found north of the Alps, while Italian barons often swelled the imperial train with their armed retainers, and great cities upheld the imperial cause. Nor was it purely a quarrel between clergy and laity: fierce Norman barons plundered Rome as the protectors of the pope, and many a sturdy churchman espoused the side of those who would render his dues to Cæsar.

We shall see, also, that the struggle was not merely between the emperor, or other secular princes, and the pope; but in a certain way between the pope and national churches (if we may use that phrase); there were many attempts in France, and a constant, and on the whole a successful effort in England to limit and control the papal authority in those countries, nor were there lacking, especially in the latter nation, many of the clergy who resisted alike the Roman assumption of supremacy and Roman taxation. The quarrel was one which overleaped the limits of race or order; each side had much to plead in its own behalf, and the effect upon the history of Europe was a lasting one. Principle, temperament, clearness of political insight, self-interest, material and intellectual environment, often the personal character of pope or emperor were determining causes in filling the ranks of their respective parties, whose members would not always have been able to give any very good reason for the faith that was in them, and who were by no means careful to be off with their old political love before they were on with the new.

This, however, seems beyond doubt, that the resistance to imperial power, which Milan offered, at first in pursuance of her own schemes of aggrandizement, worked one unlooked-for good; out of those ideas of the sovereignty of petty states and the selfish purposes which had brought on the war there was slowly and almost imperceptibly evolved something of national feeling and spirit, which helped, it may be, to lay the foundations of Italian independence; while the conflict between pope and emperor may have contributed to that German dislike of priestly control which culminated in the revolt of Luther.

We must not forget, however, that Barbarossa was contending for rights which were technically acknowledged even by Milan herself; in that city the German kings usually received the "Iron Crown" of Lombardy, and Frederick began the war in defence of a neighboring city against the aggressions of the haughty municipality, whose bold resistance to justice and injustice alike secured the virtual independence of the "Lombard League."

These little city-states which formed the League were by no means always on the most neighborly terms with one another: brimming with fierce and active life, they were, like the Greek republics of an elder day, plunged into ceaseless strife, while family feuds raged within their own walls. The great barons, haughty descendants for a large part of early Teutonic conquerors, were rarely on good terms with the citizens; Guelfs and Ghibellines dwelt within the same gates and drew their swords in many a civic tumult, when personal hatred intensified the differences of imperial or local politics. Montagues and Capulets might justify their enmity by the spectacle of God's earthly vicars embroiled in angry warfare, and the unhappy lovers of Verona are types of the misery that family feuds and civic strife engendered.

The streaming banners and waving plumes, the lays of minnesingers and troubadours, the mimic war of tournament, the picturesque environment and the startling distinctness with which the characters of that period are thrown upon the brilliant background,—these are the things that first appeal to us in our study of the history of that time, and we are likely to overlook the wretchedness beneath.

The broken hearts that were trampled under the hoofs of the war-horses, the family strife, the shame and anguish of the defeated, the oppression of the strong and the suffering of the weak, the poverty and desperation of the lower classes,—these things we are too prone to forget; they are the reverse of the shield that mirrors for us the splendors of mediæval chivalry.

In Rome, the Coliseum was transformed, beneficently perhaps, into a large fortress: every man's house was very literally his castle, frowning grimly upon the motley crowd that thronged her streets,—a few artisans in the livery of their crafts, countless monks in the coarse garb of their orders, mailed knights with trains of insolent retainers, prelates in gorgeous robes, peasants from the Campagna, seeking to vend their wares, and sordid beggars, winning but scant attention from the passers-by. A hasty word, a thoughtless gesture, might be a cause of bloodshed, "the dog of a Montague" could provoke the wrath of a Capulet, and "ancient quarrels" were ever being set "new abroach," Colonna and Orsini could scarcely meet without a quarrel, for Guelfs and Ghibellines to pass each other peaceably in the street was a thing incredible. Even the flowers, as in the English War of the Roses, played their part in the strife. We are told that feeling was so intense at Bergamo that the symbolic blossoms, frail emblems of perpetual discord, were brought by the contending parties into the churches to adorn the altars, and were even wrought upon the sacramental vessels and the garments of the officiating priests, the sweetest of Nature's gifts being thus made subservient to the bitterness of human passion.

Nor was it open warfare only that laid waste the land: the poison and dagger of the assassin played their treacherous part, and death lurked in the embroidered glove or the sparkling wine-cup, and hid itself behind silken hangings. The most sacred oaths were powerless to bind, even the altar ceased to be a sanctuary, and exalted worth and tenderest innocence pleaded alike in vain. The church was no longer a safeguard, and all hope of imperial protection had ceased with the fall of the House of Hohenstaufen, when every vestige of orderly rule vanished from Italy, whose cup of misery was filled to overflowing by the anarchy of the Great Interregnum.

Save where in Sicily and Naples the sway of Angevin or Aragonese continued, Italy was now virtually independent of all foreign authority, but she was by no means free. Where Barbarossa—just, if stern—and his marvellous grandson had striven to control, there were the fierce and ignorant barons, the vicious and grasping churchmen, and the starving, brutalized mob, whose turbulence filled the hearts of the wealthy burghers with dismay.

During the twelfth century there arose in Italy a fresh interest in Latin learning, which gave, especially in France, great prominence to the lawyers, lent renewed and natural impulse to the efforts to promote legal and orderly government, and tended, very reasonably, to strengthen the waning power of the emperors. Going back of the study of the civil law, it revived the knowledge of the Augustan poets, who had sung the praises of Cæsar, the beneficent emperor, who had renewed for the war-weary nations the peaceful glories of the Saturnian Age of Gold, and the merits of the founder were attributed to his successors.

There had sprung up also among Romance-speaking peoples two literatures which had fashioned the “vulgar tongue” into song, “welding words” from “the new speech,” until

“A rude
Armour was hammered out, in time to be
Approved beyond the Roman panoply
Melted to make it.”

In the *Langue d'oc*, the sweet speech of Southern Gaul, the courtly troubadours of Guienne, Toulouse, and Provence sang of love and war and the sweetness of the blossoming spring-time in the first poetry of Romance speech; their lays celebrate the praises of the one lady “fair beyond compare” to her true lover, who pays her allegiance due, and this woman-worship rose at times to a loftier, spiritual significance when the singer bowed in adoration before the Lady of ladies, and offered his homage to Madonna. This poetry is joyous, full of the songs of birds, the ripple and sparkle of waters, the smiles of women, the light and fragrance of the country-side in spring; it came, a spontaneous flood of melody, bathing the land in freshness and tender beauty. Nor was it confined to its own soil,

but, soaring over the Alpine peaks and threading the passes of the Pyrenees, it became the court language of Aragon and of Northern Italy. But the gay troubadours of Toulouse suffered for their sympathy with the heretic Albigenses, bringing upon themselves and their pleasure-loving count the ban of the Church, which was executed with all the horrors of war by the troops of Philip Augustus, led by the zealous Simon of Montfort, and the fair land, conquered, wasted, and impoverished, saw its language and literature sink into insignificance.

Frederick II. of Hohenstaufen—merchant, poet, philosopher, law-giver, and statesman—gathered together at his gay court, in his maternal inheritance of Sicily, poets and sages of many faiths and races, and the first native Italian poetry found utterance in the soft Sicilian speech. But Frederick fell under the curse of the papacy, and his southern kingdom became a prey to the brutal Charles of Anjou, under whose sway bigotry and tyranny usurped the place of tolerance and culture, and the first Romance literature of Italy was drowned, like that of Toulouse, in blood.

Again, as in the days of Charles and Otto, Italy turned towards the north, to the hills from whence help should come, to the once hated Germans, in whom seemed to lie her only hope. The papacy had failed her, she had failed herself; to whom should she look but to the temporal lord of the world?

Of those who, with their very hearts and souls, did believe in this savior was Dante Alighieri, the great poet of imperialism. Of Teutonic descent, it has been said, upon his father's side, there flowed in his veins the blood of a long line of Etrurian forefathers, skilled in auguries and portents and the mystic ritual of the service of the gods, the followers of a gloomy and mysterious faith. Born to incarnate the very essence of the philosophical and religious ideas and life of the Middle Ages, he first saw the light in the turbulent and art-loving city of Florence in 1265, the same year in which Simon of Montfort, the English martyr of liberty, perished at Evesham. He died in 1321, at Ravenna, where the sighing pine woods and the moaning sea offered fit companionship to the heart-broken exile.

In early life he became involved in the maze of Italian politics,

at first, following family tradition, on the side of the Guelfs. In 1300, the year of Jubilee of Pope Boniface VIII., he filled the office of prior in his native city, there being six magistrates holding that title. As one position fell vacant every two months, the lively Florentines enjoyed an almost unlimited allowance of election days, with their attendant delights of riot and uproar. While in power Dante adopted what would seem to have been somewhat summary measures for the much-needed enforcement of civic peace; not content with the Athenian ostracism which banished one of two rival leaders, he proposed that the heads of both parties be sent into exile. His counsel prevailed for the moment, but ere long the rival chiefs returned and renewed their strife. Charles of Valois was then on his way to Italy to claim, as the heir of Charles of Anjou, the kingdom of Naples, and his pretensions were favored by the pope. The Guelf and Ghibelline feud in Florence had been aggravated of late by the importation from the neighboring republic of Pistoia of a quarrel between two parties, the Bianchi and Neri, whose part being taken, that of the former by the Ghibellines, that of the latter by the Guelfs, old hates raged with new fury, and the Guelfs inclined to seek for aid from the Angevin prince.

The Bianchi, being then in power, sent Dante, as one of their most influential and patriotic citizens, to represent to Pope Boniface the dangers that threatened the republic from the advent of the French; but, the papal sympathy being naturally on the side of the Guelfic Neri, the envoy of the Ghibellines was repulsed with scorn. The Valois prince entered Florence, and Dante now suffered in his turn the bitterness of exile, and proved "how salt the bread of others tastes, and how hard is the journey to go up and down the stairs of another." A heavy fine, payable in two months, was imposed upon him, in default of which his property was confiscated, and he was sentenced to be burnt alive if found within the territory of the republic. Henceforth Dante was a wanderer on the face of the earth, a weary, world-worn man, upon whose melancholy countenance men gazed with awe, as that of the mortal who had descended, living, into hell,—as indeed he had,—the hell of civil strife and hatred.

In this chaos of factions, in the midst of the clash of swords and the war-cries of contending parties, the poet-patriot remembers the glories of the past, and seeks for peace and order under the rule of Cæsar, to whom, he has convinced himself, all the world should bow, and under whose sway only can sad humanity ever find repose.

Of all pleas for imperialism the most logical is Dante's "*De Monarchia*," whose cool and weighty arguments form a striking contrast to the impassionate outbursts of the "*Divina Commedia*." This treatise, which was probably written after the emperor Henry VII. of Luxemburg had come into Italy, was designed to lay down the principles upon which the Holy Empire was based, and in accordance with which it claimed the reverence and allegiance of mankind.

The great Luxemburger had put aside the more cautious policy of his Hapsburg predecessors, and had come into Italy to assert claims which, strangely enough, found a readier acceptance now than they had a century earlier, when the great Hohenstaufen kings had honored, in wearing it, the crown of the world. The Lombard cities welcomed him joyously; the pope, at Avignon, in the clutches of the French king, hailed him as a possible deliverer; but the bright vision faded all too soon in tumult and sedition. Broken faith forced Henry to sternness, and rumor said that treason won the day by the hand of a Dominican friar, who gave poison to the emperor in the sacramental bread, thus extinguishing the last fitful gleam of hope for the imperialists, and ending forever all real connection between Germany and Italy.

The Ghibelline exile, weary of strife, sees peace and freedom attainable only through unity, and unity attainable, as he believed, only through an universal empire. To him the emperor is the symbol of the Divine Unity, the mediator, through whom man is united to his God; he is the centre, he the compelling and controlling force, through whom all lives and moves. Justice is his, since he, whose sway is boundless, can have no ambitions, and must needs be impartial; he exists for all classes,—the ruler for the people, not the people for the ruler.

"Where there is found the least opposition to justice, in respect both to its position and its effect, there justice is most mighty; and

it may be truly said of her, in the words of the philosopher, "Neither Hesperus nor Lucifer is so worthy of admiration, for she is like unto Phœbe when she gazes upon her brother." Under the empire, moreover, all men have freedom, "since the source and basis of freedom consists in freedom of choice, which many have upon their lips and few in their understanding. So far as this they go, saying that freedom of choice is the free judgment of the will; but they are far from comprehending all that their words imply. . . . I consider judgment to stand midway between perception and inclination; for when a thing is perceived the judgment determines whether it be good or bad, and the judge strives towards it or away from it. When judgment asserts itself absolutely over the inclination, and not the reverse, then it is really free." Under the empire, then, we should find the most perfect freedom, "since under an empire alone does the human race exist for its own sake, and not for that of others; democracies, oligarchies, and kingdoms have all proved themselves false, and have enslaved men. But the people are not for their rulers, rather are the rulers for the people; not the state for the laws, but the laws for the state. While kings and consuls are theoretically the rulers, they are meant to be the servants of the people; and this is true of the emperor above all, since he is appointed for the special purpose of law-giving; and therefore the human race is happiest under an emperor. Hence we see that the empire is needful to the well-being of the world, because under it all men enjoy the most perfect freedom, and are therefore capable of attaining to the most complete development. Since time began there has been but one period of perfect peace and perfect monarchy, —when Christ was born, during the reign of Augustus; since then have the heathen raged and kings have oppressed God and His anointed, the Roman prince, to whom, as history shows, the world belongs." All this is shown to be proven by the favor bestowed upon Æneas, the ancestor of the founder of Rome, the pious Trojan leader, who bore his country's gods to find a new home in Latium; whose first wife, Creusa, represents Asia, whose second, Dido, is a princess of Africa, while his third consort, Lavinia, was born in Italy, the garden of Europe. Heaven also displayed its watchful

care in the fall of the shield for Numa, the just and reverent king ; in the turning of Pyrrhus and Alexander from the shores of Italy ; in the cackling of the geese that saved Rome from the Gauls ; and in the hail-storm that drove Hannibal from her gates. Add to all these things the geographic position of the city and the genius of her people for war and government,—a genius that foreshadowed their destiny, “to govern peoples, to impose peace, to spare the lowly, and to overthrow the proud,” as one of her own poets declared. “Moreover, that people which, in the struggle for universal dominion, wins supremacy maintains it by the judgment of God.”

So, too, must Tiberius have been a lawful ruler, and Pilate a lawful judge, or, in conformity with the doctrines of the church, Christ's death would have been illegal, an unlawful sacrifice, and therefore worthless.

The relations of the imperial and papal power to one another are thoroughly discussed ; papal arguments, drawn from Scripture, are refuted, and the famous “Donation of Constantine” is pronounced unlawful, because power may not be thus transferred at the will of an individual. As to the authenticity of the so-called “Donation”—by which, as was averred, Constantine, on removing to Byzantium, conferred upon the Roman bishop the temporal sovereignty of the West—no doubt is expressed. Not only was Constantine's “Donation” illegal, as assuming too much for the emperor, the coronation of Charles the Great was also unlawful, as assuming, in the received version of that event, too much for the pope, since the authority of each ruler is derived from God alone.

Dante fails, however, to explain to us how the dominion and power which he has asserted to be the God-given attributes of the Roman people should have so wholly passed from them, to become the acknowledged prerogative of the Germans ; how the existence of a Roman Cæsar should have become dependent upon a German election, and why the savior, to whom he looked to heal the wounds of his wretched country, should come, of necessity, in the shape of a Teutonic king.

As things of one kind, says Dante, are all reducible to one, so may all men be reduced, in one way to the emperor, in another to

the pope, who differ in kind, each being reducible to God alone. That the empire does in truth depend on God only is shown by the fact of its having existed before St. Peter's see, and through the recognition bestowed upon it by St. Paul in his appeal to Cæsar. Christ also, the bridegroom of the church, bore witness to the validity of the empire by being born in the reign of Augustus, by being numbered among other men at the taxing, by dying under the government of Pilate, thus, both at the beginning and at the end of his life, testifying to the claims of the empire and submitting himself to its authority.

The temporal power of the popes Dante declares contrary to all law, human and divine, and, moreover, self-contradictory, since Christ himself has said, "My kingdom is not of this world." Since man has a twofold nature, temporal and spiritual, perishable and immortal, he must put before himself two aims,—active goodness here and infinite joy in God hereafter; and hence two guides are needful,—the emperor, whose duty it is to preserve peace on earth, that all men may, by the aid of philosophy, attain to worldly happiness, and the pope, whose function is to secure to all men a blessed hereafter.

Such is the sublime theory which the poet-patriot of the Middle Ages held to be adequate to the solution of the bewildering questions of his time and country; such the theory, but how imperfect all attempts at its realization in the past, how futile all hopes of its realization in the future! Even while he wrote the practical union of Germany and Italy was ended forever, and with the severance of that union ceased all connection of Italy with the empire which had been born and bred within her borders, which derived its authority and inherited its name from the mightiest of her cities. The sceptre, though swayed in the name of Rome, had long since been wrested from her grasp; *stat nominis umbra*, the fate of Troy had fallen upon her child! As has been well said, the treatise of the great Florentine is an epitaph rather than a prophecy.

But in his reverence for the grandeur of ancient Rome, in his aspirations towards unity, peace, and freedom, Dante loses the party spirit of the Ghibelline in the purer inspiration of the patriot. From

his imperial mount of vision he sees in all mankind his countrymen, and he would have his ideal Cæsar give to all men their natural rights, their acquired privileges, and rule with justice and mercy "the city and the world."

In the "*Divina Commedia*" we find the political sentiments of the "*De Monarchia*" clothed in all the splendor of poetic imagery. The poet's guide through hell and purgatory is his dear master, Virgil, who

"Was born under Julius, and lived
Under the good Augustus,"

the imperial singer of an earlier day, who celebrated the clemency and glory of the new-born empire, and who offers himself as the guide and teacher of the new prophet of imperialism, born, like himself, of a republic, despairing, like himself, of a republic, whose rule fails to bring peace and order, and who, in freedom's name, tramples freedom under her feet. So the two poets, alike in purity of life and loftiness of aspiration, how unlike in character and fortune, pass on together through the infernal circles, where the Florentine finds "ample room and verge enough" to set all his opponents, public and private, in what he believes should be their appointed places; where popes are punished for sins of life and errors of doctrine, and where the petty tyrants of his own day, as well as the typical sinners of antiquity, writhe in ghastly torment. Here, too, Dante has the opportunity to vindicate his own doctrinal orthodoxy, by placing in the midst of the fiery City of Heretics the "Wonder of the World," the second Frederick of Hohenstaufen. No better proof can be needed that Frederick was immeasurably beyond his time in intellectual tolerance and breadth of view than this, that the most brilliant of Ghibelline poets should, for so-called heresy, have condemned the most splendid of Ghibelline emperors to an eternity of woe.

From hell they pass onward, the Roman and the Florentine, into the purgatorial spaces, where Rudolf of Hapsburg, the pious king, beloved of the church, and famed for his establishment of social order at home, must yet expiate this sin,—that he did not seek to heal the wounds of Italy, the garden of the empire, where sits

Rome, the mourning widow, whom Albert of Austria is reproached for deserting :

“ Come then to see thy Rome, who weeps
Widowed and solitary, and who
Day and night calls upon thee,
‘ Oh, my Cæsar, why dost thou not come to me ! ’ ”

But the whole passionate sentiment and belief of Dante's soul are concentrated in that terrible passage in which he pronounces the doom of the great sinners of the world,—of the traitors who kissed while they struck, and were false to human as to divine love. In the lowest deep of hell, in the very jaws of Lucifer, are Judas Iscariot, the betrayer of Christ, and Junius Brutus, the betrayer of Cæsar. The fallen angel who rebelled against the Almighty holds in his grip the false friend who gave to death the founder of the church, and the false friend who slew the founder of the empire.

The awful picture declares the intensity of the poet's convictions, and the vital reality of the struggle upon which he had entered for the furtherance of his political aims. We can see now that he was working against reason and nature, against the spirit and tendency of the age for good and evil both ; he was foredoomed to failure. But we may none the less sympathize with him in his longing for that ideal good towards which he strove, the ideal of such mighty spirits as Charles and Otto and Frederick the Red-Beard, seeking in a turbulent anarchic society to establish the reign of law, of law that should bring in its train unwonted peace and orderly freedom.

“ Of old sat freedom on the heights.”—

To the Cæsar, ruling by the grace of God, the ardent Florentine patriot of the Middle Ages looked for justice and order which should bestow upon mankind the peace and prosperity so long denied them.

“ Now steps she down through town and field,”

and to the people themselves she intrusts the privilege and the duty of maintaining their own rights to freedom and just government. The ways are various, the end the same.

Annie Russell Wall.

ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS: A COMPARATIVE ESTIMATE.



THE character of Antony in history is not attractive. It is scarcely less so in "*Julius Cæsar*," though he is not brought forward in the play, except when his artful oration fires the multitude against the conspirators. Both he and Octavius are instruments in the overthrow of republicanism rather than personally important factors in it. Antony is chiefly a warm friend of Cæsar and an agent in carrying out his designs. "When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is performed," he says to his chief; and it was clearly this allegiance that led him to offer Cæsar the crown. But he is pre-eminently a pleasure-lover, and this makes the conspirators underestimate him. Cæsar himself speaks of him as "Antony that revels long o' nights." Even Cassius, who distrusts him, calls him "a masker and a reveller." Brutus sees in him only a dependent,—*"but a limb of Cæsar,"*—and does not believe him capable of action: "Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him," "he is given To sports, to wildness, and much company." But there was a latent power in Antony that the conspirators failed to estimate. Brutus sees only "that quick spirit that is in Antony," and Cassius's apprehension that "we shall find of him a shrewd contriver" is easily quieted. He develops, however, unbelievable power in his funeral oration, and remarkable farsightedness in perceiving the civil war and his own opportunity for power. The death of Cæsar brought the crisis of his life, and, throwing off the yoke of pleasure, he became a man of action,—a ruler of the world's great empire. His relation to his colleagues foreshadows the action of the following play; Antony despises Lepidus, but shrewdly sees how he may be made the pack-horse of the three. There are also noticeable at Philippi the signs of friction between the two com-

manders, that indicate the ambition of Octavius and predict the inevitable conflict between him and Antony.

Shakespeare has clearly ennobled the Antony of history for the later play, by omitting some characteristics historically accurate and softening others. His most striking quality is as a leader in action. At Philippi he saves the day for imperialism, while Octavius is driven from his camp. His friends, in the first scene of "Antony and Cleopatra," pay high tribute to his martial prowess; even Cæsar tells of his endurance and achievement in a great crisis. The endurance that Cæsar exhibited by riding bareheaded through Gaul, regardless of storm or sun, that led the Emperor Hadrian to march at the head of his troops through desert sands, Antony also possessed. But he had courage besides. He was the soldier's hero,—bold, resolute, fearless in action, inspiring the soldier with acts of personal daring.

Antony possesses also those qualities which inspire devotion, loyalty; he is frank, open-hearted, generous. The play is full of expression betokening affection of soldier and captain for their emperor, as they fondly call him. Before the sea-fight soldier and chief meet on terms of familiar regardlessness of rank, the soldier not hesitating to advise the great triumvir:

"*Antony.* How now, worthy soldier!
Soldier. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds?"

But the soldier, though feeling he is right, has no thought but to fight for the commander he loves. As if to show conclusively this devotion, Shakespeare has brought these two together again in the play. Antony, in the last struggle at Alexandria, now knows the advice of the soldier was right, and frankly admits his former error. But the loyal heart has only cheer for his chief: "The gods make this a happy day to Antony." This loyalty of his soldiery is not discipline, it is devotion; not allegiance, but love. This is clearly the result of Antony's own action. His followers are not servants, but fellow-soldiers,—*commilites*. He does not command, they fight together. He has a word of cheer and familiar greeting for every

man in his army. But this devotion inspired by Antony is compatible with a clear perception of his feelings as a man; he is loved for what he does, not for what he is.

Antony was not unable to govern his passion for sensuous enjoyment. He was a man of strong purpose and abundant will-power. But he felt no necessity for restraint; he followed his epicureanism with implicit consistency. This was setting up a distinctly different standard from that of Rome's leaders. Moderation was still one of the greatest Roman virtues. Cicero's highest praise was *moderatissimus*, and its opposite the severest censure. Antony recognized no such virtue, and there was therefore no restraining motive in his life. "He reneges all temper" (refuses all restraint), says Philo. There was no oughtness in Antony's life; he was generous and kind-hearted by nature, not from moral obligation. He "would make his will (pleasure) Lord of his reason," as he admits, "With half the bulk of the world played as I pleased." It was the immoral sensuous gratification that was the ruin of an otherwise noble nature. While he recognizes no obligation in his indulgence, the laws of the moral universe do not cease to act. His foresight is lost, his insight blinded by passion. He is surprised at Cæsar's speed, relatively great because of his own inactivity. He loses his mastery of the art of war, blundering in the decisive fight. He exhibits the supremacy of pleasure in his life by the revel at Alexandria before the battle. The spell of Cleopatra's magic is complete. He makes fitful bursts of self-assertiveness, but they are irregular and unavailing; "indeed, I've lost command" is the recognition of his changed character. To die by his own hand rather than grace a triumph is left him; but it is the conquered Antony, the wreck of a mighty chief, who deceives himself as he exclaims,—

"Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself."

This lack of moral perception is the explanation not only of the personal but of the civic character of Antony. He was recognized as a man of towering ambition, unrestrained by any regard for the customs or laws of the Roman state. This uncivic character brought

the first quarrel with Octavius, and later the scathing philippics of Cicero. The same reckless daring that made Antony loved by his soldiers made him feared by all who loved peace. Power was regarded by him as purely personal, to be used with or without semblance of law. The triumvirate implied no compact involving responsibility on his part. He disposed of province after province of the empire to please his mistress. But Rome still held fondly the doctrine of the republic, that power was conferred, was not a personal perquisite. It was to the Romans a political crime for Antony to give away the empire gained by Roman valor. Every Roman recognized the splendid qualities of Antony, but he prized even more highly loyalty to the state; he looked with sympathy upon Octavia not as a discarded wife,—common enough in Rome,—but as discarded without due form of law. Both these causes, therefore, seemed to him reasons for war against Antony, and could be used by Cæsar to further his cherished purpose of consolidating the empire.

Octavius and Antony are contrasts both in individual and in civic characteristics. Antony was a military chief encompassed with martial glory; Octavius was primarily a statesman. Antony was fiery and impetuous; Octavius cool and cautious. Antony was of a "noble carelessness;" Octavius was always mindful of the "weightier business." Antony lived in the present with its pleasures; Octavius in the future and its surer joys. Antony was open, generous, sincere; Octavius crafty, self-seeking, hypocritical. Antony inspired friendship, loyalty, devotion; Octavius awe, respect, fear. Antony loved the sensual, the surprising, the audacious; Octavius the customary, the conventional, the established.

The Octavius of Shakespeare is not fully developed, owing partly to the perspective required in the play. There is enough, however, to indicate that Shakespeare had rightly conceived the historic character. In "Julius Cæsar" he begins to show his true personality. His demand in the triumvirate for the death of a kinsman of Lepidus indicates the natural cruelty which history attributes to him. He begins almost at once an opposition to Antony, and announces with presumption his intention of leading the right at

Philippi, though knowing that Antony expected and deserved it. In "Antony and Cleopatra" he assumes from the first an attitude towards the whole empire that clearly indicates his ambition. But there is little which merits sympathy, nothing that commands admiration. His soldiers do not like him. He is unable to inspire personal devotion. He owes his successes in the field to the foibles of Antony rather than to qualities inherent in himself.

The partial obscurity of Octavius in the later play well befits the methods by which he came to empire. He was master not of the art of war, but of intrigue. The character of his actions may be inferred from his dealings with the principals of the play. He begins his attack on Antony by circulating reports of his licentious life at Alexandria, for behind the "common liar" at Rome is doubtless the ambitious Cæsar. His dealing with Lepidus is more subject to suspicion. Surely the weak master-of-horse was not to be feared by either colleague, but Lepidus could be more easily put out of the way in preparation for the greater struggle. It seems not improbable that he sacrificed his own sister in the game which he was playing for empire. In all these and in later actions there is seen a man, who is seeking his own power regardless of others' rights. He lets nothing but unsuitable time stand in the way of his purposes. He is a far-sighted diplomat. But he differs from Antony in his methods. His ulterior purpose is always hidden by a pretext. In "Julius Cæsar" he puts forward as his motive of action revenge: "I draw a sword against conspirators;" but even here his real purpose is the division of the spoil, the power of his great uncle.

It is the civic character of Octavius that is most important in "Antony and Cleopatra." He belongs to the under-plot, and personal motives have less place. Everywhere he acts as the personator of imperialism. It is in this civic character also that Octavius is most true to history, and for this he was most admired by the Romans. He possessed what even the great Julius did not possess, an unwavering patience and an easy subordination to the shows of things,—time-honored custom. He learned the lesson of

Cæsar's death, and with a similar ambition he attained it under the forms of the republic. He could not inspire the devotion of the soldiery, but he could gain the approval of the populace. The way in which he united in himself one office after another, until he gained all power, is a marvellous example of patient pursuit of a definite purpose. While always seeking the advancement of self, he sought it through the advancement of the empire. This he sought not to enlarge by war, but to unify in peace, establishing the empire because in sympathy with the minutiae of governmental administration. He subordinated self to the business of the hour. He never gave way to pleasure. He turned from Antony's magnificent eulogy of Brutus, with business-like promptitude, "To part the glories of this happy day." So with matter-of-fact praise, mingled with command, he closes the later play. He served in office with inferiors in uncomplaining fortitude, knowing that in this way only could imperial power be won. This moderation, self-restraint, is the one virtue in which he pre-eminently surpassed Antony. He was Antony's superior as a ruler, and the empire was safer in his hands. This is the justification of the imperial movement that overthrew a debased republicanism, and gave peace to the land of proscription and civil strife.

"If you would feel the judgment as well as the genius of Shakespeare in your heart's core, compare this astonishing drama with Dryden's 'All for Love,'" says Coleridge in his remarkable criticism on the play. With the same facts two utterly unlike plays are made. Dryden follows history less closely than Shakespeare, and his additions are less noteworthy. There is less of the spirit of the time. Most noticeable perhaps is the lack of perspective in "All for Love." Cæsar does not appear at all, the imperial movement has no place, the epic element is largely wanting, the Roman world of Shakespeare's play is dwarfed to the confines of Alexandria. There is little movement in the play. It is a drama of situation. Instead of the years in which Antony's character develops, all is compressed into the last few days of his life. Lepidus, Pompey, Actium, with the multiplicity of scenes clustering around them,

are wanting. There is thus little growth of action through natural causes, and artificial motive has been substituted. Dryden has taken much from Shakespeare, but none of the spirit of the master appears. No less important are his additions as showing the weakness of his art.

Not less remarkable is the levelling of character, partly by the omission of minor personages, so important an element in Shakespeare. Alexis is raised from the position of a servant to that of a patriot, acting in behalf of Egypt's independence. Ventidius is not the servant of Antony, not the counterpart of Enobarbus, though suggested by him, but one who assumes with his master the prerogative of an equal, whose qualities of judgment and capabilities of action command our deepest sympathy. Nor is there any unbending from the dignity of public action, as in the inimitable banquet scene of "Antony and Cleopatra," or in those familiar half-playful talks of Cleopatra and her attendants. All is elevated, stately dialogue, moving with unvaried course. This levelling of character is seen not less in the raising of minor characters than in the degradation of Antony. He has lost all control over self, and only external influences move him. None of his actions fully command our sympathy. He is too easily influenced both by Cleopatra and Octavia, and in both cases there is little depth of feeling. He gives way to the charms of Cleopatra when every consideration counsels breaking from her. In spite of his infatuation he becomes penitent, and is completely won over by the appearance of Octavia and her children. Antony is but a puppet in the power of his passion. Perhaps no scene represents the sameness of character more than that in which Cleopatra and Octavia meet. There is no justification of the scene. Octavia, the true wife and mother, pure-hearted and noble, becomes the equal of the treacherous mistress in the speeches of the rivals. It is a false art, because by such a scene Cleopatra could not but gain, Octavia had everything to lose. The one is lowered, the other heightened by the contact.

The secret of the difference is that the plays were written with a different purpose. Shakespeare never wrote for the pleasure of any

clique or class. He was the "maker of manners," not pandering to the taste of any time or place. Dryden, on the other hand, wrote always to please the taste of a degraded age. He was characteristically a trimmer, forming and reversing opinions even of his art at the whine of the court he served. Moral proportion is utterly wanting in his drama. Dryden was not inspired with the ethical spirit. Not less marked is the absence of truth to nature in his play. It is entirely wanting in humor. The wit, by which the restoration drama is characterized, is based almost wholly on ridicule of the purest sentiments of English life. Virtue in man and woman, duty, conscience in conduct, have no place. Life with its freshness and beauty, its age and decay, reflecting the sunlight of happiness and the shadow of evil and sorrow,—these ever present in Shakespeare, ever wanting in Dryden, mark the difference between the drama of England's golden age and the time which her truest manhood and highest literary culture must always own with something of regret and shame.

Oliver Farrar Emerson.

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THE HAPPY LAND.

CYNEWULF'S PHŒNIX.

[“The Phoenix,” an Old English rendering of the ancient myth, with a Christian interpretation read into it, is based upon a Latin poem ascribed by tradition to Lactantius.]

I HAVE learnt that there is far hence
In the east regions, the noblest land
Known to men. . . . There may no rain nor snow,
No breath of frost, nor blast of fire,
No death of hail, nor fall of rime,
No heat of sun, nor lasting cold,
No weather warm, nor winter-shower

Destroy a whit; but that plain remains
Blest and quite whole: it is a lordly land,
Bourgeoning with bloom. No crags nor mountains there
Stand steep, nor *rock-ribbed* cliffs
Rise high, as here with us;
No vales nor dales, nor mountain-caves,
No hills nor hillocks; there nothing slopes
At all unsmooth, but a noble plain
Flourishes under the welkin, abloom with joys.
It is a radiant land, higher by twelve
Fathoms' measure—so men sage by hearsay,
Wise through wisdom, say in writings—
Than any of the peaks that brightly here with us
Tower aloft beneath the stars of heaven.
Serene is the victory-plain, the sun-grove shines,
A winsome wood; the fruits do not fall,
The bright fruits, but those trees for aye
Stand green, as God bade them;
Summer and winter alike the wood will be
Behung with fruits; never mouldereth
A leaf in the air, never shall fire scathe it
To all eternity, until the end
Of the world shall be. . . .
Nor is there in that land a loathly foe,
Nor wrack nor weeping, nor a sign of woe,
Old age nor want, nor cruel death,
Nor dying,* nor approach of ill;
No sin nor strife, nor sore revenge,
No stress of want, nor plenty's lack,
No sleep nor sorrow, no grievous ail,
• No winter-blast,† nor tempest's tossing,
Rough under heaven, *and* the hard frost
With cold icicles beateth none.
No hail nor hoar-frost there descend on earth,

* Lit., loss of life.

† (?)

Nor windy cloud, nor water falleth there
Troubled in air ; but fountains there
Wellsprings gush forth wondrously with marvels,
With fair bubblings water the soil ;
A winsome water from the wood's midst
There every month from the grass of the ground
Springeth sea-cool, traverseth all the grove
Gloriously at intervals : it is the Lord's command
That twelve times over that lordly land
The joy of the water-flood shall flow.
There be groves behung with fruits,
With beauteous fruits ; there never fade
Hallowed under heaven the adornments of the wood.
There never fall the yellowed blooms to earth,
The beauty of the forest-trees, but there wondrously be
The boughs of the trees aye laden,—
Fresh fruits in every season.
On that grassy plain stand green,
Joyfully adorned by the might of the Holy One,
The brightest groves. Never shall be dimmed
The holt in hue ; there sacred savours
Dwell in that happy land ; it shall never change
To all eternity, until shall end
The wise ancient work *of Him* who created it in the beginning.

Translated by Anna Robertson Brown.

“IN THE PICTURE GALLERY of the Shakespeare Memorial, there is now,” says the Stratford *Herald*, “a painting by a modern French artist, representing the closet scene from ‘Hamlet.’ It represents the mother, thrilled with a new horror, shrinking and crouching, unable to look her son in the face, her own features convulsed with shame and agony, while Hamlet, towering over her like an avenging deity, points the finger of scorn, and in the background is seen the body of old Polonius newly slain, with his thin fingers clutching the wound in his breast, and half-hidden by the rudely disordered hangings.”

SHAKESPEARE'S "LESS GREEKE."



HAT Shakespeare knew "small Latine and less Greeke" was the deliberate statement of his friend Ben Jonson, and it expresses what might well have been the truth. But the terms in which the saying is couched, taken in connection with the significant absence in the plays of any evidence bearing upon the point, have caused this "less Greeke" to be construed as meaning "no Greek." From such interpretation there are, however, reasons for dissenting. Ben Jonson was himself profoundly versed in classic lore, and would therefore not unnaturally incline to this belittling of Shakespeare's, no doubt, comparatively modest acquirements in the same line of scholarship. But that he had some direct knowledge of Greek is, I think, reasonably deducible from the occurrence of a certain alleged hopelessly corrupt expression in the first scene of the second act of the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

The scene is laid in Windsor, before the house of "the good Master Page," who is conversing with the jealous Master Ford. The discussion turns upon the subject of Falstaff and certain of his merry roysterers, but "my ranting host of the Garter" enters and cuts it off. Then the following dialogue passes:

"*Host* [to *PAGE*]. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice I say!

Enter SHALLOW.

Shallow. I follow, mine host, I follow. . . . Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shallow. Sir, there's a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor. . . .

Host. Will you go, An-heires?

Shallow. Have with you, mine host. . . .

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt.*"]

Now, it is obvious that the word "An-heires" was not addressed to Shallow only, since he was already in the act of accompanying his host to the trysting-place of the fray, while it is perhaps equally as clear that "mine host" was himself not a little desirous of the company of Page. That mine host was the happy possessor of a select roll of complimentary titles for his guests and acquaintances is also very obvious. Shallow is dubbed a "cavaleiro-justice," Falstaff a "guest-cavaliere," but the "quaint bully-rook" seems to have been his stock compliment, which he applied indiscriminately all around. That mine host was a pedant is indeed quite palpable; we find some classical allusion always in his mouth,—at one time it is "Cæsar," "Kaiser," or "Pheezar," at another "Æsculapius" or "bully Hector." His acquirements embrace, in fact, a rather wide field of knowledge, ranging all the way from Gauls to Greeks and Ethiopians and Anthropophaginians. Nor are we left entirely without reasons for this unequalled display of learning on the part of a mere inn-proprietor, for in the first scene of the fourth act "mine host o' the Garter" takes pains to let us know that he was not unacquainted with dukes,—that, in fact, he had the ear of the court; and we know, on the authority of Helena ("All's Well," i. 1), that "the court's a learning place."

If instead of the dubious "An-heires" we had found some such expression as "my men," or "men" simply, in this scene from the "Merry Wives," all would apparently be well indeed. But the word "men" would be in reality much too commonplace; for, though mine host could very well condescend to speak of stranger Germans as being simply "men," he will have none of your ordinary phrases in his moments of intercourse with boon companions of the social "pottle." Then, indeed, will he deal only in terms which, like "bully-rook," either achieve the very acme of compliment or, like "lads of peace" (iii. 1), the very extreme of familiarity. Inasmuch, therefore, as the word "men" would have sounded but meanly in its English form, it had to be lifted out of the rut of insufferable commonplace by translation into another language; and what wonder if the accomplished host had recourse to the Greek, which we know was the polite language of the period? And it is indeed very pos-

sible that Shakespeare was not altogether unacquainted with the epic lays of Homer or the lyric strophes of Sophocles. Both these poets quite frequently employed this very word "*An-heires*." An instance of its use by the former may be seen in the first book of the "*Iliad*," line 529, by the latter in line 868 of the "*Œdipus Tyrannus*" and line 1010 of the "*Trachiniæ*." But, for reasons which college undergraduates who speak of "*virs*" and "*homos*" will appreciate, it is very much safer to assume that the term, as we find it here employed in Shakespeare, is but a hybrid formation; in other words, the intended translation was not quite completed; so that, while the word is Greek indeed, its termination may very well be taken as being meant to yield the sound of an English plural. Nor was there wanting a touch of scholarship, albeit of no very high order, in the word's selection; for, as there were no females in the "grouping," the term *ἄνθρωποι*—which, like the Latin "*homo*," would have included the gentler sex—is avoided, while the opposite and exclusive term is very appropriately employed. But whether it was that the dramatist intentionally misspelt the word, with a view to mimicking the pronunciation of some "don" of the period, or whether he desired rather that "mine host" should sadly flounder when he ventured so far "beyond his last,"—or whether, indeed, it was that the host and the dramatist floundered here together,—certain it is, I think, that the inexplicable "*An-heires*" is a very explicable term indeed, and is, in fact, but a very thinly-veiled corruption of the Greek word *ἀνὴρ*, or, at least, of the lyric plural *ἀνέρες*.*

E. P. Quirk.

* [This clever suggestion of our contributor answers most plausibly the query in *PORT-LORE* of April, 1890. Most Shakespearian commentators have supposed "*An-heires*" to be a misprint. Although the Cambridge edition follows the first Folio and first Quarto, printing "*An-heires*," with the dagger prefixed, denoting the text as corrupt, other editors have very generally substituted some other word or words. For example, Malone has, "Will you go on, *hearts*?" which has largely been followed; Boaden, "Will you go on, *Cavaleires*?" Knight, "Will you go on, *heers*?" Knight thinks that the host, with his fondness for picking up foreign words, would be very likely to employ the Dutch *heer* or the German *herr*, and that Theobald's proposition, that it should be *mynheers*, is perhaps right. White prints *minheers*, and considers the "*An-heires*" of the Folio meaningless. Flower's acting edition sinks to the level of the commonplace by substituting *and hear*. When we consider that the English word *heir* is pronounced without the *h*, we can readily see that *an-heir* might be considered the English equivalent in pronunciation of *ἀνὴρ*; so it is not even necessary to consider it a bad pronunciation of the Greek, but merely a Greek word spelled English-wise.—THE EDITORS.]

FREEDOM TO WRITE AND TO PRINT.

WE are all commanded by the lore of poets. Through Browning, through Shakespeare, through giants bearing other names, we are led to the eternalities of thought and hope. But I should say, no vista given by song or prophecy contains a more immediate appeal than is impersonally uttered in literature when some alien or clumsy hand threatens its freedom. To-day I have in mind "The Kreutzer Sonata." Another day I may send my devotion to another necessity. But whether for this or that, first in duty, earliest in greeting, subtlest in range, loveliest in all the measure of its possibilities, is the decree for liberty. Literature is entitled to all or nothing. There can be no evasion of its attitude and attributes. Lamentable is that lapse which makes its sacred office the prey of chance or a subject for official supervision. Think of the *Critic*, given all privileges and opportunities, granted experience, professing knowledge, rich in at least the formal paraphernalia of its trade, losing the majestic sense and impetus of this issue, and speaking through its "Lounger" the word of defection, sacrifice, and surrender! But whether in so distinguished an example or in minor oracles, recreancy must have its impeachment. Let them with whatever emphasis defer to or adopt political Puritanism and arrogance,—or, rather, that Puritanism which *is* arrogance,—no such motley union, set against the utmost trial of the case, can for one instant detract from its intrinsic merit.

With events like this, which puts the judgment of an ignorant public man against that of history, come crucial questions which we do well to consider. For example, we would ask somewhat after the function of literary journalism. Is such journalism to become a mere inspirer of verbal delight, a tickler of artistic sensibility, a cold commentator on books, a simple caterer to cultured likes and dislikes and polite happenings in *belles-lettres*; or has it human

ramifications, a proper respect for which would give it an appropriate pulse and eloquence? Literary journals are uninspiring when they lose sight of this relationship. They are not noble and courageous in the face of impeachment when their beliefs are technical rather than natural. Hence to such consciousness as theirs "The Kreutzer Sonata" may have no battle-cry, whatever the extent to which the public or the public's legal servants may do it injustice.

Let writers think more carefully of the ruin their neglect may involve. Literary journalism cannot get its chief value from formal survey of books or expounding of views. It has other and graver tasks. Of all divine agents, it ought to assume and continue to be the most sensitive to actual or threatened infractions of its rights. It ought to know most of the history of poets, philosophers, teachers, reformers, and be most responsive to the memory of their deeds. Into the new day it should inject the eternal inspiration. It ought to be the first to raise protest against censorship and the last to cease its repetition. There should be no victim so humble as to fail its support. To endorse authors must always remain its choice, but to endorse authorship under all conditions its necessity.

How much of the failure to appreciate the true status of the literary calling comes of a careless indifference to the spiritual and emotional elements in man! Man is not for art's sake: art is always for man's sake. No astute critic can define the great teacher from the side of verbal success. Song does not get its power from words, but from motives with which words are freighted. Forgetting this, it is easy enough to forget to assert the liberty of speech and pen. We can know the poets by their correspondence to the melodies of seas and winds, of human trials and achievements. We can never know them by no matter what reference to Lindley Murray or laws, so called, of composition. It is of the first importance to insist upon the natural combinations. Few writers in distinctively critical journals or in critical columns of newspapers confer with origins, with the primal offices of suggestion. Nearly everything is achieved by chicanery, deftness, artifice,—and effects thus produced are halt and blind when valor calls.

Take from literature its freedom, and it is a disgraceful rag,—a warning signal flapping on the staff of a school-house. For nothing is left literature, with freedom gone, but its mockery of syntax and orthography. Take from literary journalism its capacity to resent the dictation of official opacity or public bigotry, and it is a bloodless skeleton, valueless as a force, and useful only in museums of the last resort. Drop the human quality from art and it easily lends its aid to the detriment of freedom. No doubt the one thing comes from the other. Men who believe literature is an exercise are not troubled by restrictions placed upon its freedom. Men who regard literature as a holy of holies, enlisted for sacred ends which no imagination can compass,—a creature of flesh and blood, of passion and future,—are sleepless in defiance of the slightest alien, unsympathetic or hostile touch, whether of chief or emissary, of priestly speech or printed sneer. Literary journalism owes its first debt to nature. The voices of all the dead cry out to us to protect those sacred first influences upon whose freedom all the minor streams depend. When critics care less for scholastic acquisitions and more for sources and natural forms, the liberty whose safety is not now always assured will enjoy the serenity which is its due. With Tolstoi in danger, who is exempt? Neither the Homers nor Shakespeares nor Brownings of history, nor the whatever group of lesser scribes who reverence the gift that printed speech has brought to man.

Horace L. Traubel.

“THE whole history of criticism has been a triumph of authors over critics: so long as criticism has meant the gauging of literature, so long its progress has consisted in the reversal of critical judgments by further experience. . . . The ordinary reader, however familiar with notable blunders of criticism, has little idea of the degree of regularity, amounting to absolute law, with which criticism, where it has set itself in opposition to freedom of authorship, has been found, in time, to have pronounced upon the wrong side, and has, after infinite waste of obstructive energy, been compelled at last to accept innovations it had pronounced impossible, under penalty of itself becoming obsolete.”—*R. G. Moulton*, “Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.”

DUET: "COME LIVE WITH ME."

Words selected from
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE and SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Music by HELEN A. CLARKE.

Moderato.

Tenor.

Comelive with me and be my love, And we will all the
We will sit up - on the rocks, See - ing shep - herds
Shep - herd swainsshall dance and sing For thy de - light each

Con espressione.

pleas - ures prove That val - leys, groves, and hills, and fields, . .
feed their flocks By shal - low riv - ers to whose falls Me -
May morn - ing, If these de - lights thy mind may move, Then

Woods or steep - y mountains yield. Come live with me and
- lo - dious birds sing mad - ri - gals. Come live with me and
live with me and be my love. Come live with me and

Soprano.

be my love. Come live with me and be my love. If all the world and
 be my love. Come live with me and be my love. Time drives the flocks from
 be my love. Come live with me and be my love. But could youth last and

Ritard.

love were young And truth on ev-'ry shepherd's tongue, These pretty pleasures
 field to fold, When riv-ers rage and rocks grow cold, And Phil-o-mel be-
 love still breed, Had joys no date nor age no need, Then these de-lights my

might me move To live with thee and be thy love, These
 -com-eth dumb, The rest com-plain of cares to come, All
 mind might move To live with thee and be thy love, Then

Soprano.—To live with thee and be thy love.

pret-ty pleasures might me move. Tenor,
 these in me no means can move. Come live with me and be my love.
 these de-lights my mind might move.

Rit.

THE FIRST AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

RECORDS, 1852-1853. EDITED BY ALBERT R. FREY.

THE *Knickerbocker Magazine* for July, 1853, contained the following announcement:

"We hail with cordial pleasure the establishment in this city of the *Shakespeare Society of New York*. The Society has already celebrated three monthly meetings, and may now be considered as thoroughly founded. The presidency has fallen, with entire unanimity, upon William E. Burton, Esq., whose devotion to the 'Great Bard of all time' reflects high honor upon his character. . . . Among the incidents which have enlivened the delightful reunions of the Society was the presentation of a truly superb 'Book of Minutes' of the Society, by the worthy and veteran Secretary, Mr. Robert Balmanno, each page of which was illuminated by a beautiful border, embodying the sweet flowers whose names are introduced into the sweeter verse of the adamantine poet,—the work of the fair hands of the gifted wife of the donor."

This "Book of Minutes" has now passed into my hands, and its publication for the first time will unquestionably be interesting to Shakespearian scholars in this country. Four gentlemen organized a convivial club in Philadelphia during October, 1852, at No. 6 Mercantile Library Building; they called themselves "Shakespeare Apostles," and during the winter season a play was read each Thursday evening. It is therefore difficult to state whether Philadelphia or New York should have the honor of claiming the first Shakespeare Society in America; certain it is, however, that the New York Society was founded April 23, 1852, and existed, so far as can now be ascertained, for about a year and a half.

A general description of the manuscript records may not be out

of place here. The volume is a folio, eleven by thirteen inches, and is beautifully bound in Russia leather. Only about twenty-five pages are covered with writing, and the remainder of the book is blank. The last date which occurs is the entry of Burton's death, in 1860; after that all traces of ownership disappear. It is a remarkable fact, however, that wherever Burton's name is mentioned the same has been carefully erased, the erasure being probably the work of some person influenced by personal motives. I am inclined to assign the erasures to Balmanno, because in a lead-pencil note to a newspaper cutting (describing Burton's claim to a classical education at Cambridge) he remarks, "He said so, but, like hundreds of his assertions, it is a vile falsehood."

I have endeavored in my notes not only to supply occasional appropriate illustrations, but also to give a careful collation.

RAVENSWOOD, L. I.

A. R. Frey.

RECORDS OF THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.¹

On² Friday the 23d of April 1852, being the birthday of the Immortal Shakespeare, the following gentlemen met at the College Hotel,³ Nos. 28 & 30 Murray Street.

John Keese, in the Chair, John Allan, William Evans Burton, Robert Balmanno, George W. Curtis, John Ward Hunter, James F. Otis, and Richard Grant White.

After discussing the propriety of establishing in this city a permanent Institution or club, to be entitled, "The Shakespeare Society of New York," Mr. Balmanno read the following letter, in answer to one addressed by him to Washington Irving, inviting him to become a Candidate for the Presidency of the intended Society, viz:—

"SUNNYSIDE,⁴ Wednesday Evening, April 21, 1852.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I have just received your note of the 19th Instant; inviting me to your proposed dinner on Shakespeare's birthday. I regret to say that I am not in mood and train for such a convivial meeting. I returned home yesterday, from a week's visit to New York, and from present

symptoms, fear I have provoked the recurrence of the bilious attacks, which have dogged me for a year past. As to the Presidency of the projected Shakespeare Society, it is an honor for which I must decline being a Candidate. I have neither tact nor taste for posts of the kind.

"I am glad to hear from you, so excellent a character of Mr. Burton in private life. As an actor I have been greatly pleased with him, and have formed a high opinion of his judgement and good taste, from the manner in which he conducts his Theatre, and selects his plays and performances. In the course of my recent visit to town, I had quite a treat in attending the performance at his Theatre⁵ of Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night.'⁶ His Sir Toby Belch made me think he might make an excellent Falstaff.⁷

"I do not know whether he has ever attempted the character, but he seems to possess the shrewd discriminating good sense, and the rich, mellow and varied play of humour required for the part. It is a part easily buffooned, but difficult to be hit off with truth, as all Shakespeare's master pieces are. The actor who plays Falstaff ought to be a *Gentleman*, though a jovial one, and in this respect I should suppose Mr. Burton will be well qualified for it. By the way I saw at his Theatre that evening, a very pretty and pleasing young actress⁸ in the part of Viola, who acquitted herself with much grace and spirit.

"Yours my Dear Sir, very truly

"WASHINGTON IRVING.

"ROBERT BALMANNO, ESQRE."⁹

After the preceding letter had been read, the following Resolutions were moved, seconded and unanimously adopted.

1st. That William E. Burton, Esq: be, and hereby is, elected President. 2nd. That Robert Balmanno, be, and hereby is, elected Secretary. 3rd. That the following be, and hereby are, appointed a Committee, with power to add to their number. George W. Curtis, James F. Otis, Richard G. White, with the President and Secretary, who are always, *ex officio* members, with power to vote. Adjourned.

William E. Burton, Pt.

At¹⁰ the second Anniversary Festival, held at the College hotel, on Saturday the 23d April, 1853.

Present William E. Burton, Esq. in the Chair. Lewis Gaylord Clarke, Charles A. Dana, Hiram Fuller, John Keese, James F. Otis,

James H. Sanford, James M. Sanderson, Richard G. White, and Robert Balmanno, Secretary.

The following Resolutions were moved, seconded and unanimously adopted.

1. That the Society shall for the future meet Monthly on the third Saturday of every Month.
 2. That Jas. M. Sanderson shall be Steward, fix the place of Meeting and the cost of the dinner.
 3. That the Society shall in all future years, including the present, hold a Festival in the Country, during the time that Mulberries are ripe, to which Members who are married may bring their Wives.
- Adjourned.

William E. Burton, (President.)

At¹¹ an extra meeting of the society, held at the Irving House Broadway on Monday the 16th of May 1853 Present William E. Burton, Esq. in the Chair. Messrs. Fuller, Keese, Otis, Sanderson, White, and Balmanno. The following gentlemen were nominated for Members and Honorary members, to be balloted for at the next regular meeting. Cornelius Grinnell, by Robert Balmanno. Charles L. Elliott, by William E. Burton. Charles P. Daly, by R. G. White. John C. Loch, by J. M. Sanderson. Parke Goodwin, by R. G. White.

The following as Honorary. The Hon. John Greig of Canandaigua. Washington Irving of Sunnyside. It was Resolved that the gentlemen who attended the second meeting of the Society, shall be, and are hereby considered full members.

The following Rules and Regulations were proposed for adoption, to be submitted at the next regular meeting.

1st. This Society shall be called The Shakespeare Society of New York.

2nd. Its regular members shall not at any time exceed thirty-seven in number.¹²

3. Its Officers shall be a President, Secretary, and Steward.

4th. From¹³ the date of the adoption of these Regulations, all members shall be chosen by ballot: two black balls being fatal to an election. All candidates for membership shall be proposed at a meeting previous to that at which they are balloted for.

5. An annual Festival of this Society shall be held on the anniversary of Shakespeare's Birthday, the 23d of April; at which festival no persons shall be present but Members of the Society, except such as may be invited by unanimous resolution of all the Members present at the meeting of the Society preceding the 23d of April.

6. A monthly meeting and dinner of the Society shall take place

on the third Saturday in each month excepting April: each member defraying his own expenses, which shall not exceed five dollars. The Chairman and Vice-Chairman of each monthly dinner shall each have the privilege of introducing two friends as their own guests.

7. The president of the society, or in his absence the chairman of the next succeeding monthly meeting, shall preside at the Annual Festival, and at all meetings for the transaction of business; but the several members shall officiate, in alphabetical rotation, as chairman of the monthly dinners; the Vice-chairman's place being taken by the member whose turn as chairman will next occur.

8. The business of the Society shall be transacted by the regular members only, at the usual monthly meetings, immediately before the time appointed for the dinner, subject to the notice of the Secretary. The nature of any special business shall be explicitly stated by the Secretary in a letter of notification which he shall send to each member, at least three days before each monthly meeting.

9. Two members shall be nominated at the monthly meeting preceding the 23d April, each of whom shall present to the Society, on the evening of the annual festival, an original Literary or Pictorial contribution on some Shakespearian subject. Such contribution shall be the property of the Society, and shall be carefully¹⁴ preserved by the Secretary.

10. Honorary Members may be elected by the Unanimous vote of all present at any meeting of the society; their election being subject in other respects to the rules which govern the election of regular members.

11. In case of the election of any person to membership of the Society, the Member upon whose proposition he was elected, shall be considered responsible to the Society for his acceptance of the same.

12. Any Member absenting himself, while in town and in health, from six successive regular meetings of the Society, shall thereby forfeit his membership.

13. One third of the members of the Society shall form a quorum for the transaction of business; but change of these Regulations, or additions to them, shall be made only by the majority of a meeting at which two thirds of the members are present; notice of the proposed change or addition having been given at a previous regular meeting. Adjourned.

William E. Burton, (President.)

The¹⁵ regular monthly meeting of the Society was held at the Irving House, Broadway, on Saturday the 21st of May 1853. Present

William E. Burton, Esq. in the Chair, Messrs. Clarke, Dana, Fuller, Keese, Otis, Sanderson, White, and Balmanno.

The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and confirmed.

The Society then proceeded to Ballot for the gentlemen nominated for membership at that meeting, which having taken place the President declared the whole to be unanimously elected.

Mr. Otis then nominated Charles Gayler, to be balloted for at the next meeting.

The Secretary having, in the name of his wife presented to the Society the present Volume as a Record Book, it was on the motion of Mr. Fuller, seconded by Mr. Dana, unanimously

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be presented to Mrs. Balmanno for so acceptable a present. Adjourned.

William E. Burton, (President.)

Fort Hamilton,¹⁶ 18th June 1853. The Society met on board the boat Economy at Pier No. 3, North River, at one o'clock this day, and proceeded down the bay to the hotel of Mr. Clapp at Fort Hamilton; and after a few hours recreation proceeded to business.

William E. Burton, Esq^{re} President in the Chair, attended by the following Members, Messrs. Daly, Elliott, Fuller, Hunter, Loch, Otis, Sanderson, White, and Balmanno.

The Minutes of the former meeting were read by the Secretary, and Confirmed.

The Society then proceeded to ballot for the admission of Charles Gayler,¹⁷ nominated at the last meeting by Mr. Otis, seconded by Mr. Clarke, when after inspecting the ballots, the President announced Mr. Gayler to be Unanimously elected.

The following were then nominated for Membership.

Gulian C. Verplanck, by Mr. Balmanno, seconded by Mr. White.

Will^m Rufus Blake, by the President, seconded by Mr. Fuller.

James W. Wallack, Jr., by the President, seconded by Mr. Otis.

The Secretary then read Letters received by him in answer to his own, from the Hon^{ble} John Greig and Washington Irving, severally acknowledging the honor of being elected Honorary Members, and promising to attend some meeting of the Society, to take their seats and sign the Record.

On¹⁸ general motion of all the Members present, it was then Resolved, That the Mulberry Feast shall be considered as the next regular meeting of the Society, and the President proposed that the meeting and feast should take place at his house near Glen Cove, Long Island, and that the members should be accompanied by their wives.

The proposition and invitation was joyfully accepted by all present. Adjourned.

Mr. John Brougham attended the dinner, as the guest of the president.

Amongst the after dinner conversation, the Secretary was requested to prepare a book, for the preservation of all letters and documents relative to the Society and to bring the same to all meetings.

The President read a rhyming note from Mrs. Balmanno, acknowledging the Vote of Thanks accorded to her, for her gift of the Record Book, and the Secretary was directed to insert the note *bodily* in the book.¹⁹

"To William E. Burton Esq. President of the
Shakespeare Society
of New York.

"For fitting words I seek in vain,
To thank you o'er and o'er again :
First, for your kindly good intent,
Next, for your graceful compliment ;
For still, whatever sages deem,
Such things shed light on 'Life's dull stream.'
So, thank you, for the sunny gleam !
And in addition let me say
I feel much honor'd every way,
By that same 'vote of thanks,' whose strain
Rose midst the bubbles of champagne,
And briefly floating, onward came,
My warmest gratitude to claim,
Who ne'er for happier hours can ask
Than those devoted to the task
Of marking Shakspeare's²⁰ festal hours,
With Shakspeare's words, and Shakspeare's flowers.

"Mary Balmanno."

At²¹ the Rosary Glen Cove, 23rd July, 1853.

The Members of the Society met this day by invitation, at the residence of the President,²² William E. Burton, Esq., who was in the Chair, attended by Messrs. Daly, Dana, Elliott, Fuller, Gayler, Hunter, Keese, Otis, Sanderson, the Steward, and Balmanno, Secretary.

The Minutes of the meeting held at Fort Hamilton, the 18th June, were read and confirmed.

The Society then proceeded to Ballot for the following.

Gulian C. Verplanck, nominated by the Secretary and seconded by Mr. White.

William Rufus Blake, nominated by the President, and seconded by Mr. Fuller.

James W. Wallack, Jun^r, nominated by the President, and seconded by Mr. Otis.

When upon inspection of the respective Ballots by the President, they were all declared to be unanimously elected.

The following were then nominated to be Balloted for at the next²³ meeting.

John Brougham, proposed by the President, seconded by Mr. Dana.

Frederick S. Cozzens, proposed by Mr. Dana, seconded by Mr. Fuller.

After some discussion about the Rules and Regulations to be observed relative to the admission of Honorary Members, it was finally Resolved, that the following should now be elected to that rank.

The Right Honorable The Earl of Ellesmere, proposed by the President and seconded by the Secretary.

Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, Author of the Concordance to Shakespeare, by the Secretary, seconded by the President, and the Secretary was requested to signify to Lord Ellesmere his election without loss of time as it is understood he is about leaving the City.²⁴

Two drawings were presented to the Society by the Secretary, one representing the celebrated cup formed of a human skull for the late Lord Byron, and still preserved at Newstead Abbey—the other, the parcel gilt goblet belonging to the Parish of East Cheap, London, and described by Washington Irving in the Sketch book, both drawings being the exact size of the original cups.

The place for holding the next meeting of the Society was left to be fixed by the Steward. Adjourned.²⁵

Saturday²⁶ 20th August 1853.

The Society met this day at Snedeker's Tavern, near Jamaica, Long Island, Mr. Burton in the chair, attended by Mess^{rs}. Fuller, Gayler, Otis, White, Sanderson, steward and Balmanno secretary.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.²⁷

The Secretary reported that he had written to Lord Ellesmere, announcing his election as an Honorary Member, and had waited on him at the Clarendon Hotel, and received his Signature in the Record.

Resolved, on motion of Mr. Gaylor seconded by Mr. Otis, that the Secretary's Report be received and placed on file and that Lord Ellesmere's Letter be entered on the minutes, as follows.

"CLARENDON, July 25th 1853.

"SIR.

"I hasten to return my best acknowledgements to yourself and the members of the Shakespeare Soc'y for the very gratifying compliment announced in your letter just received. With regard to the flattering request appended, I am obliged to explain that I leave this hotel, this afternoon, to go on board the Fall river boat for Boston, which I think starts at 5 p.m. You will be able to judge whether this state of circumstances, will allow any opportunity of meeting your wishes.

"I have the honor to be, Sir, your obed^t serv^t.

"EGERTON ELLESMERE.

"R. BALMANNO, ESQ."

The President at the last meeting having nominated John Brougham for membership, now made the following motion, That action on the election be postponed for one month, to ascertain during the interim, whether Mr. Brougham means to remain in the country, but the motion not having been seconded, it consequently fell. Mr. Fuller then moved that the name of Mr. Brougham be withdrawn, but that motion not having been seconded also fell.

A ballot then took place, when it appeared that Mr. Brougham was not elected.

A ballot was then had on Frederick S. Cozzens, who was declared to be duly elected.

The following were then nominated, to be balloted for at the next meeting.

Robert M. C. Graham, nominated by Mr. Fuller, seconded by Mr. Otis.

James F. Ruggles, nominated by Mr. White, seconded by Mr. Gayler.

The following memorandum for an addition to the Rules was²⁸ handed in by Mr. White, for discussion at the next meeting.

No proceedings at any Social or business meeting of this Society shall be made public, except in pursuance of a Resolution of the Society.

The meeting then adjourned to dinner, where they were joined by Mr. Barrett, introduced by Mr. Burton and Mr. Carlton Edwards introduced by Mr. Fuller, who was in the Chair supported by Mr. Gayler as Vice. Adjourned.

Saturday²⁹ 17th September, 1853.

The Society met this day at Sandersons No. 36 Murray Street. Present W. E. Burton, Prest. in the Chair. Messrs. Daly, Elliott, Cozzens, Fuller, Keese, Otis, White, Wallack, Sanderson, Steward, and Balmanno, Secretary.

The Minutes of the former meeting were read.

The Secretary read a letter received by him from Mrs. Cowden Clarke, Elected an honorary Member on the 23d of July, which was Resolved to be inserted on the minutes, viz :—

“ 27 PORCHESTER TERRACE, BAYSWATER,
“ August 9th, 1853.

“ DEAR SIR.

“ Will you do me the favor to become the medium of my grateful acknowledgments to the Shakespeare Society of New York, for the high distinction they have been pleased to confer, in electing me an Honorary Member. It is a proud event to have been thus elected and consociated with themselves, by a body expressly instituted for the purpose of rendering homage to Shakespeare; while an additional source of gratification attends the circumstance, in its having chanced to take place, at the same time with the Society's election of a Nobleman no less distinguished by his poetical and literary endowments, than by his rank as an English Peer—since the Earl of Ellesmere, besides his other claims, lives in our respect as the translator of Goethe's ‘Faust.’ This is one of the many glorious tokens of advancement in our present age, that the noblest and most illustrious does not disdain being associated with the humblest individual, in combining to honor Poets and Poetry as among the highest means of human amelioration: and the generous universality of spirit, which is the natural result of such Teaching as William Shakespeare's has been notably demonstrated in the present instance,—where a Society of men in the ‘New World’ have established themselves, with the express purpose of proclaiming their reverence for his genius; and—not confining themselves to their own nation, or own hemisphere have called upon others from the ‘Old World’ to join them in renouncing ‘the foremost man of all this World.’ That I should enjoy the signal honor of being one of those called upon and distinguished by the Shakespeare Society of New York, will ever be proudly felt and gratefully esteemed, by Dear Sir, theirs and yours,
“faithfully and highly obliged

“ *Mary Cowden Clarke.*

“ ROBERT BALMANNO, Esq^r. ”

The³⁰ Society then proceeded to Ballot for the following gentlemen, nominated at last meeting.

Robert M. C. Graham proposed by Mr. Fuller and seconded by Mr. Otis.

Samuel F. Ruggles proposed by Mr. White and seconded by Mr. Gayler.

When it was found that neither were elected.

Mr. White's motion for an addition to the Rules, for which he gave notice at the last meeting was discussed, but as less than two thirds of the members were present, it could not be entertained. Mr. White then gave notice that the motion would be renewed at the next meeting.

The members then adjourned to dinner, Mr. Keese in the Chair, supported by Mr. Otis as Vice. Adjourned.³¹

¹ Pages 1 to 4 are blank. The title occurs on page 5. The letters are gilt, and enclosed in a border of mulberries, painted in water-colors. At the foot of the page are the following lines:

"The fruit of the Tree,
Which o beloved Shakespeare was planted by thee.
Honor'd and bless'd shall the Mulberry be,
By all who adore him as truly as we."

² Page 6 is blank. The records begin on page 7. The first word is in gilt letters, and the page is surrounded by a border of honeysuckles, painted, as before, in water-colors. Five lines from "Much Ado" (iii. 1), beginning with, "Bid her steal into the pleached bower," are at the foot of the page.

³ Generally known by the name of Sanderson's Hotel. *The Weekly Mirror* of May 8, 1852, states that "a very fine bust of the Poet stood on the mantel shelf, crowned with a beautiful wreath of laurel, prepared by a lady. The table was adorned with a copy of Garrick's Classic Temple at Hampton, festooned around with bays and roses, whilst under the cupola was another smaller bust."

⁴ The letter begins page 8.

⁵ This theatre was originally Palmo's Opera House, located at 39 and 41 Chambers Street, and opened by Ferdinand Palmo February 3, 1844. On July 10, 1848, Burton opened it, under the name of Burton's Theatre. His last performance there, prior to his removal to his new theatre, on Broadway, opposite Bond Street, was September 6, 1856.

⁶ "Twelfth Night" was played March 29, 1852, and "ran" a fortnight. The cast was:

ORSINO	Mr. John Dyott.
SIR TOBY BELCH	Mr. W. E. Burton.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK	Mr. John W. Lester.
MALVOLIO	Mr. W. R. Blake.
THE CLOWN	Mr. Thomas Placide.
VIOLA	Miss Weston.
MARIA	Miss Taylor.

⁷ Burton, I believe, never attempted this character.

⁸ Lizzie Weston. She married A. H. Davenport, who subsequently procured a divorce. She afterwards married Charles Mathews the younger.

⁹ Page 8 ends here. Page 9 has a water-color border of violets and oxlips, and at the foot of the page are four lines, beginning with, "I know a bank," etc.

¹⁰ Page 10 begins here.

¹¹ Page 11 begins here. The border is of corn and pea-blossoms, and at the foot are four lines from "The Tempest" (iv. 1), beginning, "Ceres, most bounteous lady," etc.

¹² Probably to correspond with the number of plays.

¹³ Page 12 begins here.

¹⁴ Page 13 begins here. It is surrounded with a border of daisies and violets in water-colors, and at the foot of the page are seven lines from "Hamlet" (iv. 5), beginning, "There's rosemary," etc.

¹⁵ Page 14 begins here. The first letter on the page is in red and gold colors.

¹⁶ The words "Fort Hamilton" are in water-color and extend across the top of page 15. The page

has a border of rose-buds, and at the foot is the line from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (ii. 2),—"An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds."

¹⁷ His name is sometimes spelled Gayler and sometimes Gaylor. He signed himself Charles Gayler in the members' list, but his full name was Charles Gaylor Clarke, and he was, I believe, a son or a nephew of the gentleman who proposed him.

¹⁸ Page 16 begins here. I may add at this place that upon this page and several of the other left-hand ones various contemporary newspaper cuttings referring to the society are pasted.

¹⁹ The "note" was duly inserted on page 17. It is surrounded by a border of mulberries,—a water-color sketch. At the two upper corners are small portraits of Shakespeare, and at the lower ones are masks representing Comedy and Tragedy. Finally, there is a large frame of water-colored violets, oxlips, and primroses surrounding the entire page, except a small space at the foot, where six lines from "The Winter's Tale" (iv. 3) are quoted, beginning with, "Daffodils, that come before," etc.

²⁰ She observes no rule so far as the orthography of the surname is concerned.

²¹ Page 19 begins with this head-line. The page has a border of roses, painted in water-colors, and at the foot is the single line from "Love's Labour's Lost" (v. 2.),—"Blow like sweet roses in the summer air." The preceding page is entirely blank.

²² Some of the members went up in the steamboat and others in the yacht of Mr. Cornelius Grinnell.

²³ Page 20 begins here.

²⁴ "A distinguished member of the legal profession delivered an admirable and learned discourse on the justices mentioned by Shakespeare as contrasted with those of other dramatic writers of the same period."—*N. Y. Herald*, July 25, 1853 (Society's report).

²⁵ Page 20 ends here. The next two leaves (four pages) are inlaid in the book. The first page contains the drawing of the cup mentioned by Irving; the reverse of the page is left blank. The third leaf contains the drawing of the skull cup, and on the reverse of this page the lines by Byron "inscribed upon a cup" are copied, and underneath some notes upon the custom of using skulls for drinking-cups.

²⁶ Page 21 begins at this place. It is surrounded by a border of holly, painted in water-colors, and at the foot of the page are four lines from "As You Like It" (ii. 7), beginning, "Heigh ho, sing heigh ho!" etc.

²⁷ At this meeting a discussion took place upon the Collier emendations. Some of the members considered Mr. Collier's edition the standard one, but others were decidedly opposed to it.

²⁸ Page 22 begins here.

²⁹ Page 23 begins at this place. It is surrounded by a painted border of carnations, and at the foot of the page are two lines from "The Winter's Tale" (iv. 3), beginning, "The fairest flowers o' the season," etc.

³⁰ Page 24 begins here.

³¹ Here the records abruptly come to an end; but fifty pages farther on there is the following table, containing the autographs:

DATE OF ELECTION.	MEMBERS. AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURE.	PLACE AND DATE OF BIRTH.	DIED.
1852. April 23 . .	W. E. BURTON	London, Sep. 24, 1804	10 Feby., 1860.
" " . .	ROBERT BALMANNO	Mansfield, near Aberdeen, Scotland, 20 Dec., 1780	
" " . .	JOHN W. HUNTER	Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 15, 1807	
" " . .	JOHN KEESE	New York, Nov. 24, 1805	30 May, 1856.
" " . .	JAMES F. OTIS	Newburyport, Mass., Aug. 18, 1808	
" " . .	RICH'D. GRANT WHITE	New York, May 23d, 1821	
1853. April 23 . .	CHARLES A. DANA	Hinsdale, N. H., Aug. 8, 1819	
" " . .	H. FULLER	Halifax (Mass.), Sep. 6, 1815	
" " . .	JAMES M. SANDERSON	Baltimore, June 9, 1817	
" May 21 . .	CORNELIUS GRINNELL	New York, Dec. 15, 1825	
" " . .	CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT	Scipio, Cayuga Co., N. Y., 19 Oct., 1812	
" " . .	CHAS. P. DALY	New York City, 31 Oct., 1816	
" " . .	PARKE GODWIN	Paterson, N. J., Feb 25th, 1816	
1853. June 18 . .	CHAS. GAYLER	London, April 1, 1820	

Honorary Members.

JOHN GREIG Moffat, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, 6 Aug.,
1779 Died at Canandaigua, N. Y.,
9 Apr., 1858.

WASHINGTON IRVING New York, Apr. 3, 1783 28 Nov., 1859.

23 July. 1853 . . EGERTON ELLESMERE London, Jan. 1, 1800 Feb. 18, 1857.

THE STUDY.

THE TECHNICAL MUSICAL ALLUSIONS IN "A TOC-CATA OF GALUPPI'S."

THESE are all to be found in the seventh, eighth, and ninth verses.

"What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions,—'Must we die?'
Those commiserating sevenths,—'Life might last! we can but try!'"

The lesser thirds are of course minor thirds, and are of common occurrence, but the diminished sixth is an interval rarely used. So rare is it that I have seen it stated by good authorities that it is never used harmonically. Ordinarily a diminished sixth (seven semitones), exactly the same interval as a perfect fifth, instead of giving a plaintive, mournful, or minor impression, would suggest a feeling of rest and satisfaction. As I have said, however, there is one way in which it can be used,—as a suspension, in which the root of the chord on the *lowered* super-tonic of the scale is suspended from above into the chord with added seventh on the super-tonic, making a diminished sixth between the root of the first and the third of the second chord. The effect of this progression is most dismal, and possibly Browning had it in mind, though it is doubtful almost to certainty if Galuppi knew anything of it. Whether it be an anachronism or not, or whether it is used in a scientifically accurate way or not, the figure is true enough poetically, for a diminished interval—namely, something less than normal—would naturally suggest an effect of sadness.

Suspensions, as may already have been guessed by the preceding example, are notes which are held over from one chord into another, and must be made according to certain musical rules as strict as the laws of the Medes and Persians. This holding over of a note always produces a dissonance, and must be followed by a concord,—in other words, a *solution*. Sevenths are very important dissonances in music,

and a commiserating seventh is most likely the variety called a minor seventh. Being a somewhat less mournful interval than the lesser thirds and the diminished sixths, whether real or imaginary, yet not so final as "those solutions" which seem to put an end to all uncertainty, and therefore to life, they arouse in the listeners to Galuppi's playing a hope that life may last, although in a sort of dissonantal, Wagnerian fashion. The "commiserating sevenths" are closely connected with the "dominant's persistence" in the next verse:

"Hark! the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to:
So an octave struck the answer."

The dominant chord in music is the chord written on the fifth degree of the scale, and it almost always has a seventh added to it, and in a large percentage of cases is followed by the tonic, the chord on the first degree of the scale. Now, in fugue form a theme is first presented in the tonic key, then the same theme is repeated in the dominant key, the latter being called the answer; after further contrapuntal wanderings of the theme the fugue comes to what is called an episode, after which the theme is presented first, in the dominant. "Hark! the dominant's persistence" alludes to this musical fact; but according to rule this dominant must be answered in the tonic an octave above the first presentation of the theme, and "So an octave struck the answer." Thus the inexorable solution comes in after the dominant's persistence. Although life seemed possible with commiserating sevenths, the tonic, a resistless fate, strikes the answer that all must end,—an answer which the frivolous people of Venice failed to perceive, and went on with their kissing. The notion of the tonic key as a relentless fate seems to suit well with the formal music of the days of Galuppi, while the more hopeful tonic key of Abt Vogler, "the C major of this life," indicates that fate and the tonic key have both fallen more under man's control.

C.

THE LIBRARY.

ROBINSON, W. CLARKE, M.A., Ph.D.—“Introduction to our Early English Literature (from the Earliest Times to the Norman Conquest).” Simpkin, Marshall & Co.: London, 1885. (5s.)

THIS is a book which deserves to be more widely known. It differs from other collections of specimens and translations of Anglo-Saxon literature in that it provides brief comment upon each of the writers and selections introduced. Prof. Robinson is clearly justified by the result in planning his work upon the supposition that prefaces linking together the fragments selected from the broken descent of our early literature, so as to make up a more continuous line of literary growth, would make not only his book but the whole vista of English literature thus opened up more interesting to the student.

His idea, further, he says, was to give in the reviews introductory to the selections suggestions that would point out “the connection and merit” of the pieces, “the contents, nature, and extent” of the poems from whence they are taken, and “the light they throw upon the life and manners of our Saxon fathers.” If he had done this, this little book would be indeed valuable; but to say that the “beauty of the story of ‘Waldere’ makes us only the sadder to learn that of this grand old poem only two short fragments remain in our mother tongue” is scarcely to offer the reader a criticism tending to any real literary perception of its quality; to say “*Beowulf*” “gives us great insight into the early life and manners of our forefathers at a time when real history can tell us nothing definite concerning them” is suggestive of what may be found there, but it is nothing more. But it is scarcely strange that Prof. Robinson sees his plan better than he follows it; for the truth is, we think, that the literary criticism which cares, above all minor though important concerns, for subject-matter and ideas, and traces these, with due

relation to different periods and qualities of writing, is scarcely more than rumored of as yet,—in regard at least to our earlier literature. Time has not yet ripened this fruit of scholarship. The work of the creative critic is secondary to the work of the specialist, who generally must be left untrammelled by a foresight of wider results, and able to plume himself on the superiority of his pursuits over those of all others, else he might not be induced to work on so drily at his necessary preliminary task. And so, the hour of creative criticism is not yet come. The hands of the manuscript decipherer, the grammarian, and the philologist have not yet left their hold upon the rich mass of material they are mining for the careless children of men, and, in its crude state, they still will not be induced to do more than respect it, and will only learn the richness and significance of it when its kinships with real life have been shown.

But, although we cannot find that this well-planned book quite fulfils its design in the respects noted, the fact remains that it is the more useful because of its popular plan, and its introduction, which is an historical sketch of the Teutonic tribes, their movements and early literature. It offers some guidance in the line of appreciation of our early literature, while, at the same time, it gives some material for investigation, and it is therefore well fitted to serve as an ordinary school text-book. And such a text-book should form a necessary part of common instruction in English literature.

Charlotte Porter.

SOCIETIES.

The London Browning Society commences its tenth session on Friday, October 31. When, in 1881, Miss Hickey and Dr. Furnivall started the first Browning Society, they could little have foreseen the growth to which it would attain, or the branches that were to develop from it. Once fairly started, however, the Society vigorously progressed, striking out ramifications far and wide, and, undeterred alike by ridicule or fulsome praise, has unquestionably

done a great and a lasting work. The impetus given to the study of Browning's work in England has been immense; while, leaving America out of account, we note that Browning Reading Classes have been started in Gratz, Styria, by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker; at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, by Rev. J. T. Lloyd; and at Copenhagen by Mr. Jón Stefánsson. We are therefore glad to note that the London Society is still to the fore in Browning work and that the tenth session will open with every prospect of success. For the opening meeting there are to be music and recitations,—the latter under the direction of Miss Florence Bourne; to be followed in November by a reading of "Colombe's Birthday," by the Nomad Society. For next year, papers are promised by Professor Jones and Miss Helen Ormerod; by Mrs. Alexander Ireland on "Christina and Monaldeschi;" by Mr. Jón Stefánsson, on "How Browning strikes a Scandinavian" (March 20); on "Browning's Work in Relation to Life," by Mr. W. F. Revell (April 24); on "Browning's Dramatic Method in Narrative," by Mr. J. B. Oldham (May 29); and on June 26 the session is to close with a paper by Mr. R. G. Moulton, "Against Browning's View of Euripides." We are sorry to note that, on the ground principally of ill-health, Mr. W. B. Slater has been compelled to resign the honorary secretaryship of the Society; this onerous position has now been undertaken by Mr. E. E. Davis, of 2 Wallace Road, Canonbury, London, N., to whom all communications may be addressed.

The newly-formed Clerkenwell and Islington Browning Society—which holds its meetings in a rather prosaic part of London—also meets on the 20th of this month, after the summer recess, when a paper is to be read by the Rev. J. S. Jones on "Browning's Ecclesiastics." The secretary of this Society is Mr. W. G. Kingsland, of 45 Thornhill Square, Barnsbury, London, N.

Other branches of the Society at Manchester, Glasgow University, Cheltenham, etc., are also preparing for their autumn and winter sessions, and it may be hoped that much useful and interesting work will be accomplished.

LONDON, Sept., 1890.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Is **THIS** a democracy destitute of democrats, that the root principle at issue in the recent "Kreutzer Sonata" taboo is so persistently overlooked?

The fundamental concern in this, for Americans, certainly should be, not whether the Czar, or the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, or Censor Blank Dash Asterisk is justified in considering this book dangerous in its moral doctrine, but why any of these tape-measurers should interlope with their opinions between author and public and impose their compulsion upon men and women whose right it is to have every opportunity to judge for themselves. If there is any argument to bear out such usurpation, it must be an argument that strikes with equal force against a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Even censorship that may be, supposedly, perfectly right in any given instance is absolutely wrong in giving right judgment, because it cannot give it without doing violence to the life itself of public morals. For the only hope of a higher collective morality than now exists among the people lies in the development of individual energy, and the first requisites of individual growth are the utmost knowledge and the freest choice possible.

Authoritative suppression or control of literary expression assumes to know what it cannot by any possibility know,—what is good and fit for all men at all times. It insults the whole idea of each man's right to an open chance for self-culture, and, however well-meant it may be, sure is it sooner or later to be absolutely wrong. Yet in all the discussion called out by the recent silly and ignorant attempted suppression of an honest book, there have been few words spoken on this essential side of the subject, so far as we have seen; and, aside from the apathy to moral interests that is eloquent in this silence, it appears also that this democracy has so little faith in its own principles that in several newspapers calls have been made for the establishment of authorized censors of literature having undis-

puted power to pronounce upon matters of taste and morals. Has civilization taught us nothing, that we can find any promise of well-being in living and thinking by proxy? To whom shall we be justified in deputing the decision of what vitally concerns ourselves? Who will safely bear a burden of privilege we have no right to impose? What, at bottom, is this notion of censorship but a survival of a disastrous class-habit?—a notion that fraternizes, though it may be unconsciously and illogically, with all past attempts to restrict thought within prescribed and supposedly salutary limits,—with the poisoning of Socrates, the crucifixion of Christ, condemnation of early Christians, inquisitions against heretics, persecutions of Galileos and Giordano Brunos. The plea—protection of the public—is the same, the underlying fallacy the same, and as repugnant to public progress, in these elder-time acts of useless moral tyranny as in this latest instance of official meddling with the free expression of thought.

As to the book itself—Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata"—a word seems to us to be needed. It is a story which leads the reader to distinguish between lust and love; to see the essential difference between a false and sensual sentimentality and genuine healthy emotion; to acknowledge that a true marriage of equal minds cannot, in the nature of the case, arise from social conditions that permit, legalize, and aid brutishness in men, and furthermore ease their primrose path by rearing girls in ignorance of this double standard of morals, fitting them thus both to tempt and to be submissive to an allowed viciousness of appetite.

The distinctions to be made are the same that Emerson makes in his poems on the Initial, Dæmonic, and Celestial Love; they are the same that Browning makes in "Fifine at the Fair," in "By the Fireside,"—"O the little more and what bliss it is, O the little less and what worlds away:" they are the distinctions which are utterly blurred and blotted in the coarsened and mainly irrelevant account of Tolstoi's book given by Ingersoll in a recent number of the *North American Review*.

Mr. Thorne, in the last *Globe*, has given what seems to us the best defence that has been made of the "Kreutzer Sonata" against

the implications of evil under which it rests ; although, in the course of his plea, he shows us the limits of his own fair-mindedness, for he draws a line at Walt Whitman, assumes to know, just as the third assistant postmaster-general did, exactly what is good for all men, and exhibits the same moral tyranny over Whitman's free speech that he rages against other people exercising over Tolstoi. But even Mr. Thorne slights the dramatic quality and literary plan of Tolstoi's book, and exaggerates its force as a personal utterance of Tolstoi's own convictions. And, generally speaking, the reviewers seem to us to take it for granted that Posdnicheff = Tolstoi. It may be that Tolstoi thinks that marriage of any kind is damnable, but it does not follow that he thinks so because he makes the debauched villain of his book, a creature corrupted from his earliest manhood, morally biassed and emotionally insane, think so. Nor does it follow that he finds Beethoven morally perverting and sensualizing because Posdnicheff is so affected. The statement would seem to be a *reductio ad absurdum*, yet Ingersoll gravely urges it against Tolstoi. It may be that Posdnicheff expresses some of his author's convictions, but it better appears from the book that he uses him to show forth the due result of the specified conditions. The author who wields him and his circumstances is clearer seen outside of him, and his own position is to be found, if need be to find it, in the quiet traveller who tells the tale. He reports for us the desultory, vivid discussion on marriage and the rights of women. He portrays the separate individualities of the other inmates of the travelling coach ; to him, also, when they all—the conservative old man who sees no way out of it but to rule women with the rod, the mannish young woman who believes in comradeship in love, the common-natured young drummer who finds it amusing to agree with the uppermost argument—go out at different stations and leave him alone—to him the abnormally nervous and significantly silent man in the corner—Posdnicheff himself, as he learns—is fated to tell his story.

It is a common story. The same Philadelphia evening paper that reported one of the court's hearings of the case against two or three street-venders arrested on the charge of selling the " Kreutzer Sonata," reported, also, on the same page, a similar case of wife-

murder and release of the prisoner. The difference is that the newspaper account told part of the results only and none of the causes, and hinted at no remedies. The question remains, Shall we have the disease without the aid of the physician?

SHAKESPEARE AT THE TWO PARIS SALONS.

THE "GAY" capital of the French nation well deserves its adjective at all times, but much more especially so in the spring, when all the wealth and fashion, not of France only, but also the representative wealth of almost all the civilized nations, congregate here for the chief events of the social season, then at its height. One of the first, as well as most important, of the functions of the Parisian world at this time is the official opening of the Grand Salon.

This year had good reason for being more interesting than usual to all art lovers, for were there not two Salons? and the New Salon, at the Champs de Mars, attracted an immense amount of notice and comment, both favorable and otherwise. The fact that the leader of the seceding section from the parent Salon is Meissonier himself lent in most people's eyes another attraction to the galleries,—the same which last year held the art treasures of the Exposition.

The Old Salon was held in the Palais d'Industrie, that spacious building which is in turn put to so many uses. Some of your readers may remember it as the finest ball-room of Europe when last year the exhibitors of the Exposition gave the ball of the year to the President of the French Republic. Since then it has been a dining-room and an agricultural show, and now it seems as though it were built only to show pictures to the very best advantage. Although so many painters have "gone over" with Meissonier, there was no apparent bareness in the walls.

The most noteworthy Shakespearian subject in the whole of the well-filled Palais d'Industrie was to be found among the statuary, of which there was a splendid display. This was a fine life-sized statue of Ophelia, by C. A. Colle. She is shown in one of the long gowns of the Middle Ages, with a handsome girdle in which

the skirt is looped at one side, her hair is long and flows over her shoulders, small flowers rest on her head and in her hair, which with one hand she holds at its full length from her face, while with the other she scatters some flowers she is holding. All the details of the figure are very well carried out, and, perhaps because it is placed in a very good position for being seen, or, may be, because the general public know so well the story which this piece of sculpture embodies, certainly it is a much-noticed and praised bit of work.

At the other Salon, on the Champs de Mars, it was a relief to find that there were scarcely any of those ghastly subjects which so often caused, last year, a feeling of disgust and aversion, in no way tempered by the fact that the subject was exceedingly well painted,—perhaps, rather increased by the very excellence which rendered it so lifelike or, more exactly speaking, so deathlike. At the New Salon, as at the Old, but few dramatic scenes were shown; even the works of French dramatists were rarely illustrated; although so many scenes, well worthy of a painter's brush, might be found in them that one wonders that they are not more often used.

Among the Shakespearian subjects there were three which stood out from their surroundings and call for special mention. One was the rather hackneyed scene of Lady Macbeth looking at her small white hand. This picture, by J. Stevens, does full justice to what one imagines would be the feelings of Lady Macbeth. The face wears a strong, determined cast of expression, yet fear is half-expressed by the bold, dark eyes which at that moment show a passing emotion of horror. She stands in a stone corridor, the lamp she has been carrying is placed in front of her and reflects a red glow on her loose white robe and upon the slender hand which she holds between herself and the light; behind her is a window through which is seen a peaceful summer landscape, at strange variance with the tempestuous feelings at work in her mind. A blue snake bangle on the rounded arm looks out of place in a mediæval picture; and the lamp which lights up her features would seem to have as little right to be there; it is of the pattern one would expect to see in a picture of Eastern legend rather than in a scene from Shakespeare.

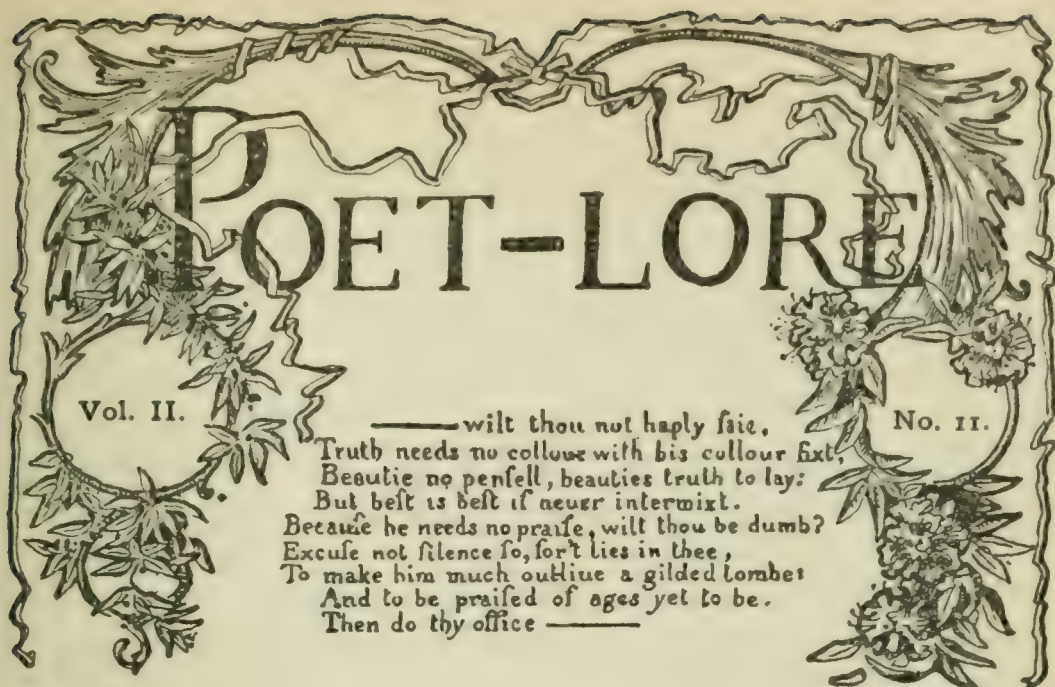
The second picture that calls for attention was Mr. J. Sargent's much-talked-of portrait of Lady Macbeth, but so different is it in style and treatment from the first that many people could not quite accept the fact that they were both intended to represent the same character. With an intense blue for background, this Lady Macbeth is represented in a very full peacock-blue robe with long, open, hanging sleeves of a verdant-green color, some gold embroidery, and a waist-belt and girdle of gold and precious stones, completing a really marvellous toilet. She holds a crown in both hands above her head in the act of placing it upon her brow. The hair is of a red—indeed very red—color, and is hanging in two long braids in front. It is twisted in a curious manner with ribbons of a saffron-red hue, and reaches almost to the knees.

As a portrait of Ellen Terry it is decidedly a disappointment. With such a fine and unhackneyed theme to work out, with such a splendid woman to portray, why could not the artist have managed to give something like a worthy rendering?

Ophelia was the subject chosen by Mademoiselle Lemaire, in a large striking picture hung in the second room at the Champs de Mars. She is painted roaming, as doubtless Ophelia would so often have done, through the fair park; a small brook babbles at her feet, on its bank are growing the iris and narcissus. She wears a white satin gown, which would not have the true air of a French artist were it not exceedingly *décolleté*. The bodice is fastened at the waist, but no higher, and is quite without sleeves; it has slipped from the shoulders, and, in consequence, the shapely young form it is intended to cover has no protection whatever. As here shown Ophelia is a charmingly fair young girl, her flaxen hair twined with narcissus and corn-flowers; while she holds up the front of her gown as a receptacle for the iris and narcissus she is in the act of plucking on the water's brink. The pretty blue eyes gaze straight out of the picture, but have in their depths no appearance of a wandering mind; only a little surprise, just such as a startled fawn might show when disturbed in its leafy glade.

L. A. King.

PARIS, July 18, 1890.



“HAMLET” IN PARIS.

ALTHOUGH “Hamlet” has been discussed in France more than any other play of Shakespeare, it has been acted very rarely. Only three arrangements of this masterpiece have been produced on the Parisian stage: first, the adaptation by Ducis (1769), then the verse translation by Alexandre Dumas and Paul Meurice (1847), and lastly a translation, also in verse, by MM. Cressonnois and Samson (1886). Of course operas and the Italian scenarios of Salvini and Rossi do not come under the category with which we are now concerned. The romanticists and the generation of Frenchmen who came after 1830 made the acquaintance of Shakespeare’s masterpiece chiefly through the interpretation of Kean, Kemble, and Macready, who acted in Paris during the years 1827–28 and 1844–45.

It is interesting to note that many of the Italian stories, which furnished the plots of some of Shakespeare’s plays, came into England indirectly through French translations. It was through a translation of François de Belleforest’s compilations that the “History” of “Hamlet” was revived in England at the time that Shakespeare wrote. The first so-called translation of “Hamlet” published

in France was that contained in the second volume of the "Théâtre-Anglais" of De La Place (Paris, 1745). De La Place was animated by the most praiseworthy intentions, and his volumes did much to help on the dramatic reform then in preparation, but his translation is scarcely worthy of the name. He took for his motto, *verbum non reddere verbo*, and conscientiously adhered to the principles therein enounced. His "Hamlet" is a mixture of prose and verse, both of the roughest kind; whole scenes are omitted, others are simply analyzed, and the words and thoughts of Shakespeare are throughout curiously distorted. Nevertheless, the publication of the "Théâtre-Anglais" attracted much attention. The enterprise was bold and new; the author in his first volume thought it necessary to apologize for his audacity, and, while sounding high the praise of Shakespeare, was careful to anticipate all objections on the ground of taste, style, and dramatic liberty. At the end of his very ingenious and vigorous preliminary discourse he says: "Let us then beware of condemning irrevocably what our grandchildren will, perhaps, one day applaud."

Previous to the publication of the "Théâtre-Anglais," "Hamlet" was known to the French only by hearsay, by a few extracts and analyses in Voltaire's "Lettres sur les Anglais" (1731), in some of his prefaces to his pieces, and notably from the talk created, in 1732, by the tragedy of "Eryphile," in which certain details were copied from "Hamlet." In the fourth act of this piece Voltaire introduced the ghost of Amphiaras, but without obtaining much effect from the apparition. Later, Voltaire brought upon the stage, with more success, the spectre of Ninus, in the tragedy of "Semiramis." These details were regarded at the time as immense innovations. It was felt that the future of the classical tragedy was at stake, and literary discussion waxed high.

In 1769, Ducis began with "Hamlet" that series of unfaithful imitations of Shakespeare with which posterity has so often reproached him, and that his contemporaries received with applause such as no modern translations or adaptations have yet obtained. Ducis simply adapted to the taste of his age the situations or "beauties" that struck him in Shakespeare; and so well did he suc-

ceed in “nationalizing” his model, that up to within recent times his quaint arrangement of “Othello” was constantly played and applauded at the Comédie-Française in preference to the excellent translation of Alfred de Vigny. Ducis never professed to translate Shakespeare. “I do not understand English,” he wrote in his preface, “and yet I have dared to produce ‘Hamlet’ on the French stage. Everybody knows the merit of the ‘Théâtre-Anglais’ of M. De La Place. It is after this work, so valuable to literature, that I have endeavored to render one of the most singular tragedies of Shakespeare.”

Still, in spite of his efforts to make “Hamlet” appear less strange to the public of the Comédie-Française, he had some difficulty in getting the piece played. Lekain refused the title-rôle, saying, “Find an actor who has not the same insurmountable prejudice that I have for this kind of a play.” Molé hesitated to accept the part, but finally consented, and his success was very great. Then Talma assumed the part. This celebrated actor had an original way of preparing Hamlet’s nervous agitation in one of the scenes. Before appearing, when he heard his cue given, he used to seize his valet by the collar, shake him, and while he was shaking him declaim the two lines that are to be spoken behind the scenes.

“Fuis, spectre épouvantable !
Porte au sein des tombeaux ton aspect redoutable !”

Talma then flung back the valet with violence, and, excited by this effort, made his entry, giving all the signs of feverish agitation that become the personage and the situation.

Nobody nowadays would think of reading the “Hamlet” of Ducis, except out of literary curiosity. However bold it may have seemed at the time, it now appears insipid beyond expression. The object of the piece is to show, in Hamlet, a model of filial piety. Hamlet is represented as reigning King of Denmark, and Claudius as the heir-apparent. In the *dénouement* poetic justice is equally distributed in a calm and dignified manner. Hamlet kills Claudius, and, turning to his guilty mother, says to her: “Return to your duty; repair your offence; my vengeance is satisfied with one victim.” Then Gertrude stabs herself, saying :

“ Ce fils trop généreux, par un reste d'amour,
 Désobéit au ciel en me laissant le jour ;
 Puisqu'il n'ose venger un père déplorable,
 C'est à moi maintenant de punir la coupable.”

And so Hamlet lives. His cup of misfortune is full to the brim, but he says :

“ Ma vertu me reste ;
 Mais je suis homme et roi ; réservé pour souffrir,
 Je saurai vivre encore ; je fais plus que mourir.”

Ducis has contrived a double *dénouement* for nearly all his pieces, one intended for the stage and the other for the use of *âmes sensibles*, to use a favorite expression of the day. In the second *dénouement* of “Hamlet,” Claudius is torn to pieces by the mob, behind the scenes, and Hamlet's hands remain pure from the stain of blood.

No special mention need be made of the more or less faithful renderings of “Hamlet” contained in the translations of Shakespeare by Letourneur (1776–83), revised and corrected by Guizot and Amédée Pichot, in 1821, and by Francisque Michel, in 1839; in the translations by Benjamin Laroche (1841–43); by Emile Montégut (1868); by MM. Fouinet, Châtelain, De Wailly, Théodore Reinach, and Cayron; and in the translation of François Victor Hugo, which remains up to the present day the finest translation of Shakespeare that exists in the French language. None of the above translations were intended for performance. Two other translations designed for the stage, although never yet played, have been made by M. Louis Ménard and M. E. Guillemot. M. Ménard presented his manuscript to the Comédie-Française some years ago. Instead of producing this version, the committee of the theatre preferred to accept MM. Dumas and Meurice's work; whereupon M. Ménard brought a suit against the Théâtre-Français, and claimed damages to the amount of forty thousand dollars. His plea was that his manuscript had been used for the modifications made in the text of MM. Dumas and Meurice's version, which differs considerably to-day from that played in 1847 at the Théâtre-Historique. Nothing ever came of this suit, and M. Ménard's piece still remains unperformed. M. Guillemot's translation, in rhymed verse, blank

verse, and prose, was published in 1869. No manager, however, has yet ventured to accept this piece.

Ducis's arrangement of “Hamlet” was the only acting version of the tragedy that existed in France previous to 1846, when MM. Dumas and Meurice's adaptation was offered to the Comédie-Française—and politely declined. Up to that time, to borrow the expression of Théophile Gautier, a fervent admirer of Shakespeare, “the Théâtre-Français persisted in playing Ducis's insipid imitation at long intervals, as though it wished to show its hate against all progress.” Shortly after MM. Dumas and Meurice's piece was refused at the Comédie-Française (it was received “*à correction*,” which is only another form for a polite refusal), Dumas hired the little theatre at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, a Parisian suburb, where he was then living, and invited the critics and a select audience of Parisians to judge the work. The performance created quite a sensation in the world of art and letters. It was an excellent occasion for tirades against the current literature of the day, and of *florituri* on that inexhaustible topic, the decadence of the stage. The old romanticists, remembering the battles and enthusiasms of their youth, furnished their pens for a new onslaught upon the Philistines; the *feuilletonistes*, delighted to have something to talk about besides vulgar melodramas and *bourgeois* comedies, aired their Shakespearean erudition. Jules Janin was brilliantly fantastic, Paul de Saint-Victor dazzled with the pyrotechnic majesty of his phrase, and Gautier was pathetic.

MM. Dumas and Meurice's “Hamlet,” in five acts, in verse, was an able adaptation rather than a translation; the authors both added to and took away from the original. Nevertheless, the scene of the grave-diggers was retained, and when the tragedy was played at Paris for the first time, at the Théâtre-Historique, in 1847, the public endured the sight of skulls rolling about the stage, and even the armor-clad spectre did not raise a laugh. In short, “Hamlet” was listened to with admiration and respect, and, contrary to the expectation of the actors, it proved a popular success.

In speaking of the French translations and adaptations of Shakespeare it is as easy as it is useless to sneer. If Alexandre Dumas

Go; thy heart hath washed thy shame with thy tears;
Woman here, queen in heaven. Gertrude, hope and die! [GERTRUDE *dies*.

The King. Pardon!

The Ghost. No pardon! Go, infamous murderer,
Go! For thy horrible crime, in their circles of flame,
Satan and hell have not too many torments.

Go, incestuous traitor, go, despair and die! [*The KING dies*.

Hamlet. And I, am I to remain, sad orphan on the earth,
And breathe this air, impregnated with misery?
Tragedian, chosen of the wrath of God.

If I have chosen ill my part, and ill understood my play;
If, trembling at my work, and wearied without fighting,
For one that thou didst wish, I have killed four,—
Oh, speak! will God not pardon,

Father? And what chastisement awaits me?

The Ghost. Thou shalt live."

By this *dénouement*, Dumas, from a French point of view at least, made the piece "logical" in its beginning and in its end; the fate of each person is fixed, and the punishment proportioned to the crime with sublime justice. Only Shakespeare's Hamlet could not live. In Shakespeare's Hamlet vengeance devours the avenger. "The rest is silence."

It was in this version of "Hamlet" that Rouvière, a celebrated actor of that day, appeared with a success that was frequently renewed in subsequent revivals of the piece at the Odéon and the Gaité.

I have spoken of this translation as the joint work of MM. Dumas and Meurice. In point of fact, Alexandre Dumas was little more than the protector of the work. Being curious to know exactly what share Dumas had in the composition of this piece, I asked M. Paul Meurice one day to tell me the history of it, which I will here relate as nearly as possible in M. Meurice's own words.

"I was very young then; I was a 'freshman,' and ostensibly a law student in the Latin Quarter. Being already a great admirer of Shakespeare, and with a view to practising dramatic verse writing, I had translated the principal scenes of 'Hamlet.' At that time I was fairly familiar with English; at any rate, I could read it with ease. And so, without any idea of having the piece produced on the stage, I had translated nearly all of 'Hamlet;' I had omitted

only the connecting and transition scenes. One day I spoke of my work to Dumas, who was an enthusiastic champion of the Shakespearian movement.

“‘Ah!’ said Dumas, ‘you must show me that!’

“‘I brought my manuscript; he read it.

“‘The translation is very good, very good,’ was the verdict; ‘the verses are well turned. I will get it played for you at the Théâtre-Français. Ligier (a celebrated actor of the time) is tired of playing the Hamlet of Ducis, and I am sure he will jump at an opportunity of playing at last the Hamlet of Shakespeare. But I am afraid of the *dénouement*. For the French stage, you know, it is perhaps a little too audacious. The public is not accustomed to that sort of thing.’

“‘I protested in the name of Shakespeare and on the ground of the respect due to genius.

“‘Yes, yes,’ continued Dumas, ‘I know, you are quite right; but the French public will never put up with that slaughtering at the end. We shall have to tone that down, make it less violent.’

“‘Although my conscience continued to protest, still, Alexandre Dumas was a master in matters concerning the drama. I was only a boy; so I yielded. But wishing to respect Shakespeare, even in changing his sacred text, I suggested the adaptation to ‘Hamlet’ of the apparition of the ghosts of Clarence, Rivers, Hastings, Queen Anne, and the other victims of Richard in the last act of ‘Richard III.’ Dumas was enchanted.

“‘The idea is capital; go and write the scene, and then we will see what the committee of the Français has to say about the piece.’

“‘So I wrote the final scene as it was afterwards played. Meanwhile, Dumas arranged the *scenario* and intercalated a few verses here and there to connect the scenes; but in reality, with the exception of these few lines, I was the author of the whole play. Thus arranged, the piece was read at the Comédie-Française and received by the actors, who were then the sole judges of what should be accepted and what rejected. Only it was received *à correction*,—that is to say, on condition that alterations should be made in it by the authors and actors in concert. Dumas was furious when he heard the verdict.

“‘*Quoi? Mais on ne reçoit pas Shakespeare à correction! Tas d’imbéciles!*’

“‘And he took up the manuscript and stalked out of the theatre.’

Finally, as already stated, this translation was brought out at the Théâtre-Historique and signed by MM. Dumas and Meurice.

Subsequently, and partly with a view to having it played on the occasion of the Shakespeare Jubilee, in 1864, M. Paul Meurice made a new version of "Hamlet," in which he respected the Shakespearian text entirely and restored the *dénouement* of the original. The proposed Shakespearian performance, together with the Jubilee banquet, were, the reader perhaps will remember, prohibited by order of the Emperor, who regarded both these manifestations as expressions of *Hugolatry*.

In December, 1867, M. Paul Meurice's new and faithful version was given at the Gaité Theatre. Mme. Judith, who had then finally retired from the Comédie-Française, played the part of Hamlet, and her success was immense, not only with the critics but with the general public. It was on the occasion of this revival that Alexandre Dumas rushed into print to prove that the *dénouement* formerly played at the Théâtre-Historique was at once better, more logical, and more dramatic than that of Shakespeare.

At the time of the revival of this new version at the Gaité, in 1867, M. Paul Meurice hoped that the renewal of the popularity of the piece would open for him the doors of the Comédie-Française. But it still required patience and a constant besieging on his part to induce M. Emile Perrin, who was then manager, to promise, in 1883, that he would produce the tragedy. And even then, it is very doubtful if M. Perrin would have yielded had he not been urged to do so by M. Mounet-Sully, who had long desired to play the rôle of Hamlet. It was only in 1886 that all the difficulties were removed. M. Paul Meurice had grown white-haired in the struggle, but his translation had gained in finish and ampleness of language, for he never ceased polishing it and improving it.

The first performance was given on September 28, and the success was at once striking and complete. As a spectacle it was admirable, and even more perfect and artistic than the excellent *mise-en-scène* at the London Lyceum. Mounet-Sully is admitted by competent critics to be equal at least to all the great actors who have played the rôle of Hamlet. The chief merits of his performance are the detailed and varied rendering of the infinite moods of that human orchestra, "Hamlet," and the plastic beauty of the

actor. No Hamlet has ever been more princely, more elegant, more gentle, more grief-worn, more melancholy, more nervously furious, or more romantically tragic. Throughout the piece he is always interesting, human, touching, or terrible. Perfect diction, perfect attitude, perfect gesture, charm of voice, and fascination of person,—all the qualities of a great tragedian are displayed by Mounet-Sully.

In February, 1886, MM. Cressonnois and Samson, two young authors, had the good fortune to see their translation of "Hamlet," in verse, produced at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, thanks to the support of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who wished to play the part of Ophelia. MM. Cressonnois and Samson endeavored to present as nearly as possible a literal translation of Shakespeare's tragedy; that is to say, to follow the exact order of the scenes in the original, and to preserve the real type and character of the personages. Their work, although meritorious, can hardly be considered as a successful stage piece. The principal attraction was, naturally, to see Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in a new rôle. Unfortunately for Mme. Bernhardt, the gentle Ophelia is a character entirely unsuited to her talent, and the actress's rendering of the part was a complete failure.

Théodore Child.

THE RUSSIAN DRAMA.—III.

PUSHKIN.



IN our last article (POET-LORE, March, 1890) we left the false Dimitri just entering Russia with a following of ambitious Poles, Russians who had been banished during the reign of Iván the Terrible, Lechs, and French and German mercenaries. We are next transported back to Moscow, and what would be the sixteenth scene of the drama brings us into the Council Chamber of the Tsar, where the Russian boyars are assembled,—among them the Patriarch Job, who, according to history, was a creature humbly devoted to Boris,—for it must be

remembered that Godunóf, in order to strengthen his hands, not only fastened the peasant to the soil, thus winning to his favor the small peasant proprietors who were being ruined by desertions of their serfs, then free on St. George's day to change masters at will, but also created the Patriarchate, thus making spiritual Russia practically independent of the parent Greek Church. And the first incumbent of the Patriarchate being at his service, he could easily sway the minds of the people, for in those days, as is true to a large extent at the present time, the Russians were the most religiously inclined if not the most superstitious people in Europe. Prince Shuisky, who conducted the "whitewashing" inquest over the murdered prince at Úglitch, and who afterwards fought so gallantly for Borís at Dobronytchy, lends his voice, and so also does Basmánof, in whom Borís had deep confidence, but who was afterwards among the first to turn traitor to his benefactor.

A few extracts from this striking scene may well hold our attention. It is Borís who opens the council :

"The Tsar. What's this? A disrobed priest, a vagrant monk,
Against us lead his vagabond battalions
And dare to write us menaces? Enough!
'Tis time to crush the madman. Hasten, then,
Trubétskoï thou, and thou Basmánof! Help
Is of my gallant voyevodes required.
Chernígof is besieged by rebel hordes :
The city and civilians must be saved.

Basmánof. Your Majesty, ere three months shall have passed
We shall not hear e'en the pretender's name.
Like some strange monster from beyond the seas,
Shall he be brought to Moscow in a cage
Of iron. By the Lord, I swear it thee!

[*Exit with TRUBETSKOI.*"]

The Tsar, after mentioning that the King of Sweden has sent ambassadors offering aid, which, he says, need not be accepted, for the native-born soldiery of Russia would suffice to keep away a horde of traitors, commands one of his officers to despatch messengers in all directions, commanding the voyevodes to mount and assemble their troops for service and for the monasteries to furnish their contingents.

He goes on to say,—

“ . . . In days of yore,
 When evil rose to threat the fatherland,
 The very hermits came to join the fray;
 But now no wish have we to bid them stir:
 Let them but pray for us. Thus wills the Tsar;
 Such is the sentence of the boyars' council.
 Let now a weighty question urge reply:
 Ye know the insolent pretender's spreading
 Insidious rumors everywhere around.
 The letters he has broadcast sown about
 Are growing doubt and trouble everywhere;
 Rebellious whispers fill the public squares,
 And minds are seething. This must be put down.
 Some medicine must be devised in time.
 But how? and what? We must decide. Do thou,
 O holy father, first express thy mind.”

The Patriarch's speech is shrewd and adroit. It illustrates how easily religion may be made to serve as the handmaid of ambition. He begins with an admonition to Borís to be mild and gently patient. He predicts that the sun of eternal truth will shine at last on all. Then he proceeds to relate an occurrence that he is certain will fill all his hearers with wonder. He knows his audience.

“ *The Patriarch.* That devil's son, that cursèd monk disrooked,
 Impersonates Dimítri to the people;
 The name Tsarévitch, like a priestly vestment
 Shamelessly stolen, he has taken on.
 But he will surely soon discredit it,
 Will be disgraced in his own nakedness,
 And God himself will give the means thereto.
 Heed what I tell thee, Sire. Six years ago,
 The very year that unto thee the Lord
 Did consecrate the majesty of Tsar,
 One vesper hour a venerable man,
 Altho' a simple shepherd, came to me
 And told a marvellous secret to my ears.
 ‘When I was young,’ said he, ‘I lost my sight,
 And from that time till I was very old
 The day from night mine eyes could not discern.
 In vain with herbs and charms of magic force
 The leeches tried to give me back my sight;

In vain to shrines did I a pilgrim go,
Where mighty wonder-workers showed their powers ;
In vain from sacred fountains did I lave
My sightless orbs with waters famed for cures :
The Lord was minded not to send me health.
And so at length my hope all died away,
And I grew wonted to my fated gloom ;
And even dreams no longer might reveal
Things that I once had seen, and only sounds
Were borne unto my senses. Once in sleep
I heard a child's voice saying unto me,
" Arise, thou aged man, and make thy way
To Úglitch-town and the cathedral there,
And fail thou not to pray above my tomb.
God is pitiful : I will intercede."
" But who art thou ?" I asked the voice that spoke.
" Thou talkest with Dimítri the Tsarévitch :
The King of heaven has placed me in his choir
Of angels there, and I have now the power
To work great wonders. Little uncle, go !"
I woke from sleep, and inwardly I said,
" Who knows ? It may be God indeed will cure
My blindness, tho' so late it be. I go."
And I addressed myself to the long way.
And when to Úglitch I at last had come
I sought the holy church, and mass I heard,
And with my fervent soul on fire I wept
For joy, as tho' my blindness from my eyes
Had vanished with the trickling of my tears.
And when the people 'gan to leave the church,
I to my grandson said, " Iván, now lead
Unto the tomb where sleeps the young Dimíttri."
And so the lad conducted me ; and when
Before the tomb I breathed a silent prayer,
My eyes regained their sight, and I could see
God's daylight and my grandson and the grave.'
Such was the story, Sire, the old man told."

During this narration Borís is observed several times to wipe the perspiration from his brow. There is a general stupefaction, and the Patriarch, taking advantage of it, proceeds to disclose his plan for discrediting the impostor and convincing the people that the young son of their Terrible Tsar is sleeping the last sleep. He continues :

"I sent expressly then to Úglitch-town,
And learned that many suffering ones have there
In like way found such comfort for their woes
Before the tablet that entombs the prince.
This is my counsel: to the Kreml bring
The sacred relics, and deposit them
Within the Arkhangélsk Cathedral; then
The people will be able to detect
With ease the godless vagabond's deceit:
His devilish power will disappear like smoke."

This proposition is received in dead silence, and then Prince Shuisky, though he is favorably disposed to Borís, replies:

"*Shuisky.* O holy father, who may know the way
Of the Most High? 'Tis not for me to judge.
Eternal sleep and wonder-working powers
He may impart unto the child's remains.
But it is needful that we now suppress
With diligence the rumor widely spread;
And in such stormy and excited times
Can we attend to such a mighty thing?
Will 't not be said that we impertinent
Have taken for a weapon sacred things
To use amid terrestrial affairs?
So heedless are the people, so unstable,
E'en now there is too much of noisy talk.
It is no time to agitate men's minds
With unexpected and important news.
And thus I counsel: we must crush at once
The rumors started by that cursèd monk;
And to this end are other means more clear.
And therefore, Sire, if thou wilt favor it,
I will appear upon the public square
To tell the people of that vagrant's shame
And lay his insolent deception bare."

To this the Tsar consents, and the Duma, or Council, breaks up, not without more than one boyar remarking to his neighbor on the Tsar's strange behavior and his evident excitement on hearing the Patriarch's extraordinary tale.

The action is again transferred to the border, and the next scene, which takes place on a plain near the city of Nóvgorod-Siéversky, capital of the disaffected province of Severia, is so characteristic

that I venture to give it exactly as written, except that I let English replace the Russian words in this polyglot. It is during the battle which took place on December 21 (O.S.), 1604.

Soldiers (fleeing in disorder).

Alas! alas! The Tsarévitch! The Lechs! Here they are!
Here they are!

[*Enter CAPTAIN MARGERET and WALTER ROZEN.*]

Margeret.

Where? where? Allons. . . Come back!

One of the Fugitives.

Come yourself, if you want to, you damned heretic (*basurman* ;
i.e., Mussulman).

Margeret.

Quoi? quoi?

Another.

Kwa! kwa! Croak, if you please, you foreign frog, at the Russian Tsarévitch, but we are orthodox (*pravoslavnyé*).

Margeret.

Qu'est-ce à dire pravoslavni? . . . Sacrés gueux, maudite canaille! Mordieu, mein Herr, j'enrage: on dirait que ça n'a pas de bras pour frapper; ça n'a que des jambes pour fuir.

Rozen.

Es ist Schande.

Margeret.

Ventre-Saint-gris. Je ne bouge plus d'un pas; puisque le vin est tiré il faut le boire. Qu'en dites-vous, mein Herr?

Rozen.

Sie haben Recht.

Margeret.

Diable! il y fait chaud! Ce diable de Samovanetz [*Pretender*]
Comme il s'appelle est un brave à trois poils!

Rozen.

Ja.

Margeret.

Hé! voyez donc, voyez donc! L'action s'engage sur les derrières de l'ennemi. Ce doit être le brave Basmánof, qui aurait fait une sortie.

Rozen.

Ich glaube das.

[*Enter Germans.*]

Margeret.

Ha! ha! voici nos Allemands. Mein Herr, dites leur donc de se raillier et, sacrebleu, chargeons!

Rosen.

Sehr gut! Halt! (*The Germans form.*) Marsch!

The Germans (advancing).

Hilf Gott!

[*Engagement: the Russians once more flee.*]

The Lechs.

Victory! victory! Hurrah for Tsar Dimítiri!

Dimítiri (on horseback).

Sound the retreat! We have won! that is enough. Spare Russian blood. Withdraw!

[*The trumpet sounds: drums are beaten.*]

The leniency shown by the pretender in this final speech is indicative of his character. Gentle by nature, he had no wish to fill the rôle of a despot, and after events had placed him on the throne of the Tsars at Moscow, instead of being implacable and putting to death his enemies, the descendants of Rurik, who knew the humbug that he was, he merely sent them into captivity or pardoned them. It led to his speedy ruin.

In order to give the final scenes of "Boris Godunóf" with a little more fulness, I reserve them for still another paper, and in a subsequent series I shall try to show how Count Alekseï Tolstoï treats this same dramatic period in his trilogy.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

GOETHE'S RELATIONS TO RUSSIAN WRITERS.



AMONG the occupations that filled the years of Goethe's old age, one of the most characteristic was his sympathy with the life of other nations. Wider and wider grew the circle of his interest: starting from the great cultivated nations of Italy, France, England, it extended its reach until

it embraced those countries which were just entering into the literary life of Europe. The ballads of the Neo-Greeks, who were then just winning their independence by force of arms; the beginnings of a national Czech literature, in which his interest had been aroused during frequent sojourns in Bohemia; and the epic songs of the Servians, enchained his attention. His interest in Polish literature has only recently been discussed in a monograph by Karpeles, "*Goethe in Poland.*"

His knowledge of Russian poetry remained comparatively small, although it was during the last two decades of his life that the literature of Russia made its strongest strides and reached its culmination in Pushkin. He did not, however, remain indifferent to it; while, on her part, Russia—in those days far above the stubborn opposition to the civilizing influences of "the West" which rules her spirit now—did ardent homage to him. In making here some observations on the relations of Russia to Goethe, I refer also to two special works: on Goethe and Shukowski in the fourth volume of the "*Goethe-Jahrbuch*," and on Goethe's correspondence with Cabinet-Minister of Public Instruction Uwarow in the twenty-eighth volume of the "*Russian Review*."

Uwarow was probably the first Russian who devoted much thought to Goethe. While still a young man, on the threshold of the twenties, he published, in 1808, an article on "*Wilhelm Meister*." Having become in 1811 curator of the University of St. Petersburg, and spurred on by zeal for culture, Uwarow grew anxious to enter at once upon a written exchange of thought with Goethe. The contents of this correspondence were, however, rather scientific than æsthetic or literary in character. Uwarow also dedicated to Goethe a treatise on the poems of Nonnos of Panopolis.

Goethe probably first came into contact with Russian poetry through his acquaintance with Shukowski, who was in Weimar in 1821 ("*Goethe-Jahrbuch*," iv. 177) and who was the only Russian poet whom Goethe knew personally. In 1827 he was again in Weimar, and on that occasion he left the beautiful farewell song popularly known from Müller's "*Unterhaltungen*." With other

poems of Shukowski Goethe became acquainted through Bowring's translation of Russian poems, published in 1821, and later on it brought out from him the following notice in "Art and Antiquity:"

"Mr. Bowring has already given us, also, a Russian anthology" (p. 325. Goethe had previously been discussing Bowring's translation of Servian folk-songs), "through which we have become more closely acquainted with those remote Eastern spirits from whom their less widely diffused language separates us. Through this anthology not only have some illustrious names gained a livelier meaning, but we have also learned to know better a man who had long been related to us by ties of love and friendship, and to love and admire, too, in the wider sphere of his poetic production, one who had already put us in his debt by the kind and reverential spirit of his delicate poems."*

Of Goethe's works "Faust" met with the most enthusiastic reception in Russia. It is evident, from the extremely low level of culture which was then quite general in Russia, that it was only a little group of aspiring men with clear vision and firm will, who gathered first round Shukowski and then round Pushkin, to whom Russia owes the cultivation of her æsthetic sense and the finer use of language. In 1826 young Alexander Pushkin, even then considered the first poet of his nation, wrote the dramatic fragment "A Scene from Faust," which is not a reflex of the old Faust-legend, but entirely an appendix to Goethe's poem. It is a dialogue between Faust and Mephistopheles, which bears upon the relations of Russia to Goethe.†

How highly Pushkin thought of "Faust," the following remark goes to prove:‡ "In 'Manfred' Byron has imitated 'Faust' and replaced its merely traditional by other and in his opinion nobler imagery. But 'Faust' is the highest poetic creation of modern poetry, and must stand as its representative, just as the 'Iliad' stands as the monument of classic antiquity."

* Addressed to Goethe.—THE TRANSLATOR.

† Similar in idea is the dialogue between the "Unknown" and the "old gentleman" in the epilogue to Vischer's "Faust, der Tragödie, dritter Theil."—THE TRANSLATOR.

‡ Vol. v. of the large ed. p. 50.

Did Goethe concern himself with Pushkin? There is no mention of it, so far as I know, in his works; but Annenkow says, in his "Materials for a Biography of Pushkin," that—

"There is a tradition that Goethe knew of the 'Scene' Pushkin wrote. It is said that he sent greetings to Pushkin by some Russian traveller, and at the same time presented him with his own pen, which many claim to have seen in a valuable case that bore the inscription, 'Goethe's gift.'"

Annenkow's work appeared soon after Pushkin's death; his testimony, therefore, must not be undervalued. The pen in question, however, has never come to light, and Annenkow's words have been reproduced in the notes to the large edition of Pushkin's works without addition or comment of any kind. But in this connection I cannot refrain from pointing out a little "*Gelegenheitsgedicht*" of Goethe's, that was conceived in 1826,—in the very same year, that is, in which Pushkin's "Scene to 'Faust'" appeared, and in which the allusion is not yet made clear (Hempel, iii. 348).

"GOETHE'S FEDER AN . . .

"Was Ich mich auch sonst erkühnt,
Jeder würde froh mich lieben,
Hätt' ich treu und frei geschrieben
All' das Lob, das Du verdient."*

The suggestion that these words might have accompanied the gift to Pushkin is quite likely to be true.

One year after the composition of Pushkin's "Scene" the second part of "Faust" began to appear. The "classico-romantic phantasmagoria" at once excited the liveliest interest on the part of the Russian admirers of the poet. A number of Pushkin's sympathizers had gathered round the periodical *Moskovskoi Wjestnik*, and in it, as early as 1827, Schewyrew, a young historian of literature, introduced the "Helena" to the Russian reader in a most scholarly way. The twenty-first number contained a likeness of Goethe and (on

* "Dared whatever was by me,
All men would have loved me gladly
Had I written truly, freely,
All the praise deserved by thee."

pages 3 to 8) a successful, though somewhat free, translation of verses 786 to 898 (according to Loeper's counting). Besides, there also appeared, under the title of "Helena, a Classico-Romantic Phantasmagoria; Interlude to Faust," a very close analysis, ending with these observations:

"In this luminous phantasmagoria the clear-sighted poet has disclosed many mysteries of history and poetry. He has solved here the problem of the origin of romanticism and rhyme. With victorious Beauty her attendant art, Poesy, of necessity simultaneously presented itself. And then, when the knight has been captivated by Beauty and has fallen in love with her,—not in a sensual but in a spiritual way,—out from the narrow terrestrial bounds Love ascended heavenward and Song resounded, conveying in its tones the soul's endless longing by the change of rhythm, the concord of feelings, by harmonic assonance and rhyme. Just as this drama passes over from antiquity to the Middle Ages, so the poet intentionally expresses this transition in the *form* of his poem. The first half is altogether in accordance with the taste of antiquity,—whose spirit, especially as it is reflected in Homer, the immortal Goethe has caught more skilfully than any other poet,—while the second half is altogether in accordance with the opposite romantic taste. For this reason Goethe named his phantasmagoria 'classico-romantic.'"

This article was translated and sent to Goethe by N. Borchardt, who had also written an essay on "The Appreciation of Goethe in Russia, for the Appreciation of Russia." The poet received both with a great deal of pleasure, and replied to Borchardt, May 1, 1828, in a long letter. The editor of the new edition of Pushkin's works, already mentioned, notes also a letter of Goethe to Schewyrew, but this seems to be merely a confusion.

Goethe wrote to Zelter, May 21, 1828, that he had heard how the "Helena" had been received in Edinburgh, Paris, and Moscow:

"It is instructive thus to become acquainted with three various ways of thinking. The Scotchman seeks to penetrate the work, the Frenchman to understand it, the Russian to appropriate it. All three ways might, perhaps, be discovered in German readers."

In "Art and Antiquity" (vol. vi., No. 2, p. 429) Goethe repeated this judgment, adding:

“And thus Messrs. Carlyle, Ampère, and Schewireff have carried their sympathy with a product of art and nature through all the categories possible. The discussion of this in detail we leave to our well-wishing friends. They will discern and point out the interlacing of those three different purposes, which can never be sharply separated, and thence take occasion to enlighten us upon their manifold æsthetic influences.”

That Goethe attributed to the Russian essay assimilation, in contradistinction to penetration and understanding, seems to signify that he had perceived in it a somewhat subjective coloring.

Goethe's letter to Borchardt created great satisfaction in Russia. Borchardt communicated it to Pogodin, the editor of the *Moskovskoi Wjestnik*, and wrote, in addition :

“With especial pleasure I send you a letter of the celebrated Goethe to me, which I had the honor to receive through Mr. Treuter, on the occasion of the arrival of Her Grace the hereditary Princess of Saxe-Weimar, and I trust that by its publication you will cause great pleasure to all those who have the intellectual progress of the fatherland at heart.”

Borchardt further added a few extracts from his essay mentioned above, in Russian translation, from which we quote the following, in its re-translation,* on account of the difficulty of getting hold of the original :

“The ideas and sentiments (of Schewyroff†) show how well the great Goethe is appreciated in that language which is spoken from the Baltic Sea to Kamschatka and in which his name is pronounced with reverence. In that language, recently, one of the first among our poets, one who is gifted with deep feeling, Shukowski, expressed, as it were in the name of Russia, his judgment of the same Goethe thus: ‘Bold liberty he took for his law; with lofty mind he rose above the world, and everything in the world he attained, and before nothing he stooped.’”

Along with this letter Goethe's letter was published in the *Wjestnik* (for the year 1828, 120 pp.) both in the original and in a Russian translation. As it has lately been reproduced in Strehlke's Collection, I shall not quote it here, although Strehlke's reprint is faulty,

* *I.e.*, in German.

† By mistake for Schewyrew.—THE TRANSLATOR.

as has already been proved by Georg Schmid (*Russian Review*, "Goethe und Uwarow," note 29).^{*} In his letter Goethe recognized not only the "delicate as well as profound sentiments that had bloomed gracefully and charmingly" for him personally in the far East, but also the "decidedly intelligent and deeply serious solution" which the problems in "Helena" had found in Russia. When Pushkin had read the letter, he wrote to editor Pogodin (Works, vii. 202):

"The journal must justify the expectations of all true friends of literature and the approbation of the great Goethe. Honor and glory to our dear Schewyrew! You have done well to reprint the letter of our Patriarch in Germany."

In considering that an utterance like this of Pushkin's would nowadays be inconceivable in Russia, one becomes aware of the moral and civilizing value that lies in that conception of a "universal literature" which Goethe strove after, and in which he had the sympathy of the best spirits of other nations. With pain one feels the retrogression of culture which the reawakening of race-fanaticism has brought about.

Otto Harnack,

In "*Die Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteratur-Geschichte*."

Translated for POET-LORE by Otto Heller.

THE JOURNEY OF CHILDE ROLAND.



HIS allegorical masterpiece—"Childe Roland To The Dark Tower Came"—serves as the artistic complement of deepest shadow to the sunlit mountain peaks of "Rabbi Ben Ezra." As the latter is informed throughout with a strength of noble endeavor, in the high noon of light

^{*} Only, in two places I must defend Strehlke against Schmid's exceptions. The copy of *Moskovskoi Wjestnik* in the library of Dorpat University actually reads, "Steigerungen" (Schmid, "Steigerung") and "Demjenigen" (Schmid, "Einigem").

and faith achieving the heights of Mountain Delectable, so "Childe Roland" tells the story of a pilgrim who, disregarding his first, keen intuitions, obeys the suggestion of the hoary deceiver at the stile and turns aside into the malarial meadow of sophistry and pathless chaos, wandering hither and thither, finding himself at last surrounded by the ugly heights of Doubting Castle, one more victim of Giant Despair.

Indeed, the *scenario* of the entire poem, from the point of meeting with the hoary cripple at the cross-roads to the Round Tower and the skeletons of Roland's peers ranged along the hill-side, vividly suggests the possibilities in detail of John Bunyan's By-path Meadow leading from the stile, where sat the false shepherd, to Doubting Castle and the tombs of the lost pilgrims,—all illumined by the lurid glow of the great poet's imaginative fire.

The landscape is that seen in the psychological journey of one who in a moment of weariness knowingly permits himself to be seduced from his legitimate path. All the cumulative effects in the poem are consequent upon what happened in the first three stanzas. Not the last words of the hero, but the opening lines of the poem must be taken as the key-note of interpretation. What is it? It is the meeting of a dusty, wearied traveller with a deformed cripple, who in spite of sinister visage still effects his purpose and turns the wayfarer aside into "the ominous tract."

Roland is not deceived: he is fully aware of the object of the cripple. Before turning in the direction pointed out, Roland has a clear mental comprehension of the fact that in so doing he enables his adversary to score one more victim and write his epitaph in the dust.

" . . . Yet acquiescingly
I did turn as he pointed; neither pride
Nor hope rekindling at the end descried
So much as gladness that some end might be."

Herein consists Roland's sin: he chooses to be led astray. Having tried the world in its various aspects in pursuit of the ideal life, he despairs of success at the moment when the last "fiend voice" in visible form might have been passed successfully.

His vitality is very low ; he only wishes for an end to all endeavor (stanza iii.).

In this moment of soul-weariness on the part of the hero we have instinctively the deepest interest, sympathy, and hope for him. In the next we stand in mute horror at his open-eyed seduction. We see him weakly choose death instead of life. Once more it is the story of the "unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." But we cannot give him up ; his intellectual personality is profoundly interesting, and we cannot choose but wander with him over the dreary plain, hear his sophistical excuses for being there, feel the thrill of his moral reawakening and his incisive summary of his own position.

After committing himself to the wrong way, he excuses himself by reflecting that he has spent much time in following a forlorn hope, in chasing the elusive ideal. He solaces himself with the grim thought that success, even if now attained, could not give him pleasure. He unconsciously reveals the self-element that has prevented entire consecration, the touch of moral weakness which has caused him to barter the ideal at the critical moment for the easy, wrong way.

He enters upon a sophistic course of reasoning, and illustrates (stanzas iv.-vi.) that period when the soul, having lost its hold of the ideals for which it has starved and striven, in loss of self-respect, does illegitimate work, if any ; sits down and compromises with itself, and finally with blunted sense reflects that it could not be helped. The spring and elasticity of his nature are gone, faith is dead ; he pities himself in this state of negation, and likens his lot to that of a dying man listening passively to the arrangements for his own funeral.

At first glance, stanza vii. seems contradictory to the theory of failure, and is selected to prove that Roland was one of a band of knights who had pledged themselves to search for the Dark Tower. Standing alone it might bear this interpretation ; but in view of the preceding fact of the hoary cripple pointing in that ominous direction (stanza iii.), together with the acquiescent despair and self-apologetic explanations of the hero, we must rather accept his own literal statement,—namely, that his failure in the quest of an ideal had oft been prophesied ; he had

“ . . . been writ

So many times among ‘The Band,’—to wit,
The knights who to the Dark Tower’s search addressed
Their steps,—that just to fail as they, seemed best,
And all the doubt was now—should I be fit?”

“The Band,” then, must have been a number of idealists who started out with high hopes and ended in a bog, as it were; accomplished nothing; simply found “The round squat turret, blind as the fool’s heart,” unconsciously addressing their steps to it by various failures and seductions. Roland remembers the common verdict against the ideal that has wearied him, and now, heart-sick and faint, any catastrophe relieving him of further moral responsibility would indeed be welcomed. “Should I be fit?” is ironical: Is there really enough spirit left in me to make even a decent failure?

The picture of the dying day (stanza viii.) gives the objective correspondence to the death of reflective power in the soul. The light of reason illumines all around him for a moment, that he may catch a fair glimpse of the plain to which he has committed himself, and we observe that Roland ceases to reflect at this point: he simply goes on. “For mark,” the safe road has already disappeared from view, the path has closed up behind him. “I might go on; nought else remained to do” (stanza ix.). Is this the clear, determined note of a hero considered by one critic “the embodiment of constancy to an ideal”? Certainly not. Rather, the tone of benumbed despair fills us with a chill sense of horror. The soul has lost its way and cannot retrace its steps; the garden of Eden has closed forever; that which is meant by the poet Horace when he says, “Virtue once dethroned will never return to take her place.” Roland now begins his dreary wanderings (stanzas x.–xii.). Without a special aim or ideal, he sees nature in the most ignoble aspect; no youth, neither color nor flowers here, only thorns and thistles. He sees Indolence, Poverty, and Jealousy binding their prisoners. With such forces in mastery over her, Nature is peevish and hopeless: “I cannot help my case.” She must wait, wait for the very last judgment fire to resuscitate her clods.

At each advancing step the landscape bears more ghastly evidence that pollution and crime have once been rife; all forms of life

but the lowest vegetation have died (stanzas xiii. and xiv.). The old blind horse, so grotesque in his deformity, is finely conceived, and introduced to accentuate the tone of disease and death. Evil has exhausted this region beyond further use even to Satan himself.

The journey is beginning to produce its dread effect. Roland has entered a region that affords no sustenance, and we witness his reawakening, his return to self-consciousness,—a portrayal of subjective agony hardly finding an equal in literature (stanza xv.). It is the tragic moment in his career, when the soul, bereft of help from without, turns sharply upon itself as its own sole champion and refuge. Memory, that blessing or curse of the mind, is summoned to his aid. In loathing and horror of his surroundings, he makes one desperate effort to regain his freedom; if he can only feel the companionship of honor, love, and faith once more, how he can fight his way out of this place! But his retrospective glance reveals almost as dark a picture as his own fate. Could he but summon one to whom he could point and say to his inmost heart, "Here was a man, here was victory," his faith might have been reinvigorated for the necessary effort (stanzas xvi. and xvii.): "One taste of the old time sets all to rights." But, alas! his companions, they of "The Band," had all failed ignominiously.

"Better this present than a past like that:
Back, therefore, to my darkening path again!" (stanza xviii.)

And the inspiration to be a true soldier and fight to the death dies out forever. We see him struggle no more.

"A sudden little river crossed my path
As unexpected as a serpent comes."

The effect of this fierce little stream is that of a strong black line across the middle ground of a picture, enhancing the values of either side. Roland passes from a flat, lifeless landscape to one of the most frightful activity. If we accept the poem as an allegorical whole, we feel most strongly the significance of this little stream. Again it would appear that the poet means to typify by objective correspondence the stage of subjective progress. Roland has been poverty-stricken, negative, and hopeless, but he has not yet engaged in active

evil. The river seems, therefore, to typify the dividing line where negation and active evil meet and blend. First we merely fail to be active in good, but do not engage in active evil. This cannot long continue, from the fact that we are creatures of volition; sooner or later the soul negative to good must cross the line of active evil; opportunity will throw its rushing, spiteful stream across its path. The black, hateful little stream has flung itself suddenly across Roland's path and has arrested, changed the train of his thoughts. At this meeting-line of negation and active evil Nature mourns for the outrage and crime she has suffered: the "willows flung them headlong in a fit Of mute despair." Here are distinct traces of murder and infanticide. Roland fords the river, hoping for something better in the change: "Now for a better country. Vain presage!" The powers of evil seek confusion; law and order would soon annihilate Beelzebub. All those stanzas (xxii.-xxvi.) equal anything written by Dante descriptive of the chaotic, ceaseless hell of torture in the "Inferno."

Roland has now seen the working of Satan's realm; but no pause is allowed him; he is launched into an eternity of hell with "Nought in the distance but night" (stanza xxvii.); no star, no compass to direct his steps, hurried onward hither and thither amid the active forces of chaos. The huge black bird, Apollyon's minion, now sails past, touching the cap of the victim in assertion of his claim.

Roland has been unconsciously travelling directly to the Dark Tower. In looking up he sees that the plain has

". . . given place

All round to mountains—with such name to grace
Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen in view.
How thus they had surprised me,—solve it you!

How to get from them was no clearer case." (stanza xxviii.)

He is surrounded by ugly heights that wall him in on every side. He thought he could travel on and out of it all as he had travelled into it; but no; progress "here ended, then." He is inside the den, and recognizes the trick, the mischief that has befallen him. We catch the clear mental ejaculation of a mind made calm by the very

desperation of its own undoing (stanza xxix.). Hedged in by hideous, angry forms, he sees "The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart." He is mocked in his desolation; his own heart mocks him.

". . . The tempest's mocking elf
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers start." (stanza xxxi.)

It would be difficult to find a sadder, more fatalistic passage than this in literature. The rest is plain. In the ray of sunlight from the dying day he sees himself surrounded by monstrous forms, leisurely, grossly resting chins upon hands, calmly giving the signal for his destruction: "Now stab and end the creature—to the heft,"—their sport, their victim is secure.

In the noise and clang of doom he hears the names of his lost companions echo down to him. The strong, the bold, the fortunate, his peers:

". . . Yet each of old,
Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years."

He sees their skeletons ranged along the hill-side, "Met To view the last of me." "*And yet*,"—Roland in those two words tacitly reveals his consciousness that they recognize that he too has failed. Could none of them have signalled to keep a fellow-being from such a fate? He will be one of them in a moment. The word for execution has already been given. Suddenly the divine spark, the God within that has so long lain hidden and crushed, leaps out, intuitively seizing the one last opportunity for good. Quick as lightning flash, before his conquerors can complete his sacrifice, he snatches up the slug-horn at his belt and blows a shrill blast to the four winds of heaven, as a warning to those on the plains beyond. "*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came*."

The soul of Roland, however much it has stumbled and wavered, is redeemed through that shrill trumpet-blast of warning. This is not a challenge; that were indeed mere braggadocio. It is simply the tersest statement of an awful fate given in the haste of death. It is not the heroism of "constant allegiance to an ideal," but rather the majesty of despair; the divine throe of benevolence

flaming out with meteoric splendor, acquitting itself of a duty, within the jaws of an ignominious death.

Roland did what his predecessors failed to do. He so far separated himself from his miserable fate as to warn his fellow-travellers against it.

R. J. Gratz.

THE STUDY.

MOOT POINTS FOR DISCUSSION OF "MACBETH."

I. How far is the action of the play shaped by the witches?

"The first thought of acceding to the throne is suggested and success in the attempt is promised to Macbeth by the witches; he is, therefore, represented as a man whose natural temper would have deterred him from such a design if he had not been immediately tempted and strongly impelled to it." (Whateley's "Remarks on Some Characters of Shakespeare," 1785, quoted in the Furness "Variorum," p. 410.)

"The power of the weird sisters is nowhere exhibited as absolute, but always as relative. It is shown to depend upon what in a man's soul has affinities for that power. Where these affinities do not exist their power is naught." (Corson's "Introduction to Shakespeare," 1890, p. 224.)

Can these two opposite views be reconciled as the natural results of an evolution of thought which at first regarded temptation as from an anthropomorphic devil, and later as the prompting of a bad conscience? Which is the point of view Shakespeare is likelier to have had? Is it a mistake to suppose his mind confined to the level of most of his contemporaries?

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE:

1. Banquo's reception of the witches contrasts with Macbeth's and illustrates Corson's opinion.

2. Banquo stands in the same evil relation to the witches as Macbeth, and his position towards them, though different, is guilty.

II. Do the witches ever really prophesy?

If their revelations are merely reflections of what is in Macbeth's mind, how can the apparitions of the armed head (supposed to be Macbeth's own cut off), of the bloody child (the image of Macduff's birth), of the crowned child with the tree in its hand (prophetic of the "moving wood"), be explained? But, in order to have sought, must not Macbeth first have needed the assurances the apparitions gave? Must he not have been led to apprehend defeat, by his bitterness in being childless, and by his dread of Macduff and the Prince of Cumberland, before he could be drawn on to "spurn fate, scorn death, and bear his hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear?" (iii. 5. 29).

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE:

1. Macbeth's mind was not open enough to understand these apparitions; therefore he could not have prefigured them.

2. The apparitions are symbols of Macbeth's own potentiality; for it is his own dissevered head that bids him beware Macduff, still it is not Macduff of whom he must really beware, but himself; the bloody child declares that none of woman born shall harm him, still it was not Macduff's untimely birth that makes him dangerous to Macbeth, but the wrongs he has himself done the thane of Fife; the crowned child with the tree warns him of his peril when Birnam wood shall come to Dunsinane, still it is not the "moving wood" but the murdered Duncan's son who brings Macbeth to his confusion.

3. The character of a man is his history, says Goethe. Such a conception of destiny is the groundwork of Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

III. Why do the witches call the "unknown" powers their "masters?"

"If the fifth scene of act iii. had occurred in a drama not attributed to Shakespeare, no one would have discovered in it any trace of Shakespeare's manner; iv. i. 125-132 cannot be Shakespeare's." (The Clarendon Editors, quoted by Furness, p. 392.)

"The witches discourse with one another like women of the very lowest class, to which witches were supposed to belong. . . .

When they address Macbeth, their tone assumes the majestic solemnity by which oracles have in all times contrived to inspire mortals with reverential awe. We here see that the witches are merely instruments; they are governed by an invisible spirit, or the ordering of such great and dreadful events would be above their sphere." (Schlegel, *Lectures*, quoted, Furness "*Variorum*," p. 457.)

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE:

1. The introduction of Hecate is irrelevant and unmeaning, and is the interpolation of an inferior hand (probably Middleton's, see "*The Witch*").

2. The genuineness of iii. 5. and iv. 1. 125-132 may be defended on the ground that the linking of old myths with contemporary superstitions is usual in Shakespeare; that this is in "*Macbeth*" significant; and that the mocking, ironical tone of the last words of the witches is exactly in place.

IV. How is the oracular element exhibited in "*Macbeth*?"

The action of Destiny may be divided into two distinct phases: the oracular,—the revelation of destiny; the ironical,—the malignant mockery of destiny. Oracles are fulfilled in classic lore (1) by blind obedience, (2) by the agency of free-will, or indifference, (3) in spite of opposition. (See Moulton, "*Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*," chap. vi.)

In what ways does Macbeth fulfil the oracle? Does Banquo show his complicity with Macbeth by submission to the oracle, or his innocence by his indifference to its promise? Why does Banquo give up his sword when he has "cursed thoughts," and cannot sleep, and has cause to fear—as he afterwards says he does fear—that Macbeth will play "most foully?" Was this part of what Macbeth calls that "wisdom that doth guide his valor to act in safety?" (iii. 1. 52.)

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE:

1. "Banquo appears to have been specially designed as a counter agency to the agency of the weird sisters, . . . and as a support or encouragement to Macbeth's free agency if he chose to assert it." (Corson, "*Introduction to Shakespeare*," p. 234.)

2. "Banquo's sympathy with—nay, complicity in—the murder of

Duncan is made perfectly clear. . . . The poet transforms Banquo's crime into one which consists in remaining silent, in refusing to act." (Flathe, "Shakespeare in seiner Wirklichkeit," Furness's "Variorum," p. 477.)

3. The dramatic interest of the play demands that Macbeth shall be a free agent.

4. It is enhanced by his being a puppet of fate.

5. The irony of destiny is in "Macbeth" allied to justice.

6. "Macbeth" shows the agreement between the old idea of destiny and the modern idea of cause and effect.

V. What correspondences are there in "Macbeth" between nature and man?

"Action, life, passion—men and women—are nearly all in all throughout Shakespeare's works, external nature being used only as a foil to show off the lights and shades of the great drama of human existence. Shakespeare does not paint landscape at all, as we now understand that word, not even for his own dramatic purposes." (Forsyth, quoted by Furness, p. 61.)

"The literal significance of this speech (i. 3. 38) is that the day has been foul in respect to the weather and fair in respect to the battle. . . . It intimates a relationship, noted by Coleridge, between Macbeth and the witches." (Corson, p. 231.)

"So fair and foul a day I have not seen" (i. 3. 38). Do this and similar expressions bring out the relationship between human and natural conditions? What evidence is there that it is connected with the forthcoming action when "to beguile the time" Macbeth is to look like the time . . . "look like the innocent flower, But be the serpent under it?" Or, may it rather indicate that Macbeth, though pleased with the result of the battle, had a physical distaste for slaughter? What other signs are there of Macbeth's squeamishness?

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE:

1. "In no other play has Shakespeare so represented the natural world as reflecting the moral world." (Corson.) (Compare "Lear," "Hamlet," "As You Like It.")

2. Shakespeare in his use of nature stands in contrast both to the Greek dramatists and to modern English poets.

VI. How do the characteristic traits of Macbeth and his wife affect the action of the play?

Is Macbeth's courage constitutional or acquired? Is the early description of his natural valor (i. 2. 16-23) gainsaid by i. 7. 39-41, 79 and 80, iv. 1. 85, v. 5. 9-13? Was Macbeth the "third murderer?" How does his childlessness affect his action? "*Macd.* He has no children" (iv. 3. 215). Is Macduff thinking of Malcolm or of Macbeth? Did Lady Macbeth only nerve her husband's plans, or did she incite his deed? Is Macbeth's killing the grooms a mistake? Did Lady Macbeth faint on purpose? Was she "innocent of the knowledge" of Banquo's murder? Why are Macbeth's hallucinations waking, and Lady Macbeth's somnambulistic? What differences are there between Macbeth's earlier and later delusions, the air-drawn dagger, and the ghosts?

"Macbeth is pre-eminently the practical nature, moulded in a world of action but uninfluenced by the cultivation of the inner life. . . . Macbeth is a passive prey to supernatural imaginings." (Moulton, chap. vii.)

Are these views compatible? If the superstitious man is apt to be lazy of purpose ("If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me without my stir"), is not the practical man unimaginative and ready to act?

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE:

1. The circumstances warrant the statement that Lady Macbeth was essentially practical and that Macbeth was a man of temporary expedients.

2. The contrast between the deadness of pessimism into which Macbeth falls, and his wife's increasingly poignant though concealed remorse, shows that strenuousness even in wrong action is a means of higher culture, preferable to the nervelessness accompanying an evil disposition whose malignity has not transpired. (Compare Browning's "The Statue and the Bust," and the sin he imputes "to each frustrate ghost.")

3. Lady Macbeth's strenuousness of mind and will constitute her early ascendancy over her husband, and his consciousness of this and emulation of her force of character bring about their

seeming reversal of position. (Note his repetitions of her earlier counsels,—her “When you durst do it, then you were a man,” etc. (i. 7. 49), and his “Now, if you have a station in the file, Not in the worst rank of manhood,” etc. (iii. 1. 101), her “Art thou afeard To be the same in thine own act . . . as thou art in desire?” etc. (i. 7. 39–45), and his, from hence “The very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand” (iv. 1. 145–150); and find similar echoes.)

VII. How does their retribution reinforce the contrast between Macbeth and his wife?

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE:

1. “The first shock of nemesis comes in the Banquet Scene. Macbeth has surrendered himself to the supernatural, and from the supernatural his retribution comes.” (Moulton, p. 165.)

2. Macbeth himself forecasts his retribution in the voice that cries “Sleep no more,” and foreshows the blankness of his unfeeling old age in his speech of double meaning,—

“Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant
There’s nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys.”

(ii. 3. 87.)

3. “Lady Macbeth has faced every crisis by sheer force of nerve; the nemesis comes on her fitly in madness. In the delirium of her last appearance, an inmost thought is the uprising of her feminine nature against the foulness of the bloody deed.” (Moulton, p. 166.)

4. Lady Macbeth’s delirium has its mortal sting not in her living over bad events, nor in her constant stretch to save her husband from marring all by his starting, nor in her feminine repugnance for the bloody deed; but in the “sigh” of her “sorely charged” heart over her share in it, and this finds its climax in her death by “self and violent hands.”

P. A. C.

BROWNING QUERIES.

IN THE course of preparing his "Guide-Book to Browning's Writings," now nearly ready for the press, Mr. George W. Cooke seeks information concerning several of the poems in "Asolando," and sends us thereupon the following questions:

ROSNY. Is this the castle of that name in Brittany? Where did Browning find the incident of which he makes use in this poem, and how is the story told in its original form?

THE CARDINAL AND THE DOG. What was the origin of this incident, and who was the cardinal?

THE POPE AND THE NET. Who was the pope, and where did Browning find the story? I should like to have the story in its original form.

PONTE DELL' ANGELO, VENICE. Where is this bridge, where did Browning find the story, what is its original form, and who was Father Boverio?

REPHAN. Who was "Jane Taylor, of Norwich," and where can there be found some account of her?

George Willis Cooke.

Another correspondent asks if any classic allusion underlies the symbolism of the statues, "the hundred shapes of lucid stone," in the song in "Paracelsus"—"Over the sea our galleys went."

THE STAGE.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MISS ADA REHAN.

DEAR KATHARINE:

I am on an embassy to hunt out the peculiar charm of your Shrew. You play Helena, and I note your pretty stage trickery; you play Rosalind, yet I find it in my heart to criticise (judiciously,

of course); you play Katharine the Curst,—I am stirred out of all reckoning and follow you with abject delight.

Are you responsible for the curious impression you gave me? Certainly I never got it out of my Shakespeare till you showed me it could be quarried from the mine in that shape, and since then that rough play—of his?—is redeemed, anyway.

It is your fault then, so far as I am concerned; but what I want to know is did you mean to do it that way? For here is no one who has received just my impression. For example, one critic says he saw "the by-play with which she (that's you) made clear all the great change that was passing in her maiden heart during her first scene with Petruchio, the subtle change which swept over her when marriage made retreat impossible, and the final peaceful calm of the bride who had discovered the new world of happiness won by submission."

And here am I, on the other hand, who have eyes, and who saw no such by-play towards bride-day.

If aught could be more "curst" than you were on your first appearance, it was you on your second, when you gave Petruchio back again such swift, hard balls of quick-witted speech, with such well-bestowed exasperation of scorn and indignation as made one in love with the freedom of outrageous violence. Was this the "by-play" of your "maiden heart?"

If ever you resented the injustice of masculine bullying more than you did when Petruchio, ignoring your individual right of choice, publicly announces Sunday for the wedding-day, and you retort you'll see him "hang'd first,"—it was when you, the bride, told the bridegroom,—

"The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself."

Was this the dawning of the "subtle change?"

If ever woman, coerced, starved, tired to death, utterly helpless physically, showed the supremacy of head over flesh and clear sight over brute force more than you did when you persisted in setting Petruchio right with your "I say it is the moon," it was you when, to

gain your wish, you vowed it is "moon or sun or what you please, and if you please to call it a rush candle, it shall be so." Is this revelling in self-contradictory jests, with the quick "venues of wit" that install you chief of the scene,—this, for example :

"Enter VINCENTIO.

Petruchio. Good-morrow, gentle mistress; where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair, lovely maid, once more good-day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Kate. Young, budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Petruchio. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad;
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden as thou say'st he is.

Kate. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green"—

is this the "peaceful calm" of the discovery of the "new world of happiness won by submission?"

This calm is not slumberous: rather, it shines with many sparkles of the light of reason. Your curstness consists in a stout mind, inhabiting no sly puss fond of smoothing, like Bianca, but an honest nature which resents the special rule commonly accorded slaves, children, and women, and does not give up trying openly and frankly to exercise an independent spirit till circumstances convince your reason that there is no way for you to eat, get a new dress, go to your father's, or do anything you should be free to do, but to assent to your husband's way, and therein get your own. So this you do at last, with whatsoever judicious saving clauses of your own you may skilfully interpolate.

Early in the play Petruchio explains that Katharine's nature is sound and sweet, that she is only "curst" from "policy" (ii. i. 294).

He might have added, in the banquet scene, if you had not so dazzled him, that you were only "tamed" from "policy." Beneath that sweet, submissive speech of yours in the last scene, who can fail to suspect some irony lurks, when she who brought her tamer twenty thousand crowns and half her father's land describes the "painful labour" her husband undergoes in working "without tribute" for her sake, and when she who has suffered a thousand hard whims declares that for her to be "froward and peevish" is to be a "graceless traitor" to a "loving lord." If ever the *rôle* of submission was played more transparently and of policy prepense, with revel of humor, covert satire, and supremacy of rule, till the gaping men-on-lookers—who have lost their bets, Petruchio included, who has gained his through your quick guess—have the play quite taken out of their hands and sit around as side figures in your triumph,—I know not where else it is but in the history of woman. As that unrolls in retrospect I confess I see some parallels, from the days of patient Griseldas winning their due place always through humiliation, to the days of modern prize-taking of various sorts, the procedure being ever in subterranean ways, perforce, the slow siege being laid, as it were, at Hitchin and getting on, under patronage, but really unhonored, as far as Newnham, before reaching a manifest senior wranglership in Cambridge itself. Of such obstructed persistence of original character and capacity I find your acting of the Shrew suggestive, Katharine Minola, first cousin of Beatrice.

If neither you nor Shakespeare ever thought of it, what matter? From you two this impression is gained. And justly, since, if he held the mirror up to Nature, this picture of a woman is implied in "The Taming of the Shrew," and, if you act as you, being a real woman, would, you show me necessarily that the way of "tamed" womanhood is politic perforce, and I am entranced, therefore, because the picture is "as lively painted as the deed was done."

Charlotte Porter.

THE LIBRARY.

RECENT ITALIAN WRITERS.



ONLY a limited number of modern Italian authors have been introduced to England and America. Besides the lays of Leopardi and Manzoni's novels very few good translations are within the reach of the average reader. And yet to the literary student the most careless ramble over the fields of modern Italian literature will yield a rich harvest. The society comedies of Paolo Ferrari,—the Italian Augier,—the exquisite humor of Salvatore Farina, the bold impressionism of Giovanni Verga, the sparkling society novelettes of Barrilli, the voluptuous strength of Stechetti's sonnets and poems, and the lyrical wealth of Zanelli, and of Zendrini, the translator of Heine's poems, would reward his attention. But the leading literary representatives of modern Italy are Pietro Cossa and Giosuè Carducci.

In 1865 a book of poems entitled "*A Satana*" was published, and aroused a storm of criticism in the literary as well as the clerical circles. On the Italian Parnassus, where Petrarca and Leopardi had sung, never was heard such passionate rhythmical eloquence. "*A Satana*" is a bold confession of the most advanced thoughts on religion, art, and politics. It describes the development of the human race, and the palm of victory is ironically given to Satan, the personification of reason and science. Its author was Giosuè Carducci, professor of classic literature at the University of Bologna.

About ten years later, when Ernesto Rossi was playing in Paris, he introduced "*Nerone*," a new tragedy in five acts, and made it one of the great theatrical events of his career. Its author was Pietro Cossa.

Giosuè Carducci was born the 27th July, 1836, in Val di Castello, a little town in the district of Pisa. He was the descendant of an

old Florentine family. His father, a physician, taught him Latin, and his mother made him acquainted with the native literature.

His favorite poets were Horace, Ugo Foscolo, Leopardi, Prati, and Victor Hugo, and their influence can be easily traced in his writings. After a long sickness of the fever, which is very frequent in that part of the county, he was sent to Castagneto, and afterwards finished his education in Florence. In 1860 he became professor of classic literature. In the same year he married. His children were called Dante, Beatrice, Laura, and Libertá.

"Poesie," "Nuove Poesie," and "Odi Barbare" are his most important works. From his first book, the "Juvenilia," to his recent poems, published in magazines and leading newspapers, in all he shows a vein of satire which recalls neither Juvenal nor Giusti nor Heine, though many compare him with the latter. There is always evident a wonderful power to express in a few words a thought of broad human interest, or to describe the most beautiful imaginary speculations by means of a suggestive picture. There is always the same energy, passion, and easy flow of rhymes, whether he thinks of wine and love and the black curls of his Lydia, or whether he remembers the quiet charm of the ruins of mediæval towns in Tuscany; whether he asks King Victor Emmanuel to throw his crown in the river Po and become a king among men, as in his "Canzone al Re," or whether he mourns over the death of his son Dante, as in his "Elegy."

Cossa tells the events of his life in a short autobiography, as follows:

"My first dramatic work was 'Mario e i Cimbri.' It was published 1864, by Barbèra, in Florence, and was praised by the literary magazines; but I do not believe that it could stand the test of a public performance. My second drama, influenced by my Dante studies, was 'Sordello.' After that I wrote 'Monaldeschi,' an episode of the life of Christina, queen of Sweden. The dramas are written in the style of Alfieri: I had not yet acquired the boldness and skill to cast aside the fetters of Aristotle. Then I wrote 'Beethoven,' a drama in prose, which had an excellent success at its representation in Rome. I wrote this drama to pay my tribute of admiration to the immortal German master, whom I think the

greatest composer that ever lived. The tragedy 'Pushkin' followed; the hero was the unhappy Russian poet, who was killed in a duel. This drama is unimportant, and at its representation scored only a mediocre success.

"At that time I came to the conclusion that I would change my literary style, and I wrote 'Nerone.' The play did not please the Roman audience, and their opinion of it was endorsed by the audiences of other Italian theatres. Discouraged, I wanted to renounce dramatic writing and accept a professorship of literature at some Roman school, when, despite all expectations, I heard that 'Nerone' had made a great sensation at Milan. Following an invitation to come there, I was received with great honor; and this event marks the beginning of my fame in Italy. In the following years I wrote 'Plauto e il suo secolo;' also 'Cola di Rienzi' and 'L'Ariosto e gli Estensi,' the latter by request of the citizens of Ferrara, on occasion of the centennial celebration of the god-like poet. I wrote 'Messalina,' 'Cleopatra,' 'Giulano l'Apostate,' 'I Borgia,' 'Cecilia.' All these compositions met with success on the Italian stage. My last work, which I finished only a few days ago, is 'I Napoletani del 1799.' My private life offers very little that is of interest."

The modest man who wrote this simple autobiography probably had no idea when he was standing at the grave of Alfieri, who rests in the cathedral of Sante Croce, between Michael Angelo and Machiavelli, that he would be one day called the successor of Alfieri.

Cossa has the same passionate power, the same vivid, gorgeous coloring, and the same vivacity of expression as Carducci. Both poets are filled with modern ideas, and they have given them expression in stirring, glowing lines of poetry, which seem to have sprung from the hot soil of a Southern clime where the sky is ever blue and lucid.

Their Pegasus are like the horses on Monte Cavallo, fiery, strong, and unrestrained, worthy of being mounted by gods. The passions which tremble in the words of these two poets may be compared with the sufferings of Niobe, which are ennobling, though they express physical agony. This is the sublime combination of technique and idea.

C. Sadakichi Hartmann.

THE NEW CRITICISM.

FIFTY years and more have passed since the foundation was laid by Darwin of a philosophy for which the ground had been slowly preparing from the far-off days of the Hindu philosopher who conceived the world to have been evolved from an egg. One by one the departments of knowledge have come under the sway of this new power, but only recently has the æsthetic critic waked up to the fact that he too must haul in the canvas and trim his sails anew. Dowden some time since realized what a powerful influence the scientific movement was destined to have on literature, although he dwelt more especially upon the effect on creative literature, and half doubtingly, with the courage born almost of despair, declared that the literature of this scientific age must perforce reflect its thought-history. Poetry, he saw, may become a criticism of life from the evolutionary stand-point,—a result, to a great extent, already come about in the poetry of Robert Browning. He foreshadowed that time when the whole basis of æsthetic criticism would be overturned, and when criticism on the judicial method—a criticism founded on “idiosyncratic or temporary partialities”—would give place to criticism on the scientific method, the basis of which is comparison and a perception of relative values.

Among the first to lay down fully and clearly the premises of the new criticism is Mr. John Addington Symonds, in his recent book, “*Essays Speculative and Suggestive*.”* It cannot be otherwise than that, in the first applications of the philosophy of evolution to literary and æsthetic criticism, there will be many mistakes made, for, as Mr. Symonds himself points out, the scientific method of criticism does not by any means do away with individual judgment. A tendency to fall into errors, arising most likely from the survival of ideas imbibed in early training, is very manifest in Mr. Symonds’s application of his own principles. “We are familiar,” he says, “with such words as ‘rise and decline,’ ‘flourishing period,’ ‘infancy of art;’ but the inevitable progression from the embryo

* SYMONDS, J. A., “*Essays Speculative and Suggestive*.” Chapman & Hall: London, 1890.

through ascending stages of growth to maturity, and from maturity by descending stages to decrepitude and dissolution, has not been sufficiently insisted on." And then he proceeds to trace his evolutions upon criticisms made in the old spirit. He fails to see that what may appear to be a decay from a type in any given period may in reality be the beacon-light of a new development. This is nowhere so evident as in his criticism of Euripides, whom, to fit in with his theory, he makes the parallel in Greek literature of Beaumont and Fletcher in English literature, repeating the old-time criticism that Euripides showed signs of lamentable decay. "His poverty of design, lack of spiritual enthusiasm, his sceptical and jaded mood of mind, were concealed beneath a mass of casuistical sophistries and stylistic elegancies." How much truer is the further-sighted wisdom of another English critic,—Prof. Moulton,—who, in his recent application of the principles of evolution to the study of the drama, finds in Euripides not the decaying branch, but the new shoot,—the forerunner of that great "romantic drama whose coping-stone was Shakespeare."

The fundamental error in Mr. Symonds's conception is to be found, it seems to me, in his confounding evolution with national development, whereas national development is in truth only a phase of evolution. He pictures to himself the development of the arts and literature in the several nations as a series of distinct arches, which rise from nowhere, culminate and sink into nowhere. This is more like a series of special creations than a gradually unfolding evolution. Is it not the downward movement which gives the impetus to the next ascending wave, and so contains within itself the elements of advance? It must be remembered that it is not art nor literature which evolves, but human consciousness and ideas; that art and literature are but the expression of this consciousness, and therefore national development in art or literature is the manifestation of the slowly evolving consciousness; and to divide this consciousness into a series of detached arches is highly unscientific and entirely at variance with Mr. Symonds's own theories. The natural outcome of this fallacy is the statement that "to create a new type while the old one is existent baffles human ingenuity,

because the type is an expression of the people's mind, and has its roots deep down in the stuff of national character." In saying this Mr. Symonds forgets the important fact upon which Carlyle lays so much stress,—namely, that the individual, the man of genius, shapes the age. No doubt, the man of genius is in one sense the outcome of his age, but so is the ordinary man; the great difference between them is that the genius is the first to grasp the meaning of his age: the unconscious soul of the people grows to consciousness in him. He is the man to form a new type while the type of his own era is in full swing, and which, struggling for recognition during the declining years of the old type, only reaches its culmination in a following age. Thus, out of the ashes of decay springs, Phoenix-like, the renewed human consciousness.

The essay on the "Relation of Art to Science and Morality" shows still further that Symonds has not fully grasped the principles which he inculcates. He avows, it is true, that beauty, goodness, truth, cannot be defined, yet he seems to think of these qualities as absolute in their human manifestations, and not subject along with other phases of consciousness to evolution. "Many things are beautiful in art which morality condemns," he says, forgetting that, though at one time art may have given expression to immoral ideas, relatively to the time it was the expression of the beautiful as it was then conceived, and could not, therefore, have been immoral in the same sense as we should regard it. It is literally impossible that art should now give expression to the beautiful in immoral ideas, for our conception of the beautiful now must include our conception of the moral. I do not wish to be understood as meaning that art must not now occupy itself with anything but the moral, but that in order to fill our conception of beauty, immorality in art must be contrasted with the moral, must be presented by the poet or the artist in such a way as to emphasize the "good in evil," the "hope in ill success." If he would give us pleasure, the painter or the poet must appeal to our charity when he depicts a villain, not by preaching, but by a subtle indication of the inevitable working of the laws of cause and effect.

It is only, however, in the application of his principles that Mr.

Symonds is at fault; a more wise and beautiful essay than that on "Some Principles of Criticism" could not be imagined. Like Matthew Arnold, he bids the critic look for high seriousness in the poet or artist, and warns him that no amount of erudition will make up for a lack of common sense. He shows the absurdity of supposing that a critic should be a specialist, conscious, though he does not say it in so many words, that the province of the critic, as of the poet and the philosopher, is to synthesize, using all other men's labors as aids to his understanding. Mr. Symonds is a true prophet when he is dealing with the principles upon which criticism should be based. In his own criticisms, however, the ghosts of by-gone definitions struggle for recognition, and, although there is much to be admired, there is something to be regretted, for the conflict between the old and the new leads to statements both weak and inconsistent.

Helen A. Clarke.

SOCIETIES.

The "Friends in Council" (Quincy, Ill.) followed during their twenty-first season an excellent programme, consisting of three courses of study,—On Modern Thought and Letters; Topics of the Times; and Evolution. The courses were elective, and the meetings devoted to each topic went round in regular rotation. In the literary course, critical papers were written on Hugo's Fiction, Poetry, Political Theories; Amiel—"Journal Intime;" Heine—Songs, Satires, Essays; J. S. Mill—The Apostle of Freedom; Gladstone—English Statesmanship, Classical Culture; Hawthorne—Literary Art, Romance; Emerson—Ideals of Art, Society, and Letters; Ethical and Religious Teachings, The Gospel of Nature; Thoreau—Poet and Naturalist; Whittier—Songs of Freedom; Lowell—Literary Criticism, National Ideals, Poetry; W. T. Harris—Philosophy, Ideals of Education. The subjects to be discussed under "Topics of the Times" were Labor Organizations, The

Manufacturer's View, The Employé's View; Prison Reform; Our National Defences; Legal Rights of Women; Opening of Government Lands; Journalism,—Newspaper Needs, Impersonal Editorship, Sensational Journalism; The Year in Music and Art; Phenomena in Economics. The lines of study adopted in the course on Evolution were especially interesting; we would venture to suggest, however, that it would be more complete if the growing influence of the philosophy of evolution on literature had been given a place in the discussions. The course was as follows:

1. **Cosmic Evolution.**—How suns and worlds came into being. Did the material universe ever have a beginning? READINGS: Spencer's "First Principles" and "Illustrations of Universal Progress;" Clodd's "Story of Creation" and "Childhood of the World;" Proctor's "Other Worlds than Ours" (chapter ix.).

2. **Evolution of the Earth.**—The story of geology; preparation of the earth for vegetable and animal life. READINGS: Haeckel's "History of Creation;" Winchell's "World Life;" Heilprin's "Geological Evidences of Evolution."

3. **Evolution of Vegetal Life.**—How does life begin? The problem of spontaneous generation; the geographical distribution of plants. READINGS: Darwin's "Origin of Species;" "Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication;" Gray's "Darwiniana;" Spencer's "Spontaneous Generation;" Powell's "Our Heredity from God."

4. **Evolution of Animal Life.**—The problem of special creation; the mutability of species; the order of zoological evolution. READINGS: Spencer's "Biology;" Huxley's "Paleontology and the Doctrine of Evolution" (in "Critiques and Addresses"); Powell's "Our Heredity from God."

5. **The Descent of Man.**—Duration of human life on the planet; growth of mind, reason, and the moral sense. READINGS: Darwin's "Descent of Man;" Haeckel's "Evolution of Man;" Winchell's "Adamites;" Tylor's "Anthropology," "Primitive Culture," and "Early History of Mankind."

6. **Evolution of Mind.**—The mind and the nervous system; the nature of mind; the growth of consciousness; instinct, memory,

reason, feelings, will. READINGS: Spencer's "Principles of Psychology;" Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy;" Maudsley's "Physical Basis of Mind;" Romanes' "Mental Evolution in Animals."

7. The Growth of Language.—Origin of articulate speech; the three stages in the evolution of language; relation of speech to thought. READINGS: W. D. Whitney's "Language and the Study of Language," "Oriental and Linguistic Studies;" Max Müller's "Science of Language" and "Science of Thought."

8. Evolution of Society.—Primitive man; growth of the family, tribe, city, and state; domestic relations; ceremonial and political institutions. READINGS: Spencer's "Principles of Sociology," "Descriptive Sociology," and "Social Statics;" Tylor's "Early History of Mankind;" Clodd's "Childhood of the World."

9. Evolution of Theology.—Origin of religious beliefs; ideas of primitive man; animism and ancestor-worship; polytheism, monotheism, pantheism. READINGS: Spencer's "Sociology" and Recent Discussions; Coulanges's "Ancient City;" Tylor's "Primitive Culture;" Clodd's "Childhood of Religions."

10. Evolution of Morals.—How altruism grows out of egoism; characteristics and relative values of ethical systems; influence of the evolutionary theory of morals on ethical sanctions. READINGS: Spencer's "Data of Ethics," and "Ethics of Kant (in *Popular Science Monthly*, September, 1888); Schurman's "Ethical Import of Darwinism;" Amos's "Science of Law."

11. The Philosophy of Evolution.—Relation of the doctrine to prevailing philosophical systems; metaphysics and the scientific method; positivism; realism and idealism; transfigured realism. READINGS: Spencer's "First Principles" and "Psychology;" Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy;" Martineau's "Types of Ethical Theory;" Abbott's "Scientific Theism."

12. The Effects of Evolution on the Coming Civilization.—Evolution and revolution; probable influence of the evolution philosophy in the settlement of social and economic problems. READINGS: Savage's "Social Problems;" Heber Newton's "The Social Problem;" Miss Cobbe's "Present and Future of Religious Faith;" J. C. Morison's "The Service of Man."

PAPERS OF THE JACKSONVILLE BROWNING CLUB.

BROWNING'S STAND-POINT.

THERE are two ways of arriving at a clear understanding of any subject which we study: from the complexity of manifestation, inward to the idea; from within outward. The true synthesis contains both, and in actual work the two methods usually run into each other; but the surest, most perfect knowledge dwells always with one who holds fast the inner principles. He never loses himself and gropes blindly amid apparently contradictory complexities.

If we know the mental stand-point of an author and understand the principles from which he works, whether we accept his teachings or not, we are able to enter somewhat sympathetically into his view of things, and judge him, if we judge at all, from what he sees rather than from what we think he should see. Some knowledge of the principles from which Browning works, some glimpse of the stand-point of his far-reaching mental vision, cannot, therefore, be otherwise than helpful as we tread our way through the bewildering and not always beautiful world which he projects for us.

He has definite ideas in regard to the great facts, God, the Soul, Freedom, Nature; and these ideas, expressed with the intensity of a creative poet who stands face to face with the truth he declares, have grown with his growth, strengthened with his strength, and shown themselves proof against and triumphant over an age that stones in its own refined way the prophets that are sent unto it.

It may be that Browning holds that the final result of the scientific investigation of the age, already so rich in thought, so fruitful for bodily well-being, will be but a fitting ground for a higher revelation of that New Jerusalem which is even now coming down from the clouds of heaven. Certainly his theory of development is not

only of the race, which through countless ages and, unnumbered multitudes painfully climbs the upward spiral groove, but also of the individual through all the existences needed for the education and up-building of the soul. Man is not, in his view, simply one of the wonderful works of Nature, born to perish ruthlessly amid the surprise and awe of his surroundings, a creature who must be entreated to stifle, as an inheritance from the savage, his yearnings for personal immortality. The truths of science are a part of all truth, and are to be reverently accepted, not unduly exalted.

He believes, and teaches, that the world exists as a means of education for the soul, which, however imbedded in nature, has its rise and destiny forever beyond that which is perishable, the proof of which lies in the fact that the world exists for the soul, yet does not and cannot satisfy it,—even a Cleon cannot wholly stifle the hope of immortality. So certain is he that the soul is not a mere child of time and fate, but of God and of freedom, given in its brief struggle here the test of temptation and the opportunity for growth, that he believes satisfaction with the present life, and no desire for things higher, the greatest misfortune that can befall a soul; and therefore anything which rouses one from this state—this “Primrose path” to hell—is of priceless value.

Here we find the ground of his teaching in regard to love. With him all the paths of love lead upward; unrequited love is still the lover's gain, and it would seem from some of his poems that even unholy love still held the divine element darkly enfolded. Browning represents love much as Plato does; both show how it rouses that thirst for the Infinite which leads the soul upward. But Plato points out clearly that that semblance of love which is earth-born is, indeed, but the shadow of a shadow. Emerson tells us of a dæmonic love, which

“Is the ancestor of wars
And the parent of remorse.”

Much that calls itself love is of this character, and is unredeemed by that

“Joy that is sweetest
In stings of remorse.”

Love educates in many ways ; but we must not forget that there is that—call it what we may—which wears love's deceptive guise while its feet take hold on the paths of death. It is just here that Browning is not quite clear in his teaching ; and he,—the master of subtleties,—it would seem, above all others, could best tell us of that which seems and is not. Its temptations are subtle, but if they come they are “for man to meet and master, and make crouch beneath his foot, and so be pedestalled in triumph.” Thus, and thus only, does it educate as it should.

Surely the discipline that comes from the repression of self, when love comes into collision with the institutional life around us, gives the surer, if more painful, path upward ; and the higher and purer the love, the more is it capable of that renunciation which is death unto self. Yet Browning leaves this question unsettled,—the soul may be lost which leaves the voice of love unheeded.

Browning's fundamental principles in regard to life are that spiritual growth is its proper object, and that as related to this object evil and imperfection are necessary ; that the True, the Good, the Beautiful are here but relative, but hints of the absolute forever beyond ; for man follows a growing ideal.

When we understand something of these principles, we have no difficulty in reading those poems that “blind by their excess of light ;” nowhere do we find the wail of despair over failure, for failure may be only apparent, a part of success, a part of an infinite unfailing plan, and the measure of worth not so much what we have done as what we have aspired to do.

“All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This was I worth to God. . . .”

Homer and the Greek tragedians gave us heroic types that loom up in Titanic grandeur against the sky of a by-gone world. Dante, that “voice of ten dumb centuries,” gave with the intensity of his passionate soul the heaven and earth including thought of the mediæval world. Shakespeare gave us character in action, and created a world so inclusive, so complete and marvellous, that the generations of men that come and go view it with ever-increasing

astonishment. Browning gives us the psychological world, which certainly does not exclude, but supplements, the worlds already revealed. He tells us not only of the beauty but of the baseness of that world; of "sins that are as scarlet," of purity which cannot be sullied, of passionate pain and passionate joy. But, however life is presented to us, there is always a note of triumph, for the

" . . . individual soul works through the shows of sense . . .

And, through the fleeting, lives to die into the fixed,
And reach at length ' God, man, or both together mixed.' "

L. Wright.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

NOTES AND NEWS.

SHAKESPEARE COMMEMORATIONS AGAIN.

MRS. GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS, the celebrated English novelist, author of "The Manchester Man," "In His Own Hand," and other works of fiction, who was recently honored with a government grant in recognition of her services to literature, has written to me with reference to the "Shakespeare Commemorations" that have appeared in POET-LORE. I and all admirers of the world's poet are very grateful to Mrs. Banks for the information she has so kindly imparted to me, and of which I hasten to make use as an addendum to these commemorations.

It appears that in 1852-53 Mr. George Linnæus Banks, a well-known journalist and lecturer, and an enthusiastic Shakespearian scholar, instituted two commemorations at Stratford-on-Avon. These have already been alluded to in their order of dates, but the name of the prime mover, as is often the case in such matters, escaped my notice.

Mr. Banks at that time was the editor of *The Birmingham*

Mercury, and worked hard to secure a success for the commemorations he organized. He was able to engage the attendance of the leading Shakespearian actors and commentators, and the festival proceedings terminated, as on former occasions, with a dinner at the Falcon Inn. The account of the commemoration of 1853 can now be augmented by information from Mrs. Banks. The celebrities present were presented by J. C. Onions, then of Birmingham, with library bellows made from portions of the Stratford "One Elm," which had been cut down through an official blunder, and which had been purchased by Mr. Onions.

This "One Elm" was not of so much historic interest as the Mulberry Tree, planted at New Place by the hand of Shakespeare himself, and which was so ruthlessly cut down by Mr. Gastrell, about the year 1756; still, as Mrs. Banks informs me, it was a tree of renown. It was the tree under which the old Court Leets had assembled, under which Shakespeare doubtless had played when a boy and loved to sit in his maturity, and from which the beaters of the parish bounds had started. A silver plate was set into each of the presentation bellows mentioned above, upon which was an inscription commemorative of the festival. Through illness Mrs. Banks was not present at either of the commemorations organized by her husband. A pair of the "One Elm" bellows, however, were sent to her upon the occasion, and she keeps them now.

In connection with the London Tercentenary of 1864, the workmen of the metropolis appear to have been animated with the true Shakespeare worship. It was their ambition to raise a National Statue to Shakespeare on Primrose Hill. The scheme was doomed to disappointment. The commemoration was, however, a truly notable one. The executive committee in connection with the movement consisted of the following: His Grace the Duke of Manchester; the Right Hon. William Cowper, M.P.; Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P.; William Tites, Esq., M.P.; J. A. R. Beresford Hope, Esq.; Daniel Maclise, Esq., R.A.; and Professor Donaldson, President of the Royal Institution of Architects.

One of the most interesting items of this commemoration was the planting of an oak on Primrose Hill, by Samuel Phelps. Some

seventy thousand to one hundred thousand persons witnessed the ceremony. The oak was a present from the Queen and came from the Royal Park at Windsor. In the absence of the poet Miss Eliza Cook, Mrs. George Linnæus Banks was called upon to christen the tree "The Shakespeare Oak," and this she did with water from the Avon.

Mr. Banks delivered an address, and also wrote for the event two Shakespearian songs, "England's Minstrel King" and "Three Hundred Years Ago." The first was set to music by George A. Macfarren, and the second by W. Wilson. On the whole, the London workmen's Shakespeare Tercentenary was one of the most interesting among Shakespeare commemorations.

George Morley.

LEAMINGTON.

LONDON LETTER.

IT IS now close on ten years since George Eliot was borne to her rest in the cemetery at Highgate, on the northern heights of London. Since that dim December day of 1880 her grave has been visited by many readers who have gained something of inspiration and incentive from her life-work. And, indeed, her books would appear to be still as eagerly sought after as when she was living among us, charming us by the graciousness of her presence, as by the anticipation of the "more to come." Concerning her work, as a whole, criticism has been, in the main, exceedingly favorable,—in fact, it is somewhat hard to call to mind a really unfavorable verdict from one qualified to speak. The sight of a hitherto unpublished letter of Ruskin's, however, the other day, called to mind that one discordant note had been raised anent her work. Doubtless some of your readers may remember a series of papers contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* in 1881, by Mr. Ruskin, on "Fiction, Fair and Foul," in which it seemed to many possibly simple souls that the great art critic had gone mad; for among other things we were told that the "Mill on the Floss" was but the "sweepings out of a Pentonville omnibus,"—Pentonville bearing at one time a some-

what "shady" name, and being aforetime largely patronized by the middle-class folk of London. Yet I may make bold to say that what the phrase really meant neither Mr. Ruskin nor his readers could say. One of these readers, however, was somewhat wrathful, and wrote to the master for an explanation, which he condescended to give (dated Coniston, October 2, 1881), and which was as follows:

"*Dear Sir*,—You are not alone in your admiration of George Eliot, nor did I write my criticism of her in any expectation of its being accepted, but, as I do all my own work, with absolute disregard of public opinion, and on principles of taste which have been forgotten for three hundred years. No critic is good for anything who cannot judge of a painter by a line, and of an author by a sentence. I read enough of George Eliot ten years ago to know her qualities; but, having some personal regard for her, said nothing about her, till the time when other people think the fitting occasion come for their praise. *I* have always praised the living, and judged—the dead. The ambiguity you complain of means simply that in detesting with my whole soul the paltry tragedies of the modern novelist—I would not trouble myself with such a vile story as that of the 'Mill on the Floss,' until my friend's confused report of it necessitated my doing so. Foregone conclusions are the business of modern cliques, parties and sects. *Mine* have been tried for half a lifetime—before a word of them is written.

"Yours, etc.,

"*J. Ruskin.*"

The explanation is interesting, as being from the pen of him who was supposed to have taken up the "mantle" of the Prophet of Chelsea,—but that is all.

Of the inception of new magazines there is apparently no end, in England at least. With October comes the *Paternoster Review*, a new "sixpenny monthly," the *raison d'être* for which is hardly apparent. There seems to be nothing of what may be termed special interest in the number; but one article, called "The Book of the Future," by Henry Blackburn, would possibly interest the readers of POET-LORE. Mr. Blackburn premises that in the future it will be more essential that the writer's *personality* should be in some way expressed on the printed page. At present the "picturesque figure

of the author" is turned into a literary machine! while the type, engravings, binding, etc., are all more or less of a fraud. The antidote to this is to be found in a "reformed handwriting!" Great Jehoshaphat! what would the shade of Dickens say to this? At any rate the hearts of the compositors would rejoice; but then, alas! the boon is not for their poor plebeian souls; it is only for the lights of literature! No; the author is to study short-hand for making "rapid notes," then he is to learn to write with Gothic taste and precision, that a "fac-simile of it would be a delight to read on the printed page." And thus the great secret is revealed. The time has now come, says Mr. Blackburn, when the handwork of the author can be reproduced in metal, in "relief," on blocks, from which thousands of copies can be printed. By this means the poet and the scholar are to be freed from "mechanical trammels," and, "emancipated from the routine of type-set books," will be able to present themselves to their readers in appropriate guise! Of course, it is needless to add, this is only for the "poet and student;" and it is by this means that the line of demarcation is to be drawn between them and the "lower order" of the *literati*: for mere journalism, hack literature, "penny dreadfuls," etc., the ordinary type-setting is to be the vehicle between them and the public! However, Mr. Blackburn may possess his soul in peace, for I fear we shall be rapidly approaching the millennium ere our great authors will set about "reforming their handwriting."

It was a truly graceful act, as well as affectionate, on the part of Lady Martin, to place a tablet, with the following inscription, on the wall of the quiet little church of Llantysilio, near Llangollen: "In memory of Robert Browning, poet, born 1812, died 1889, who worshipped in this church ten weeks in autumn, 1886; by his friend, Helen Faucit Martin."

There are those living who still remember the charm of Helen Faucit's "Colombe" of seven-and-thirty years since, at the Haymarket Theatre, London, and who will think upon this act as being equally graceful and beautiful. A tablet has also been placed upon the house in Warwick Crescent, notifying that the poet lived there; indeed, it was in Warwick Crescent that the greater part of

"The Ring and the Book" was written, and it is the one London house that is chiefly connected with his memory. He had only removed to Kensington but a year or two, when the end came; still, he was evidently very happy in his new home, and was, so far as his friends could judge, looking forward to some years of quiet leisure (if he *could* be at leisure) therein. Surely, a tablet should be placed upon *this* house likewise.

Next month a new booklet is to be published containing a short story by Count Tolstoi. This story will deal with the early Christians, a parallel being drawn between pagan and Christian marriages. The title will be "Work while ye have the Light," and the original is stated to have been suppressed by the censor prior to publication.

It seems that the long-deferred Talleyrand Memoirs are at last to be published, in five volumes, by Calmann Levy, from the materials of the Duc de Broglie, who will edit the work. I learn that advance articles thereon are to be published, early next year, in the columns of the *Century Magazine*.

William G. Kingsland.

LONDON, October 4, 1890.

WILLIAM HUNNIS DIED TOO SOON.

TO THE EDITORS: I find, from the Cheque-Book of the Chapel Royal, that William Hunnis died in 1597, so is ineligible to be *the* "W. H." of the "Sonnets." One interesting point I have lately unearthed regarding Hunnis. I was looking through the City Registers, hoping to find record of some payment to him for masques; but found, instead, that Queen Elizabeth in 1570 had sent very urgent letters to the Lord Mayor of London and his court, to grant him the dues of wheelage and passage on London Bridge, without stating any reason but her favor.

Charlotte Stopes.

KENWYN, October 20, 1890.

SUPPLEMENT.

RECENT BACON-SHAKESPEARE LITERATURE.

IX.

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE discussion has practically come to an end. While there are numbers of Baconians, the theory has not made any lasting impression on the world at large. In taking leave of the subject, the compiler submits, for the information of those who have been interested in it, a list of thirty-six additional titles, making four hundred and sixty in all. The usual notes and comments are omitted, partly from want of time to prepare them, but mainly from the lack of general interest in the subject-matter.

The general tenor of each title is indicated as in the original bibliography: *Pro-Sh.*, for Shakespeare; *anti-Sh.*, against Shakespeare; *unc.*, unclassified.

The previous titles can be found as follows: 1 to 255 in the "Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Literature" (Cincinnati, 1884); 256 to 391 in *Shakespeariana* for March, April, and July, 1886, April and December, 1887, and May and December, 1888; 392 to 424 in POET-LORE for February, 1889.

W. H. Wyman.

WALNUT HILLS, CINCINNATI, October, 1890.

- 425 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE ODER FRANCIS BACON? By PROFESSOR RAPP, Ulm.
Part I., 1887, pp. 19. Part II., 1888, pp. 32, quarto. *Pro-Sh.*
- 426 DONNELLY AND THE SHAKESPEARE CIPHER. By JOHN T. DOYLE. Pamphlet,
pp. 8. (Reprinted from the *Overland Monthly*, San Francisco, of July, 1888.)
Pro-Sh.
- 427 THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM. A REPLY TO SIR W. FOX. By REV. E. H. GULLIVER.
A series of papers in the *Herald*, Auckland, New Zealand, August 25, and September 1, 8, and 15, 1888. About two columns each. *Pro-Sh.*
- 428 UNE CONTROVERSE LITTERAIRE. SHAKESPEARE ET BACON. By M. DE RAYNAL.
Paris: E. De Soye et Fils, 1888. Pamphlet, 8vo, pp. 30. *Anti-Sh.*

- 429 SHAKESPEARE AND BACON. By GERALD MASSEY. A chapter in "The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets," London, 1888, pages 367 to 402. *Pro-Sh.*
- 430 GERMAN REVIEWS OF COUNT VITZTHUM'S "SHAKESPEARE UND SHAKSPERE" in *Schlesische Zeitung*, by W. AN, Breslau, November 23, 1888, eleven (feuilleton) columns. In *Allgemeinen Zeitung*, München, December 15, 1888, five (full) columns. In *Die Nation*, Berlin, January 12, 1889, by J. B. WIDMANN, eight full columns. *Unc.*
- 431 JOURNAL OF THE BACON SOCIETY. No. VIII., January, 1889. London: George Redway. 8vo, pp. 72, 84-156. *Anti-Sh.*
- 432 SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION AND POLITICS. By GOLDWIN SMITH. In *Macmillan's Magazine*, London, for January, 1889. *Pro-Sh.*
- 433 DELIA BACON'S UNHAPPY STORY. By IGNATIUS DONNELLY. In the *North American Review* for March, 1889, pp. 12. *Anti-Sh.*
- 434 SHAKESPEARE-BACON. By B. COLLINS, of Chico, Cal. A series of papers in *Themis*, Sacramento, Cal., in 1889, March 24 and 31, and April 7, 14, 21, and 28. *Pro-Sh.*
- 435 SHAKESPEARE ET BACON: SHAKESPEARE EST-IL L'AUTEUR DES ŒUVRES QUI LUI SONT ATTRIBUÉES? By MAGHUZ. In the *Tunis Journal*, Tunis, Algiers, April 27, 1889, five columns. *Unc.*
- 436 DID BEN JONSON WRITE BACON'S WORKS? By ALFRED WAITES. In *Shakespeareana*, New York. I., in April, 1889, pp. 14. II., in June, pp. 17. III., in July, pp. 16. *Pro-Sh.*
- 437 THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY. By RANDOLPH LEE. In the *Westminster Review*, London, for May, 1889, pp. 15. *Pro-Sh.*
- 438 JOURNAL OF THE BACON SOCIETY. No. IX., June, 1889. London: George Redway. 8vo, pp. 52, 157-208. *Anti-Sh.*
- 439 MR. DONNELLY'S REVIEWERS. By WILLIAM D. O'CONNOR. Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co., 1889. 12mo, pp. 101. *Anti-Sh.*
- 440 REVIEW OF O'CONNOR'S "MR. DONNELLY'S REVIEWERS." [By CHARLOTTE PORTER.] In *Poet-love*, Philadelphia, for August, 1889, pp. 5. *Pro-Sh.*
- 441 DR. OWEN'S CRYPTOGRAM. HAS HE FOUND A REAL SHAKESPEARIAN CIPHER? [By DR. ORVILLE W. OWEN.] In the *Detroit (Mich.) Journal*, September 14, 1889, two columns. *Anti-Sh.*
- 442 SMALL LATIN AND LESS GREEK. By H. A. KENNEDY. In the *Contemporary Review*, London, for October, 1889, pp. 12. *Pro-Sh.*

- 443 DIE SHAKESPERE-BACON THEORIE. By HERR WÜLKER. (From Report of the Proceedings of the Royal Saxon Society.) Leipzig: S. Hirzel, 1889, pp. 84.
Pro-Sh.
- 444 THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE QUESTION ANSWERED. By C. STOPES [MRS. CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES]. Second Edition. London: Trübner & Co., 1889. 8vo, pp. 266.
Pro-Sh.
- 445 ZUR KRITIK DER SHAKESPERE-BACON FRAGE. By DR. J. SCHIPPER, of the University of Vienna. Vienna: Alfred Hölder, 1889, pp. 98.
Pro-Sh.
- 446 WAS SHAKESPEARE AN IMPOSTOR? By S. M. GAINES, F.S.S. Printed for private circulation. n.d. [Nicholasville, Ky., 1889.] 8vo, pp. 37.
Pro-Sh.
- 447 THE HON. IGNATIUS DONNELLY'S REPLY ANSWERED. By the REV. DR. NICHOLSON, LL.D. Leamington, Eng., 1889. 4to, pp. 7.
Pro-Sh.
- 448 SHAKESPEARE DER AUTOR SEINER DRAMEN, VON KARL HEINRICH SCHAIBLE. Heidelberg: Carl Winter's Universitätsbuchhandlung, 1889. 8vo, pp. 92.
Pro-Sh.
- 449 WAS BACON THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAYS ATTRIBUTED TO SHAKESPEARE? A lecture delivered before the members of the Torquay Natural History Society. By WILLIAM LAVERS. Torquay, 1889. Pamphlet, pp. 39.
Pro-Sh.
- 450 NOCH EINMAL DIE BACO-FRAGE. By F. A. LEO. Review of Mr. Donnelly, Count Vitzhum, Sir Theo. Martin, Prof. Heussler, and Mrs. Stopes. In the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, Weimar, 1889, pp. 9.
Pro-Sh.
- 451 FRANCIS BACON UND SEINE GESCHICHTLICHE STELLUNG. By DR. HANS HUESSLER. Breslau: Wilhelm Koebner, 1889, pp. 199.
Pro-Sh.
- 452 THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY. By PROF. HIRAM CORSON. A chapter (pp. 25-31) in *An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare*. Boston, 1889.
Pro-Sh.
- 453 JOURNAL OF THE BACON SOCIETY. No. X., December, 1889. London: George Redway. 8vo, pp. 65, 209-274.
Anti-Sh.
- 454 SHAKESPEARE AUTORE DEI SUSI DRAMMI. In the *Nuova Antologia* (quarterly Fascicola xxiii.). Rome, December 1, 1889, pp. 11.
Pro-Sh.
- 455 DIE BACON-SHAKESPEARE HYPOTHESE. Von A. JONELI. In the *Schweizer Zeitung*, Basel, Switzerland. Eleven parts, from November 6 to December 4, 1889. In all, about eighteen columns.
Pro-Sh.

- 456 THE BACONIAN COMEDY OF ERRORS. By ALFRED WAITES. In *Shakespeariana*, New York, December, 1889, pp. 11; April, 1890, pp. 13; and July, 1890, pp. 10.
Pro-Sh.
- 457 THE BACONIAN THEORY. Report of Lecture of MR. HENRY A. CLAPP, at Chickering Hall, Boston. In the *Post*, Boston, March 31, 1890.
Pro-Sh.
- 458 WHAT IS A PARALLELISM? By SIDWELL N. BREEZE. In *Shakespeariana*, New York, for April, 1890, pp. 8.
Pro-Sh.
- 459 SHAKESPEARE vs. BACON. By W. H. THORNE. In *The Globe*, Philadelphia, for April, 1890, pp. 27.
Pro-Sh.
- 460 FACTS THAT CONVERTED ME FROM SHAKESPEARE TO BACON. By EDWIN REED. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co., 1890, pp. 16.
Anti-Sh.
- 461 HERMES STELLA, OR NOTES AND JOTTINGS UPON THE BACON CIPHER. By W. F. C. WIGSTON. London: George Redway, 1890. 8vo, pp. 182.
Anti-Sh.
- 462 ZUR SHAKESPEARE-BACON THEORIE. Von KARL LENKNER. Halle: Max Niemeyer, 1890. Pamphlet, pp. 48.
Pro-Sh.

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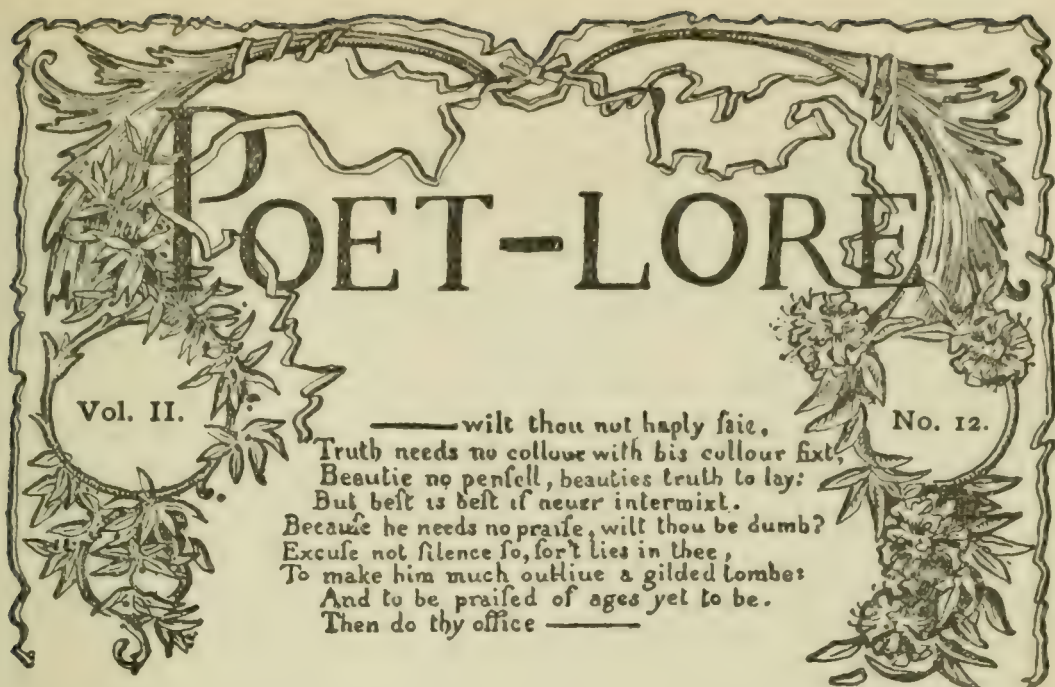
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BROWNING'S SCIENCE AS SHOWN IN "NUMPHOLEPTOS."

WHEN a Browning propagandist of the very enthusiastic order protests—as he often does—that, with ordinary intelligence and careful reading, there should be no great difficulty in understanding all the poet has written, it is not a bad idea to ask him to be good enough to say exactly what is the meaning of "Childe Roland" and the still more obscure "Numpholeptos." The former poem is one of the most powerful examples of word-painting in the language; no one can fail to conjure up the whole weird and gloomy scene even at a first reading: the trouble comes when we wish to know what it is all about. It is all very well for writers like Mr. Nettleship to scold us for looking for secondary meanings in a pure work of art like this, but it is not in human nature to avoid asking what such a poem is intended to teach. "Teach?" says Mr. Nettleship,—“to teach nothing but thankfulness for such exquisitely artistic work.” And then he bids us beware of the folly of trying to find out what the poet meant by the “hoary cripple,” “the stiff blind horse,” “the stubbed ground,” “the marsh,” “the bog,” “the black dearth,” and the Dark Tower itself.

Then, to silence us forever, Mrs. Orr and Dr. Furnivall tell us that Browning admitted that the poem had no meaning in the sense we are thinking of, that it was never intended to teach anything at all, no search for truth, no struggles to attain wisdom or certitude.

We are, of course, respectfully silent; but here and there a daring student is bold enough to say that the poet "builided better than he knew," that, after all, a poet is only the channel by which Divine thoughts are sent to man, and that he is not always the best judge of their import; then the Master answered, "Make what you like of it; there is my work: it means to you what you conceive it to mean;" which is very much like the remark of the showman as to the identity of Daniel and the lions.

The poem we are to consider in this paper is not at all on the same platform as "Childe Roland." In "Numpholeptos" the poet has used certain imagery and committed himself definitely to such figures as must have a special meaning or the poem is pure nonsense. It is not a case of uncanny landscape which at least *is* a landscape and would do very well on canvas, but is that of the rather venturesome application of scientific terms used metaphorically for certain incidents in a soul tragedy. Now, if all this does not in the poem "run on all fours" and be precisely accurate in every point, the use of the scientific metaphor seems to us to be inappropriate, and the poem not only meaningless but, unlike "Childe Roland," inartistic. In the latter case we at least have a grand picture, though we cannot interpret it; in the former we have no picture at all, but a nocturne in muddle. An attempt was made at the London Browning Society about two years ago to grapple with this obscure yet in some respects beautiful poem; I use the term beautiful so far as certain lines are concerned. The author of the courageous attempt to explain "Numpholeptos" rejected with some diffidence the narrow interpretation that it is a story of merely human love; in some sense the nymph was held to be a personification of philosophy; one of the debaters thought that Divine wisdom might be intended, though the latter part of the work certainly negated the view; another seemed to think that much of the imagery was applicable to the Catholic idea of the Virgin, though the rest was impossible in that

connection. Was the nymph intended to mean ideal woman? Lange says that, as Christ represents ideal man, so Mary represents ideal woman. But the imagery does not fit either. Was it Dante's Beatrice? That was a tempting line to follow, but we forsook it when we came to the disrespectful lines,—

“ obtuse
Unreason of a she-intelligence!
You very woman with a pert pretence
To match the male achievement!”

No! this could not be said of Beatrice. Yet there is much in “Numpholeptos” which points to Dante’s “Divina Commedia” as the source of the poet’s inspiration; both the imagery and treatment in parts strongly suggest this.

Before going further let us examine the metaphor used in this poem. It is perhaps of all others Browning’s favorite figure drawn from his scientific storehouse. I have pointed out, in the chapter on Browning as a Scientific Poet, in my book on “Browning’s Message to His Time,” how frequent and how admirable is his use of the figure drawn from the constitution of white light. In “The Ring and the Book” we have,—

“ Only the prism’s obstruction shows aright
The secret of a sunbeam, breaks its light
Into the jewelled bow from blankest white;
So may a glory from defect arise!”

and in “Sordello,”—

“ Light, thwarted, breaks
A limpid purity to rainbow flakes.”

In *Fifine*, “losing the varicolor in achromatic white” is the figurative expression for self-sacrifice. In “The Ring and the Book,” too, we have,—

“ Rather learn and love each facet flash of the revolving year!
Red, green, and blue that whirl into a white.”

These examples show that Browning was in love with his light metaphor, and in “Numpholeptos” he built up a complete poem on this foundation. Used merely as a passing illustration the effect was delightful; to make a whole work depend upon it was a little

risky. In the second line of the poem the moonbeam "white awhile" stands for pure white light, which, as every one knows, is composed of the seven primary colors,—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. A solar ray of light—to speak precisely—can be separated by a prism into these seven colors. These, again, when painted side by side upon a disk which is rapidly revolved, are, as the poet tells, "whirled into a white."

I may be pardoned this school-boy talk, for I have found that it is not well to assume that everybody knows the fragments of elementary science which are scattered up and down Browning's works.

A line or two further on we find the moonbeam smile warms and softens the soul, the iridescence becomes "prime of dawn," "blood-streaked," "ripened to a ruddy glow of gold." Then we come to the bolder enunciation of the metaphor:

"What fairy track do I explore?
What magic hall return to, like the gem
Centuply-angled o'er a diadem?
You dwell there, hearted; from your midmost home
Rays forth—through that fantastic world I roam
Ever—from centre to circumference,
Shaft upon colored shaft: this crimsons thence,
That purples out its precinct through the waste.
Surely I had your sanction when I faced,
Fared forth upon that untried yellow ray
Whence I retrack my steps?"

Henceforward the whole poem pursues the metaphor: "fire quenched in flint;" "your blank pure soul, alike the source and tomb of that prismatic glow;"

"Here I reek suffused
With crocus, saffron, orange, as I used
With scarlet, purple, every dye o' the bow
Born of the storm-cloud;"

with much more in the same style. We are entitled to demand "who is this perfect, pure, quintessentially white being?" Is the nymph the gem, or the light which is separated by it? The imagery of the poem seems to imply that the pure light—the white light—represents the nymph. Up to this point she may be con-

sidered as an impersonation of Woman,—pure ideal woman,—Wisdom, or Philosophy. But then come those insulting lines,—

“O, you—less hard
And hateful than mistaken and obtuse
Unreason of a she-intelligence!
You very woman with the pert pretence.”

“Womanly falsehood” is referred to, and the whole idea of perfection dispelled. Now let us see what follows. Such being the case, the light metaphor cannot have been properly used. The pure light is broken up into the seven colors, which can be made to recombine to make pure light. The poet understands this, and says,—

“Your blank pure soul, alike the source
And tomb of that prismatic glow.”

But hardness, obtuseness, pert pretence, and falsehood are not component parts of a perfect being. It is of little use to speculate as to what the nymph represents. She is an impossible being: not a monster merely, but an unthinkable character. The working of the sum cannot be right, for we can't “prove” it, as the arithmeticians say.

About two years ago the poem, as we have said, was discussed at the London Browning Society, and, as nothing could be made of it, the case was referred to Browning; in substance the reply, as given through Dr. Furnivall, was, “The damsel is a nymph, an imaginary and not a real being, and not a woman at all.” This is most unsatisfactory. A very elaborate and a very familiar figure taken from optics is used at great length to set forth the character of this nymph, and, just as we are getting to know her and almost feel inclined to worship her, she turns out to be a very ordinary sort of she of the spoiled ballet-girl type. Calling her a nymph does not explain matters. Nothing can be more disappointing, for the imagery started well. It is interesting to contrast Dante's use of the same figure. Browning seems unconsciously to have inverted it by treating centrifugally what the Florentine used centripetally. Dante makes all the virtues tend towards and centre themselves in Mary's

purity. Some commentators on "Numpholeptos" have said the nymph is a modern Beatrice or Laura. Dante's love for Beatrice was purely spiritual, and it is questionable if she were to him anything more than a symbol of the Divine wisdom and love. The poet was indebted to S. Bernard and S. Bonaventura for many of his ardent expressions of love to the Virgin Mary, and he has made his Beatrice after her image and likeness. The offices of the church had familiarized him with the application to Mary of the term applied to wisdom in the Sapiential Books of the Bible and Apocrypha, such, for example, as, "In me is all grace of the way and the truth," "I am the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope." In the "Vita Nuova," the poet calls Beatrice "The destroyer of all vices and the queen of all virtues." This is exactly the language of S. Bernard when writing of Our Lady. With Dante, Mary is the impersonation of the Divine mercy. He was also devoted to S. Lucia, who symbolizes supernatural light or the grace of illumination. We cannot understand the "Divina Commedia" till we recognize these things. A commentator on Browning's poem who thought it applied to Beatrice asks, "Why should that poet spend his strength on this old-fashioned nymph?" Some have thought that he had his mind saturated with the lovely imagery of the "Paradiso" when he wrote it, and this led him to adopt Dante's use of white light imagery to illustrate the perfection of heaven and the glorified saints, and invert the process by making the rays from heaven to be resolved into their constituent parts and become types of earthly, common, every-day virtues. Browning's sympathy with imperfection runs through all his work. He loves "the dye o' the bow Born of the storm-cloud," and so the every-day life of the strong, striving, sinful men and women of the time. He seems to hate perfection,—“go to angels, insects, and star-fishes for that,” he says; and he does not sing of Madonnas and St. Lucys and Beatrices, but of heart-broken Paracelsus, Sordello, and Pompilia. Failures, dupes, mistake-makers, travellers down a red, a violet, or a yellow ray elicit his sympathy more than diamond-pure souls dwelling in their moonbeam-coldness.

In the twenty-ninth canto of the "Purgatorio" the poet beheld

"The flames go onward, leaving, as they went,
The air behind them painted on with trail
Of liveliest pencils, so distinct were marked
All those seven-listed colors, whence the Sun
Maketh his bow, and Cynthia her zone."

In the thirtieth canto of the "Paradiso" Dante is taken into the Empyrean and is permitted to gaze into the depths of everlasting light, his

"Visual strength, refining more and more,
Bare me into the ray authential
Of sovran light."

In that light he saw all properties of substance and of accident compounded, yet "one individual light the whole," and in the deepest depths of this dazzling light he saw the blessed Mary.

We seem to find ourselves trespassing in Browning's workshop. People have often wondered what he meant by the lines,—

"While in your heaven
The sun reserves love for the Spirit-Seven
Companioning God's throne thy lamp before."

To understand this we must remember that the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost are represented in the "Commedia" under the figure of seven lamps, from which issue seven pencils of rainbow-tinted flame. The seven gifts of the Holy Spirit enumerated by Isaiah are wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety, and the fear of the Lord. Here are the characteristics of perfection. This is "the glitter of the Eternal beams" which overpowered Dante with its whiteness. Does it not suggest the "blank pure soul," "the quintessential whiteness," "the source and tomb of the prismatic glow," which is the theme of "Numpholeptos"? Browning traces the separate light rays as pilgrim paths from a heavenly ideal; Dante leads his rays from earth heavenward till they are lost in God who is their sum.

Browning's idea of the lover, bound to a nymph, passing forth now on one, again on another, of the individual rays or influences proceeding from the character, is ingenious, but seems to have been pushed to excess and made to bear too great a strain. Why should

she repel him for being subdued to the color in which she compelled him to work? If "gold means love," can he love too much? The nymph seems to have put a premium on the impossible: her pilgrim must travel on a certain road, but must get no dust on his sandals. That is where "the unreason of the she-intelligence" comes in, says the poet. "Quite so," we reply, "but you left no room for such a defect when you made her perfect to start with." Perhaps the best solution of the difficulty would be to make the nymph stand not for ideal but real woman, not the impossible she, but woman as we know and honor her with all her gifts and grace and all her imperfections. Till man has been subdued and softened by woman he can never be true man, as Dr. Anna Kingsford says, in a beautiful passage in "The Perfect Way:"

"And as, on the plane physical, man is not man, but only boy—rude, forward, and solicitous only to exalt and exhibit his strength—until the time comes for him to recognize, appreciate, and appropriate her as the woman; so, on the plane spiritual, man is not man, but only materialist—having all the deficiencies, intellectual and moral, the term implies—until the time comes for him to recognize, appreciate, and appropriate her as the soul, and, coveting her as his better half, to renounce his own exclusively centrifugal impulses, and yield to her centripetal attractions. Doing this with all his heart, he finds that she makes him in the highest sense man. In adding to his intellect her intuition, she endows him with that true manhood, the manhood of mind. Then, by her aid obtaining cognition of substance, and from the phenomenal facts ascending to the essential idea, he adds understanding to knowledge and attains to certitude of truth, completing thereby the system of his thought."

Edward Berdoo.

OFF THE COAST OF PANAMA.

WE sailed together. How that little phrase
Brings back the dream the voyage was to me!
Each day swam by, lapped in a golden haze,
Upon the violet glory of the sea.

And each calm night on that enchanted cruise
How long we watched the swaying of the spars,
Forgetting feverish coasts and deadly dews
Under the southern splendor of the stars.

And dear the memory of the hours we spent
In sunburnt ports,—the palms, the lithe, dark race,
The deep sky's quivering blue, the way we went,
The surf, the wide-eyed wonder of your face.

South, ever southward, yearn the sick at heart,
Nor is the prompting of their spirit vain ;
For only there to hours that would depart
We murmur "Stay!" nor fear to lengthen pain.

To-day to that charmed land we left behind
The ship fares back as lightly, but not I.
The thought of you flits through my sombre mind
Like tropic bird astray in northern sky.

Annie Lake Townsend.

THE LOTUS SYMBOLISM IN HOMER, THEOCRITUS, MOSCHUS, TENNY- SON, AND BROWNING.

O you remember the rolling lines in which old Homer tells of the happy, wave-washed Lotus-land? There dwelt the Lotophagi. When Ulysses and his comrades reached its shores, he sent three chosen men to explore the country, and the islanders gave them of their diet. Having eaten the magic flower, the mariners forgot both countrymen and country, and wished to eat that food forever. When Ulysses tried to break the enchanted spell by forcing their retreat, they strived

and wept, and would not leave their meat. Fearful that others, too, might taste the Lotus, and forget, in its strange raptures, their old ties, Ulysses quickly had the three sailors brought to ship, bound hand and foot, and thrown under the hatches; then all sailed away seaward.

Under the guise of a lovely fable—one that has appealed to poets from that day to this—we get a hint that the soul may be ensnared by some pleasure of sense, and made forgetful of past ties, of home, country, friendship, and duty.

About seven hundred years later, Theocritus, "the sweet singer of Syracuse," writes an idyl of the love of Heracles for Hylas. Heracles is sailing with Jason to find the Golden Fleece, and is taking with him the young lad Hylas, for whom he feels a deep affection. They reach the Hellespont on the third day, and land at Propontis. They get ready supper in the late evening; the multitude strew a bed lowly upon the ground, for they have found a meadow, rich in couches of strewn grass and leaves, from which they cut them pointed flag-leaves and deep marsh-galingale. Hylas goes to draw water for supper, and soon is ware of a spring, in a hollow land. Rushes grow thickly around it, and dark swallow-wort, and green maidenhair, and blooming parsley, and deer-grass spreading through the marshy land. In the water's midst, shepherd nymphs are arraying their dances,—Eunice, and Malis, and Nycheia, with her April eyes. He holds out a wide-mouthed pitcher to the water, to dip it up, but all the nymphs cling to his hand. Love of the Argive lad flutters their soft hearts. Hylas sinks headlong into the black water, and a mate shouts to his seamen-comrades to be up and away, as the wind is fair for sailing. The nymphs then hold the weeping Hylas on their laps and try to comfort him. Heracles calls him anxiously, shouting "Hylas" thrice, as loudly as his deep throat can call. Thrice the lad hears him, but thin comes his voice from the water. Near by though he is, he seems very far away. . . . Thus loveliest Hylas is numbered with the Blessed, and Heracles pursues his mournful and lonely way. (*Cf.* Lang's "Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus," pp. 64, 65, 66.)

In this David-and-Jonathan sort of story, the soul of Hylas is

allured,—not by an enchanted spell, but by the beauty and caresses of the shepherd nymphs. Like the sailors of Ulysses, he, too, has been beaten by the sea-wind and sea-storm, and is fain of the land, with its scented greenness and its spring of living water. Dreams, mystery, and oblivion encompass him. He answers the cry of friendship when Heracles calls to him, but his answer seems far away, and he returns no more to the old love and his old home.

A few years later, Moschus, on whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of Bion's minstrelsy, writes a fresh little idyl in praise of the land. Its beauty can be better felt than described; but it is a bit of true Greek pastoral,—limpid, flowing, and tender. He says,—

“When the wind on the grey salt sea blows softly, then my weary spirits rise, and the land no longer pleases me, and far more doth the calm allure me. But when the hoary deep is roaring, and the sea is broken up in foam, and the waves rage high, then lift I mine eyes unto the earth and trees, and fly the sea, and the land is welcome, and the shady wood well-pleasing in my sight, where, even if the wind blow high, the pine-tree sings her song. Surely an evil life lives the fisherman, whose home is his ship, and his labours are in the sea, and fishes thereof are his wandering spoil. Nay, sweet to me is sleep beneath the broad-leaved plane-tree; let me love to listen to the murmur of the brook hard by, soothing, not troubling the husbandman with its sounds.” (Lang's “Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus,” Idyl V., pp. 198, 199.)

There is a naïve spontaneousness in these lines of Moschus. He wants ease, pine-odors, safety on land, slumber under a plane-tree, and the tinkle of flowing water to soothe his ear. His heart is unstirred by questioning or by spiritual disquiet. In the happy land that Theocritus grants his heroes, he again contrasts the toil and danger of the sea with the luxury of the land. He gives them twilight, beds of grass, herbs, flowers, and water-music. They have food, as well, but it is not the enchanted bloom. To Hylas, he gives the supreme joy of being beloved by the nymphs. In Moschus, there is momentary forgetfulness in sleep,—in Theocritus, there is lasting oblivion of former things,—in both, there is cessation of action. In Homer, there is loss of both memory and action. In Homer, also, the spiritual sense is deadened. In Homer, the

mariners forget home, country, fellows, and purpose. Their strength is exerted only against the breaking of their dream. In all, the pleasures of sense outweigh higher considerations, and the idea common to all seems to be the idea of a happy land, in which action is unnecessary. Slumber and idlesse are to be its charms. It is to be a dreamland in which the heart is to know no care, and the ear is to be granted soft sounds. Fear, danger, and work are to be unknown, and former friends are to be forgotten.

Deeper thoughts creep into Tennyson's solemn idyl, "The Lotus-Eaters," and his "Choric Song." Deeper thoughts,—and in place of the fresh, simple-hearted gladness of the Greek poems, we have our modern note of sadness, questioning, and pain. In Tennyson, the Lotus-land is more fully described than elsewhere. It is a land of undying afternoon, and the quiet hour of rest and silence, the sunset-hour, never passes nor fades. The air is languid, the moon is full, and slow-dropping streams flow downward as a smoke, or break through the wavering lights and shadows. The mariners who have tasted the enchanted flower neither sleep nor forget, but the world waxes thin and far to them. They are in a soul-stupor. The will is paralyzed, though they are yet conscious. They know their duty, but it is dreary to them. They sit and dream over it: the Lotus-flower steeps them in self-ease, idleness, and neglect of others. They do not feel the rapture of which Homer speaks: their Lotus-land is one of mild-minded melancholy,—and memory remains. In the Greek poems the imagery is purely sensuous: in the "Choric Song" we have a distinct advance in symbolism. Musical plashings, the coolness of the forest depths, and a slumbrous air are still present, and the soul's lethargy is continued,—but under it all, there is a stirring of the spiritual sense. The uneasy soul begins to ask questions of itself to still its disquietude in idleness. "Why have we heaviness, weariness, distress? Why have we sorrow and moan? Why may we not have rest, slumber, and calm? The leaves, fruits, and flowers do not toil; why should our life be all labor?" Their past toils seem to them too wearisome to be renewed. They dream of the faces that blessed their childhood,—they recall the dear memory of their wedded lives,—the last embraces

of their wives; but changes have come over these loves in our absence, they say,—why should we go back to such broken things? Such a return would be long labor to our aged breath,—

“Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.”

Ah, in “The Lotus-Eaters” and the “Choric Song” we have the fulness of repose! The mellow richness of these poems is unsurpassed. Mystery touches the dark, pale faces of the Lotus-Eaters as they are outlined against the sunset flame. Mourning and melancholy are in the perfect lines. The syllables fall softly, like the petals from blown roses. The metre flows onward in hushed cadences. Far-off sorrows and by-gone griefs echo in these verses as we read. These mariners have known nights of tears, for the “Choric Song” is filled with a sad patience, a haunting pathos, a grieving and backward-looking regret, set in an ageless melody of word and phrase. This is their dolor and plaint:

“Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evils? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.”

They have known toil, too, and now they long for forgetfulness and rest. The sound of sighing is in their song, and a deep pitifulness. For one little moment, we would grant them their beds of amaranth and moly, their dewy echoes, and their sea-glints as they lie stretched beneath the pine: they are so weary and sorrowful of heart!

But hark! where the yellow Lotus-dust is blown over spicy downs, they send homeward a new cry, that makes us turn away from them in pain. Though these mariners are neither unthinking nor conscienceless, yet they sink to lower depths of spiritual

degradation than any of the others, because, while fully conscious of the woes of mankind, they wish to lie on hills of ease, and look downward from thence, in careless smiling, upon

“Wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.”

They would be like the cold gods, feeling no pang of tenderness or pity for human griefs, but glancing over it all with amused *ennui*. This sort of Lotus-eating calm is diabolical, and we do not envy them their ill-gotten ease as they sing:

“Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar:
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.”

In “Over the Sea our Galleys Went,” Browning has outdone himself as a lyricist. There is no trace of any harshness of phrase, or eccentricity of rhyme. From the most exacting æsthetic point of view, the poem is as perfect in its way as Tennyson’s matchless idyl, which at least one careful critic considers the best bit of work that Tennyson has ever done.

There is a peculiar appropriateness in the metre of this poem: it has the swing, the bound, the leap, of a keel rising and riding over the deep-sea swells. One is borne gloriously onward by the undulatory sweep of the lines: one feels the fresh salt-breeze blowing, and one’s heart keeps time with the springing prow! “A blithe lilt,” somebody calls the billowy roll of these lines. A good term, that!—and when we reach the phrase,—

“And steered right into the harbour thus
With pomp and pæan glorious,”

can you not hear the boats borne in upon the wave, the mariners singing as they ride to shore, and striking the beach with their keels upon the first syllable of the word “glorious,” while the tide rolls seaward upon its last letters? These verses are like a fine burst of pagan music, somehow,—an exultant shout of joy, triumph, and full-pulsing life.

There is a savage vigor in the rough barks nailed over with

black bull-hides, that contrasts well with the luxury on deck, where the scented cedar pales keep out the flakes of brine, and purple awnings shadow them from noontide, starshine, and "the moonlight cold which maketh mad." The play of alliteration strengthens these sinewy measures, and the full vowels and liquid consonants give a rich sweetness to the twilight scene, when the night-wind blows like breath, and they fall into their deep, mystic sleep.

The accent of weariness in the "Choric Song" is wholly wanting in "Over the Sea our Galleys Went." It is full of a frank joyousness, a gladness in being alive, and an eager interest in what the mariners are about. They are not a lazy crew: by day they make the oar cut wave on wave, and at eve they sing before they sleep. These mariners have happy hearts, gay spirits, and good lungs. After the untroubled sleep of night, they spring to the mast at dawn, and away and away they sail! They are like children in their care-free gladness.

Light, perfume, and music are in both Tennyson and Browning,—but in this poem, they are all on the boat at sea. When they reach land, they go to work. They are intensely active men! They shout, they cut, they hew, they build! They have brought a precious freight of statues. All day they build shrines for them. They have only solid rock to work upon, but the hardness of the rock does not deter them. They break it with glee. Panting and un-resting, they toil until sunset. Then they sing in careless joy; they have done a big day's work, and they are childishly proud of it.

When the islanders appear, and they are awakened from their unthinking dream, they suddenly discover how foolish and thoughtless they have been. The enshrined images were worthy of the honor,—they were "majestic,"—but they have set their labor in a barren land. Their work as it stands is aimless, and helps no living soul: they might have set it in the shaded olive-groves that are so close at hand. But when they make this discovery, their fresh strength is spent,—they have no heart to mar their work,—nor to begin anew.

What is the meaning of this lyric? It is Paracelsus telling the story of his own life by symbols. He has spent his best years in

study ; to *know* has been his dream of life. He has studied nature and men ; he has learned wizard lore ; he has evoked spirits, dipped into astronomy, magic, alchemy, and other occult sciences ; he has plunged into mountain depths, and has travelled over many lands to gain new facts. Now, in middle age, he suddenly sees that his whole aim in life has been a false one, but he is too sad and weary to begin anew. When Festus suggests that, instead of dwelling on the past, he may yet redeem it by worthy effort, Paracelsus answers him by this lyric, which becomes, in its connection, one of the saddest outbursts of a disappointed human soul that I know. The thought is all the sadder and deeper because it is veiled in such sweet and happy verse. I think it cannot be thoroughly understood without quoting what Festus has just said to him,—

Festus. “ And have you never mused and said,
 ‘ I had a noble purpose, and the strength
 To compass it ; but I have stopped half-way,
 And wrongly given the first-fruits of my toil
 To objects little worthy of the gift.
 Why linger round them still ? why clench my fault ?
 Why seek for consolation in defeat,
 In vain endeavors to derive a beauty
 From ugliness ? Why seek to make the most
 Of what no power can change, nor strive instead
 With mighty effort to redeem the past
 And, gathering up the treasures thus cast down,
 To hold a steadfast course till I arrive
 At their fit destination and my own ?’
 You have never pondered thus ?”

Paracelsus says, Ay ; at midnight, such thoughts have visited him ; but hearken,—he will answer by a parable. When wandering over the world, one sometimes comes to a desert shore, and says, “ Surely, no voice has ever before broken the silence of these rocks !” But just then, one is startled by an echo, and one finds characters, too, remaining upon a ravaged structure that overlooks the sea. This song is the record, in faint tracings, upon the rugged, scattered stones that were once piled in order :

“ The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
 To their first fault, and withered in their pride,”—

as he himself has done.

Now, wherein does the symbolism of this poem differ from that in the poems already considered? Here, too, the mariners are away from home-ties and home-duties,—they are forgetful of them for a time, but it is the forgetfulness of eager toil, and not of idleness or slumber. Browning's mariners labor away from love and human-kind. May not this typify the selfish isolation in which ambition often works?

Again, the toil of these mariners was hopelessly misplaced. How true this is to the deep teachings of life! How many of us, active and aspiring, spend our best years and our freshest energies in carving shrines for ideals, only to discover—too late, alas!—that we have wasted our work in a wilderness, where no man will be blest by our labor. Youth and ambition are eager, but how they are thoughtless and blind! We freight our ships with rich argosies of thought and dreams,—we land on new shores, and begin our ardent toil. Bare and bitter is the rock, but we heed it not. We set about our task unsparing of time and unstinting of strength. We hew and cut the cold rocks, forgetful of the ever-green shores of eternity, and the groves of unfailing and unfading peace. Our hands bleed with our labor, and our strong limbs grow weary, but we pause not, in our eagerness, until some long, hard work is done. When our dream is dispelled by sweet, eternal voices, and we see that all our work has been in vain, then, with Paracelsus and his wind-song, we send our cry of sorrow backward over unreturning years.

To sum up: in Homer, memory, patriotism, and the ties of love are to be lost in a rapturous dream under the Lotus-spell, and toil is not to be required. In Theocritus, a new love replaces the old, in the happy land. In Moschus, we have the idea that ease, safety, and slumber are sweet. But there is no deep spiritual significance in these passages, unless we read one into them. In Tennyson, the soul deliberately chooses the Lotus-languor, a life of indolence, and a smiling indifference to the woes of mankind. Tennyson and the Greek poets portray our human love of ease: in Browning, the soul does eager work, but it is vain, and severs the heart from the ordinary human ties. Browning shows that there is

labor that profiteth naught. If we may draw a culminating lesson from all, it is this: that the truest life is neither idle, slumberous, selfish, purposeless, nor devoted to ignoble or fruitless aims,—but that, choosing eternal shores for its labors, the soul's energies should be expended in deeds of love and helpfulness to men.

Anna Robertson Brown.

SHAKESPEARE'S FACE.

READ BEFORE THE MELBOURNE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY IN AUSTRALIA.

"If England believed Shakespeare's face, cast from his just-cooled and perfect features, lay in a little nook of Hesse-Darmstadt, do you believe she would not pawn her islands rather than not possess it? . . . While royal sons and daughters are dowered, and Jewels remain in the Tower, Shakespeare's face lies in a foreign land unredeemed. Oh, the pity of it!"—*W. Page, Sculptor, ex-President of the Academy of Design, New York.*



IN the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's collected works, published in 1623, a well-known author of that time, Leonard Digges, mentions the poet's bust in the chancel of Stratford church, for the first time, so far as we know. In a letter to Edward Southwell, dated 1698, the tomb is described, and the statement made that its care-taker, the clerk, who then showed it to the writer, was about eighty years of age. The genuine character of the bust is, therefore, satisfactorily demonstrated. Dugdale, the great Warwickshire antiquary, in a work published in 1656 (it is supposed there was an earlier edition) speaks of Shakespeare's and John Combe's monuments at Stratford-upon-Avon, made by one Gerard Johnson, a "tomb maker," who was a native of Amsterdam, and resided, when Dugdale wrote, in the city of London. But there is in existence one of the official lists of foreigners in London, commonly and regularly made in the times of Elizabeth and James the First, showing that *when Johnson made that bust he was not in England*. We may, therefore, very fairly conclude that he worked either from a portrait or from a death-mask, or with the aid of both. The effigy is colored in the fashion of its day, the hair being auburn, the eyes hazel, and the beard reddish. The death-mask would not, of course, supply these facts. But a

portrait would, or a description sent with the death-mask to the tomb-maker may have done so.

If there is one thing more productive of utter despair than another it is an attempt to reconcile the conflicting opinions provoked by portraiture. No two artists will give portraits of one individual that absolutely agree, no two critics will agree about their relative merits as likenesses, and ordinary people comparing portraits with faces invariably differ with varying degrees of disagreement. Of these facts you can find no better illustrations than exist in the numerous printed and published descriptions of this Shakespeare bust-portrait in the chancel of Stratford-upon-Avon church. For instance, Landor, whose experience of Italian art was considerable, recorded it as being in his opinion "the noblest head ever sculptured." But Hain Friswell, no mean authority, called it "rudely cut and heavy, without any feeling, a mere block." Ingleby wrote (flippantly and too hastily), "How awkward is the *ensemble* of the face! What a painful stare, with its goggle eyes and gaping mouth!" and of the expression said, "It is decidedly clownish, and is suggestive of a man crunching a sour apple," but nevertheless adds, "there is force in the lineaments of this muscular face."

As one who passed the earliest years of his career painting portraits, and who frequently made as many as thirty or forty pencil sketches from living sitters in a single day, I claim some right to be considered a judge, and to me this priceless relic is at once satisfactory and the reverse. So far as it indicates careful reproduction from a death-mask I consider it most satisfactory; so far as it indicates distinctly alterations made by a clumsy, inartistic sculptor endeavoring to make his copy of a cast from a dead face look like the portrait of a living man, it is, in my opinion, a failure. And this includes the coloring, which was part of its original design, and was also intended to give it a life-like effect, although in reality it does the reverse, being crude, inartistic, and unnatural.

We will now turn to the oldest portraits of Shakespeare. They exist in the Chandos picture; the engraving published with the First Folio, by Martin Droeshout; and the tomb-effigy. The engraving, when compared with other portraits by the same engraver, indicates an inferior original. The Chandos portrait certainly belonged to Sir William Davenant, Shakespeare's god-son, who must have remembered the Poet well enough to have discarded anything unlike the great man whose memory he affectionately treasured. It was copied by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1760, and from that time innumerable other copies have been made. No two of these copies appear to be alike, although on seeing the original each would probably be

recognized at once as a copy of it, and, although each more or less resembles the bust, neither suggests itself as the bust's original. It is now in the National Gallery, a mere wreck of what it was. Other old portraits lack evidence of their authenticity.

Turning from the painting to the engraving, with its metallic hardness of surface and outline, its defective drawing, and its want of anything like intellectual expression, despite Ben Jonson's praise of it (for I have heard bad judges praise worse works), I do not think the fact of its being from life would add to its value, for a bad artist cannot make a good portrait, although a good one can a bad portrait. There is nothing in it to indicate that Gerard Johnson worked from its original. But in each of the three portraits named we recognize one original, and each resembles the bust, as the bust resembles in its turn the only death-mask in existence traditionally said to be Shakespeare's face.

The effigy in the church appears to have always been regarded as produced from a death-mask. Mr. Thomas Kite, who was custodian of the bust as successor to his father and his grandfather, a most worthy old gentleman and a reliable authority, now hale and hearty in his eighty-first year, tells me that most of the great artists who saw the tomb in his time were strong in their belief of the bust having been modelled from a death-mask. Story, the famous American sculptor, told him that it was impossible for an artist to arrive at any other conclusion.

Sir Francis Chantry recognized in the bust itself satisfactory proofs of this, and you could find no more reliable authority than that great sculptor was, who had himself worked from death-masks. John Bell, the sculptor, was of the same opinion, and said it was a death-mask modified by "a clumsy sculptor." Foley, the sculptor, who had a raised scaffold from which to measure and closely criticise, affirmed positively that it was from a death-mask. William Page, another well-known sculptor, said of it, "The most inexperienced observer may see, by placing a cast of it beside a fine antique or an excellent modern portrait, what I mean when I say that it shows very crude and unskilled modelling. This does not mean it may not have many individual characteristics. Artists and others have always known that the eyes were impossible, *the nose worked off too short, or the end of it never reached the spot where it should join the upper lip, as is still marked.*" He adds, "When a portrait falsely represents a man's eyes and his nose grossly maimed, and his cheeks hanging with formless redundancy, it is difficult for the unskilled imagination to see clearly just how the man did look." He then goes on to explain in detail why he, too, believed that the face was

from a death-mask. Lord Ronald Gower, also a sculptor, and a reverential lover of the Bard, describing this bust, says it was "the work of a very poor sculptor, or rather stone-mason," and also adds, "I believe no one disputes that the bust over the poet's grave is taken from a cast from the corpse; a trifling but marked difference between the sides of the face almost proves this." Halliwell-Phillipps wrote, "No artist, working either from a picture, or relying on memory, description, or imagination, would have introduced the peculiarities which belong to it, amongst which may be specially noticed the slight but singular fall of the cheek under the right eye, which has been attributed to the sculptor copying from *a cast taken after death*."

The church bust, although the work of a mere cutter of tomb-stone effigies, whose knowledge of anatomy and drawing, as demonstrated in his work, was almost comically imperfect, is thoroughly good in drawing and anatomy where he carefully copied a death-mask. When, probably in obedience to written instructions, Johnson began to alter, he began to spoil. What these instructions were is the next question. Mr. Hain Friswell, in his "Life Portraits of William Shakespeare," points out that there was a cast taken after death from the face of the first Emperor Napoleon, and says, "Looking at it, with its drawn face and sharpened nose, one would rather think it a mask of the fine thin features of Voltaire than the round and massive head of the conqueror Napoleon I." If a mask thus altered by death was placed in the hands of a modern tomb-maker, with instructions to render his copy of it life-like by altering the nose and making the face more round and massive, we could expect no better result than we have in the Stratford bust, and should be lucky to get one as good. But if the alterations were made from a portrait, and that portrait, say, the one Droeshout engraved (which is not probable), the result would not be what we see it is. For the nose of the bust is in one respect unlike the nose in either the Chandos or the Droeshout. We should not then have had, for instance, that perfectly natural "trifling but marked difference between the sides of the face," which Mr. Page speaks of, and most close observers have detected—differences common in nature,—and we should probably have had the same nose as the other portraits have.

In the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare the nose is aquiline. It is also so in the 1623 engraving. In the bust, although it starts with the aquiline character *where the bone ceases*, it degenerates into a straight, stout, heavy end, for, as Mr. Page said, "the end of it never reached the spot where it should join the upper lip." Mr. E. T. Craig, the phrenologist, described it as "short, mean, straight, and small."

In 1814, when George Bullock was permitted to take the bust down and obtain a cast from it, the singular shortness and curious formation of the nose was commented upon, and it was stated that a conjecture existed which accounted for it by asserting that its maker met with an accident while working on it.

While the nose of the bust is unusually short, the upper lip is unusually long. This all who have seen it admit. Boaden, in his "Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Known Portraits of Shakespeare" (1824), says, "I must acknowledge that the distance between the mouth and nose is rather greater than is common," and adds, "there was perhaps some exaggeration here." He again says, "The interval to the upper lip exceeds considerably that usually found in English heads." Many others record the same observation, and, indeed, it appears as if Johnson himself had been conscious of this untrue length of lip, and had intended to remedy it by opening the mouth. In doing this, instead of lowering the under lip, he unnaturally *raised the upper lip* bodily, and so gave the mouth that extraordinary expression which Dr. Ingleby describes as "decidedly clownish."*

Before proceeding permit me to point out, as the result of the evidence now placed before you, first, the authenticity of the bust; secondly, the apparent fact of its having been executed in Holland or Germany; thirdly, the authority we have for regarding it as made from a death-mask; and, fourthly, the evidence of alterations having been made in copying it. And now comes this question, Where is the mask? We have in England the tradition, which has been preserved through generations in Stratford-upon-Avon, of its having been made from Shakespeare's dead face. Nothing more!

If that cast was in London, where his memory was so loved and revered by his fellow-players and many dear friends, Drayton, Jonson, Burbage, Heming, Condell, and the rest, can we suppose *they* took no care of it, or never spoke of it? If it had been returned to Stratford-upon-Avon, would Shakespeare's relatives have been so silent and neglectful?

The Poet's sister, Joan Hart, his daughter and granddaughter were living then, and the Harts, we know, long preserved many personal relics of the Poet, which they carefully handed down from one generation to another. Is it likely they would not have preserved a cast from his face? But if Johnson made the tomb and bust, as he had previously done Shakespeare's fellow-townsmen's, John Combe's,

* If this extraordinary length of the upper lip had been so strongly marked in life, it would assuredly have been conspicuous in the Chandos and Droeshout portraits.

and retained the mask, as he probably would, where should we expect to find it but in Holland or Germany?

But before proceeding permit me to call attention to the fact that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries companies of English players performed Shakespeare's plays in Germany, their usual route being by way of Holland. *This was also a favorite homeward route adopted by German nobles visiting the court of Elizabeth, visitors who, like Duke John of Würtemberg in 1592, saw the plays of Shakespeare, and probably knew the Poet in person, visitors who could see no such plays in Germany, except when English players performed them, when they welcomed them heartily, paid them liberally, and sent them rejoicing on their way.* All this will be demonstrated by referring to Albert Cohn's famous work, "Shakespeare in Germany," as well as in various contemporary and existing references, English and German, to such of Shakespeare's friends and fellows as were members of these travelling fellowships, etc. I mention this to show that Shakespeare was, probably, quite popular in Holland and Germany, and that, therefore, any relic so interesting as his death-mask would be tolerably sure to fall into the hands of some appreciative admirer. Albert Cohn says: "English musicians, fiddlers, flutists, trumpeters, to say nothing of English athletes and riders, had been objects of popular admiration in Germany and the Netherlands since the middle of the sixteenth century. From 1556 to 1584 the names of English performers are constantly met with in the accounts of the Margravine Court in Prussia, to which popular artists of every description flocked in one uninterrupted succession. They are also mentioned in other parts of Germany." Mr. Cohn further writes: "English players must have taken their art to foreign countries, and the interest which this fact is calculated to excite is considerably increased when we prove that this event had already taken place in 1585, that the actors (we do not know whether all or only some of them) who had been sent by Leicester to the King of Denmark had gone to Germany as early as 1586, and that amongst them were, at least, two who subsequently attained a prominent position on the London stage, and who were not only acquainted with Shakespeare, but also stood on an intimate footing with him, and one of whom was probably the first who embodied Shakespeare's clowns before an English audience." Some of these, whom the Germans described as musicians, as, for instance, Shakespeare's fellow-players, Pope and Bryan, were really actors, then so new and strange in Germany that they had no name for them. It would, however, tire you if I were to advance all the evidence that exists to show the influence of Shakespeare in Germany, and the popularity some of his works enjoyed therein,

although in their most crude and unfinished condition, and give a reason why returning from England one of the counts of Kesselstadt, in Hesse-Darmstadt, may have obtained in Holland and religiously preserved our great dramatic poet's death-mask.

There is, however, a significant fact recently made known in Germany which also deserves passing notice. Shakespeare derived the names of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern from real gentlemen of the Danish court, of ancient descent. An autograph-album in the Royal Public Library at Stuttgart, which belonged in 1577 to Duke Frederick the First of Würtemberg, contains the names of these immortal courtiers side by side, as visitors to the grand ducal court with their sovereign Frederick the Second, the monarch at whose court the Earl of Leicester's players performed before 1587. One of these players was called Will, and may have been Shakespeare. Moreover, we have good reasons for supposing that "Hamlet" exists, as it was played by these actors, in its first, rude, unfinished form, in German, not English. Turn we now to the Darmstadt death-mask.

No country in Europe possesses a town replete with more stirring, romantic, or interesting historical incidents than Mentz, or "Golden Mayence," as it was once called, a town which Bulwer Lytton described as "ever memorable alike for freedom and for song," and as situated "in the most beautiful valley in the world." Its ancient university, founded, it is said, by King Dagobert, its associations with the first printing-press, the fact that both learning and luxury, commerce and art, were famous in it when Shakespeare lived, give the old Dukedom of Darmstadt a charm which every historical student must appreciate. That the English players visited such a place when touring in Germany almost goes without saying. Cohn tells us indeed that the English players extended "their wanderings to every part of Germany in which they found a sufficient interest in their art," and that Cassel was specially favored by them in both the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We know that in 1611 the uncle of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt witnessed a translation of "The Jew of Venice" performed at Magdeburg, which must have been obtained from manuscript, as it was not printed until long after.

A company of actors under an English manager were playing the tragedies of Shakespeare at Lorgan in 1627, when a marriage was celebrated between the Princess Sophia and the Landgrave George of Hesse-Darmstadt. It is certainly significant to find Shakespeare's name and fame were familiar on the very spot where then, or soon after, perhaps, his death-mask was so reverently preserved, strengthening the feeling to which its preservation was to be exclusively due; a feeling which needed strengthening, too, for a cast

from a dead man's face is always a saddening, and, to very many, a painful object. A large photograph from the Hesse-Darmstadt death-mask of Shakespeare is now before me, with its expression of patient suffering and quiet resignation to the inevitable, with all its nobility and refinement of thought and feeling,—a fine face indeed! Many cannot look at it, and complain that it should be exhibited as “a shocking sight.” If this be so in the photograph, it must be much more so in the cast. Yet by generation after generation of the Kesselstadts of Mayence this ghastly dead man's face was carefully and reverentially preserved in association with Shakespeare's glorious name and world-wide fame. Without such associations is it probable that it, so fragile a thing, would have been thus carefully handed down from generation to generation?

In Mayence, on November 18th, in the year 1841, Count and Canon Francis von Kesselstadt, the last of his race, died, and in the following year there was a sale of books, paintings, and other family relics. Amongst the paintings was a small one in oil on parchment representing a corpse lying in state, and bearing the date 1637, some ten years or so after Shakespeare's plays had been performed at Lorgan. It bore also this inscription: *TRADITIONEN NACH SHAKESPEARE* (“according to tradition, Shakespeare”), and formed part of the dead Count's and Canon's family portrait collection of famous poets. Professor N. Müller, of Mayence, who knew the Count quite familiarly from 1790, in a letter dated February 28, 1847, says that he himself regarded it as an authentic portrait, had refused “some very handsome offers from parties anxious to become its purchasers,” and always described it to his visitors as authentic. As the date (1637) was not that of Shakespeare's death, it was regarded as that of the painting, and as honestly indicating its having been copied from an older original.

This picture was purchased by an antiquary in Mayence named Jourdan, who in 1847 sold it to Ludwig Becker, a naturalist and portrait-painter of Darmstadt, then living in Mayence as “court painter” to the Grand Duke.

Naturally desirous of tracing the pedigree of this deeply-interesting picture, he made inquiries wherever there was a chance of obtaining information, and hearing at last of an old cast, believed to be from the dead face of Shakespeare, which had been part of the collection when it was sold, he began to search for it. No one remembered its being disposed of, although many remembered seeing it. Some said that the face in the picture closely resembled that of the cast, and this increased the artist's anxiety to discover it, and in 1849, in a back street in Mayence, and in “a broker's shop amongst

raggs and articles of the meanest description," the lost treasure was recovered. Directly he saw the cast, and before asking a question, he recognized it from its resemblance to the face in his painting, nor will any one accustomed to critically examine such things for a moment doubt that the original of this portrait was the death-mask.

The mask indicates a dead face very distinctly. The features are regular, strongly marked, and finely formed. The width between the eye-brows is curiously great, as it is in the Droeshout, the Chandos, the Jansen, and the bust portrait.* The oval of the face, evidently changed by death, appears narrower than it actually is, especially in a three-quarter view and with a strong top-light. The upper lip is shorter than that of the bust, but not short. The nose has, where it quits the bone, a pen-like curve, reminding one of what Mrs. Quickly said of the dying Falstaff's nose, and recalling the fact that such a curve, due probably to muscular contraction, *is very often seen in the faces of dead persons*, giving noses that were straight in life a curve in death. You can trace the texture of the skin in the plaster. The beard and moustache, eyebrows, and eyelashes tell us that in the face of the dead poet they had been prepared for casting in the usual way, that is to say, protected with soap or paste, or some similar easily-removed preparation. We see also that in the cast a rude, hasty, and inartistic attempt has been made by scratching lines in the plaster to restore the appearance of hair to the beard and moustache. These marks are not more rude than those in Johnson's bust, and they are similar in character. Mr. Page, in a little book he published on the subject in New York, says: "The mask, as we see it now, seems to have been washed all over either with oil or brown shellac varnish, this, before the right side of the end of the nose was broken off so badly, as the broken place seems to have been colored to match the rest by the use of a water-color instead. I had been told that the mask was not much impaired by the injuries it had received; but when I counted over those injuries, both of accident and ignorant design, I could not but feel thankful for the very much that had been left us." Concluding that the first plaster mask was cast in a waste mould over a wax face, he asserts that this is indicated by "the fact that while the face existed in this substance a pressure of sufficient weight had been made on the bridge of the nose to flatten a portion of it, and push a little to one side a small

* There is in existence a portrait of Mary Arden, which is traditionally said to have been taken from her cottage when it fell into the hands of some new proprietors, about two hundred years since. In this the breadth between the eyebrows is very remarkable, and is identical in shape and form with the like breadth in the bust, in the engraving, and in the Chandos painting. Moreover, this peculiarity has been pointed out as existing in the Hart family, and William Howitt gives, in his "Visits to Remarkable Places," the portrait of a school-boy lineally descended from Shakespeare's family, in which also this peculiarity is observable.

wave of wax, leaving the impression of the hard place on the wax nose to be cast by the next plaster mould, and transmitted to us in the plaster cast we now have. And when, with this plaster cast in my hand, I pointed out this fact to Dr. Becker, he at once said 'of course,' for in the real face the bone of the nose would have prevented the depth of this impress, and it could only have been done in a yielding substance like wax. This wax face was surely the casting made in the mould after it left the face of the dead." Lord Ronald Gower, an artist of considerable power, well known as a sculptor, who accepted the face as our great Poet's when modelling the fine bronze statue now set up in the garden of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon, describing it, said, "On the back of the mask is inscribed 'A.D. 1616,' the year of the Poet's death. Examined under the critical eyes of the authorities of the British Museum, this inscription was declared to be of the same time as the cast, and not produced after the plaster had hardened. Human hairs of an auburn hue are still adhering to the moustache and peaked beard, and they were so colored in the bust in Stratford church."

Mr. E. T. Craig, the phrenologist, also describing this cast, says: "The mask has a mournful aspect, and sensitive persons are affected when they look at it. It is said that Fanny Kemble, on viewing it, burst into tears. There are indications of wrinkles and crow's feet at the corners of the eyes. It is certainly the impress from one who was gifted with great sensibility, great range of perceptive power, a ready memory, great facility of expression, varied power of enjoyment, and great depth of feeling. Those who are accustomed to take masks are aware that it is very difficult to take more than one out of the first or waste mould. But very frequently a number of hairs are embedded in the plaster. I remember, on taking a cast of the head of Dr. King, at the request of the late Lady Noel Byron, several hairs adhered, and they appeared on the cast." He adds: "The cast indicates the man of thought, emotion, and suffering."

I have already spoken of that pen-like curve of the nose, where it is unsupported by the bone, caused by muscular contraction. If Gerard Johnson had never seen Shakespeare, and had, as I presume he had, only the Darmstadt mask for his guidance, for him accurately to restore a nose he had never seen to the shape it had in life would have been impossible. I think he got out of the difficulty in the best way he could, by cutting away the part he was unable to alter, thus shortening the nose, as we must see it has been shortened. Hence, probably, its not resembling the bust's nose.

The upper lip in the mask is considerably shorter than it is in

the bust, and has a moustache drooping over the mouth. In the bust the moustache appears as if waxed and curved upward, as it well may have been in life, for such things were then tricks of fashion. But it is not likely that a moustache covered up in paste or thick soap, whoever made the cast, would be otherwise than it is in the death-mask. Yet, strange to say, even this has been given as a reason for rejecting its authenticity! Moreover, although Johnson altered the upper lip, he made no corresponding alteration in the moustache, which has consequently a stuck-on, unnatural appearance. The one contradicts the other.

In 1849 Ludwig Becker carried the portrait and mask to London, and submitted them for sale to the British Museum authorities. The price he asked was ten thousand pounds. Professor Owen, in whose care it was placed, examining it scientifically as an anatomist, was fully prepared to accept it as a cast of Shakespeare's face, and said if its pedigree could be satisfactorily established there was hardly any price that the Museum would hesitate to pay for it. But there was the difficulty. Taking it for granted, without due examination and verification, that the tomb-bust was made in London, an answer was first wanted to the question,—How did it reach Germany? Becker's idea was, and, as I have endeavored to show, there was nothing improbable about it, that one of the Kesselstadt counts visited London and obtained it there. But the greater probability of its being too highly valued in London to have been sold out of the country counteracted this idea, and, moreover, there was no record of any such visit, where such a record might have been found. The late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, sometimes, as the successive editions of his "Outlines" imply, hasty in his judgment, refused to accept it as authentic, and this, too, had great weight with the Museum authorities. In 1850 Becker left Europe for Australia, leaving both portrait and mask in the possession of Professor Owen. As you may remember, on April 24, 1861, while forming, as naturalist and artist, part of Burke and Wills's government exploring expedition, Becker died, and Professor Owen very reluctantly and sadly returned both mask and picture to Dr. Ernest Becker, of Darmstadt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, a place most interestingly associated with the last hours of the Princess Alice.

The late William Page, whose colossal bust of Shakespeare might fittingly have its home in the Poet's native town, says, before commencing it he fell in with "two photographs from the German mask reputed to have been taken from Shakespeare's face just after death. Then I gathered from various friends, to whom I here record a few thanks, other views, till the impression became fixed that I must

model in the round this mask, so as to be able to determine with deliberation if it has any claim to authenticity by being in accord with the received undoubted records, for the fact of its being a lovely and adequate dead face does not make it Shakespeare's. I finally had thirteen different photographic views of the mask. After modelling from these twice a face of life-size, I resolved to make it of colossal size in plaster, which I did. During this time, the whole history of its tally with existing records unravelled itself to satisfy me that it is Shakespeare." Proceeding, he adds: "Let us consider the generally-accepted portraits of Shakespeare, and observe their likeness to each other, and then, afterwards, observe the greater likeness of each of these to the German mask, and see if you also will not come to the conclusion that the death-mask is the true model, cast from his own face after death, and the true original from which the bust at Stratford was made, and from the identical face from which the Droeshout in early life and the Chandos in mature age were drawn."

Lord Gower writes: "In these days of general doubt, when it is the fashion to pooh-pooh religious as well as historical matters, one can hardly expect that this cast of Shakespeare's brow and face can be accepted by savans and wise men of arts and letters; but I should like any unprejudiced person to be shown this death-mask, and, after a thorough and complete investigation of it, to say whether he does not think it comes up to the very highest conception that he has formed of his own ideal, as well as from the very poor representations that have been handed down to us of how William Shakespeare looked on that April morn in 1616, when the everlasting day had cast upon the dead Poet's face a light not of this world;" and says also, "It is indeed no other but Shakespeare's face;" and of the church bust says, "It is a poor copy, very poor and coarse, but still a copy of this mask."

Dr. C. L. Ingleby, a learned man and able critic, says in his "Shakespeare, the Man and the Book," with reference to the mask, "I have not been able to spot a single suspicious fact in the brief history of this most curious relic."

Mr. Hain Friswell wrote: "Exception has been taken to the age of the person expressed in this mask, some asserting that it is too young in look for the years of our Poet at his death. But here we are in favor of the cast. Some time after death the skin seems to relax, the wrinkles to fill out, and the expression of care becomes one of quietude and peace. There are, moreover, plenty of indications of crow's-feet and wrinkles at the corners of the eyes, and the face, while it wants utterly the jovial look of the bust, is

certainly one of a person who might have suffered, thought, and felt."

Mr. J. Parker Norris, a careful and thoughtful investigator, said of Page's work, regarding his bust as a faithful rendering of the death-mask, "One sees how strong the likeness is to the Stratford bust. Let any unprejudiced and competent critic place this bust beside a gray cast of the Stratford bust, and he will be struck with the resemblance between them."*

On the other hand, it has been urged that the mask must have been in London; that there is no evidence of any member of the family having been in England in or about the time of Shakespeare's death; that, although Shakespeare's fame was then great, "it did not create a national sensation," and, "although he was thought more of by his contemporaries than people have been in the habit of supposing," his fame had not extended to the continent; that the mask shows a thin and the bust a fat face, and that in the mask the nose, unlike the bust's, is long and aquiline.

The most emphatic of all who have attacked the authenticity of the mask, in the controversy which its claims originated in Germany, was the late Karl Elze. He said, "Mere possibilities are of no value whatever, and hence in examining authenticated portraits of Shakespeare it seems wisest to leave this death-mask out of the question." But he adopts directly after mere possibilities of the most extravagant character, and in so doing displays a suspicious amount of ill-feeling. In the first place he boldly, very rashly, and absurdly asserts that the mask was never taken from any human face. With a slanderous and cowardly stab there was nothing to justify, he wrote moreover, "Ludwig Becker employed a good deal of his time in copying, modelling, and making casts, in which work he was very clever. *Can it be necessary to say more than this?*" Of course it *was* necessary to say more than that. Can it be necessary to say that because a man is dexterous with his hands, therefore he is a pick-pocket? That a man can talk well and is therefore a liar? Surely an artist may be clever, careful, anxious to be accurate, and do beautiful art-work without being of necessity a forger. Elze also stated that Herr Weissmüller, at one time majordomus to Count Franz of Kesselstadt, together with Schmidt, the Count's secretary,

[* We make the following additional extracts from Mr. J. Parker Norris's authoritative work on "The Portraits of Shakespeare" (Philadelphia, Robert M. Lindsay, 1885):

"It is a faithful rendering of the mask. It is of the head and shoulders only. Looking at it from the front, one sees how strong the likeness is to the Stratford bust. The opening of the eyes by Mr. Page, and giving the face an air of life, instead of the painfully sad expression shown in the death-mask, of course has much to do with this." The quotation given follows here, Mr. Norris concluding that "the chief points of difference are the short nose of the Stratford bust as compared with the longer one of Page's bust, and the more receding forehead of the latter in opposition to the prominent one of the Stratford bust." THE EDITORS.]

and others, assured him that no such relic as the Shakespeare death-mask was put up for sale with the family relics. If Elze was so unscrupulously eager to denounce in the one case, he may have been as unscrupulous in another. At any rate, his suspicion teaches us this rejoinder.

It has also been stated that the mask came originally from London, but I find no reliable evidence supporting that statement.

In conclusion, having daily opportunities of hearing comments upon photographs of the death-mask made by all kinds of persons, including a large number of artists, anatomists, and art-critics, I am in a position to affirm that the opinions of an overwhelming majority are in favor of the death-mask as that face from which the three portraits, with admitted claims to authenticity, were originally drawn, modelled, or engraved. I began its examination full of doubts and suspicions some years ago, and am now as assured that it is what it is said to be as if I had been present when it was cast.

I may add that Dutch painters and sculptors did most of England's art work at the time of Shakespeare's death, and that Johnson's success with the effigy of John-a-Combe may have obtained him the commission for making Shakespeare's; that death-masks were frequently made at that time; and that, because Gerard Johnson had so much work from this country, he at last settled in it.

A. H. Wall.

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL LIBRARY, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



THE STUDY.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

(Continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.—I. "IN SOOTH I KNOW NOT WHY I AM SO SAD" (i. i. i). The critics do not know the cause of Antonio's sadness any better than he did; but of all the explanations they have suggested the most plausible, to my thinking, is that he has a presentiment of coming misfortune. The Clarendon Press edition

says that this is "the key-note of the play"; to which Furness objects that the play is not a tragedy, but a comedy, "wherein a tragic key-note would be falsely struck." True, it is a comedy, but a "most lamentable comedy," that barely escapes turning out a tragedy. Surely Antonio suffers enough to justify the foreboding of evil which Shakespeare, who is fond of presentiments, here puts into his mouth. Furness is inclined to accept an explanation given him by Professor Allen: "If Antonio were not represented as a melancholy man, and therefore crotchety, he would not have been so extravagantly devoted to a friend, nor would he have signed such a bond." Antonio is not a melancholy man. He is naturally grave and serious; but his present "sadness" is something unlike his usual mood, as the comments of his friends clearly show. If he had been the kind of man this explanation assumes, he would not have been the favorite of these lively young fellows, as we see that he is. Furness lays too much stress on the word *want-wit*, which is not to be taken literally, but merely as the man's exaggerated expression of his vexation at not being able to account for what his friends are bantering him about and he himself cannot deny. His devotion to his friend is nowise "extravagant," compared with Shakespeare's other delineations of manly friendship. In signing the bond he does not suspect how much he is risking for Bassanio's sake; and it is not necessary to regard him as either "crotchety" or a "want-wit" to "give an air of consistency" to his falling into the trap so cunningly set for him by Shylock.

IS BASSANIO A FORTUNE-HUNTER? This question has been raised by more than one critic,—as by Miss Daniels in POET-LORE for May,—and there are those who answer it in the affirmative. But Shakespeare is quick to foresee any possible injustice we may do his favorite characters and to guard them well against it. When Bassanio tells Antonio about Portia, note how her fortune is subordinated to her beauty and her character:

"In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues."

He has met her, moreover, and, as we learn in the next scene, before

her father's death; and, like Ferdinand and Miranda, at the first sight they "changed eyes." That there may be no doubt that the budding love was mutual, and that Bassanio had not misapprehended the "fair speechless messages" from the lady's eyes, the dramatist gives us that exquisite bit of dialogue (i. 2. 122 fol.) in which the sly Nerissa, whose feminine instinct has, perhaps, been quicker to discern the true state of the case than the lovers themselves, entraps her mistress into an involuntary betrayal of her interest in the young man:

"*Nerissa.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in the company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

"*Portia.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio,—as I think, he was so called."

What significance in the duplication of that *yes*! It shows that this speech is Portia's impulsive expression of what, till then, had been shut up in her heart. It comes out before she is aware, and with quick maidenly shyness she withdraws again into herself, and covers the retreat by that "as I think, he was so called,"—"I believe that was the young man's name!" And yet, what critic has noted the exquisite touch, or what actress ever rightly rendered it?

No, Bassanio is no fortune-hunter, but "a scholar and a soldier" (you have the ideal man of the time in that brief parenthetical description), who had loved the Belmont lady for herself before she had come into possession of her father's estates.

We see later (iii. 2. 255 fol.) how frankly Bassanio, when he did impart his love to Portia, told her that all the wealth he had ran in his veins. Was that done like a fortune-hunter?

But some will say that, however this may be, Bassanio is in no respect a worthy mate for Portia. They will class him with Proteus and Claudio (him of "Much Ado") and Bertram and others, to whom Shakespeare gives wives much too good for them. For myself, I cannot put Bassanio in this ignoble company. The fact is, he has nothing to do on the stage except to marry Portia, who, as we have seen, was practically won before the play begins. From first to last, the prominent part she has in the action, and the power and grace with which she discharges it, throw her husband completely into the

shade. He has no opportunity of showing himself either scholar or soldier; but as the mere "walking gentleman" of the scene he is a gentleman in the best sense of the term, gentle in every sense, and a "manly man," one after Shakespeare's own heart, and not unworthy of the friendship of Antonio and the love of Portia. In the matter of the caskets, as Dowden well says, "Bassanio is ennobled in our eyes by his choice; for the gold, silver, and lead, with their several inscriptions, are a test of true lovers." He "does not come as a needy adventurer to choose the golden casket, or to 'gain' or 'get' anything, but, in the true spirit of self-abandoning love, to 'give,' not to 'get,' 'and hazard all he hath;' and, having dared to give all, he gains all." And the manner in which he receives this great, good gift of Fortune is characteristic. It is not the manner of the Jason who has won the golden fleece and exults in the prize. He can scarce believe that he has gained the lady, and stands bewildered, doubtful whether it can be true, until confirmed, signed, ratified by *her*. When his friends from Venice arrive a little later, what delicacy in his greeting!

"Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
 I bid my very friends and countrymen,
 Sweet Portia, welcome."

The lady had already recognized him as "her lord, her governor, her king," and had said,—

"Myself and what is mine to you and yours
 Is now converted."

And how easily and confidently the man who had an eye to her fortune rather than to herself would have entered into possession on such a warrant! Bassanio, overwhelmed with the gift of herself, cannot yet give a thought to his rights in what is hers. Though lord of the fair mansion, the first claim upon his hospitality takes him by surprise, and he appeals to Portia for authority to exercise his newly-acquired rights and privileges.

THE PRINCES OF MOROCCO AND OF ARRAGON. The subordinate characters in the plays deserve more study than they ordinarily get.

Charles Cowden-Clarke, in his "Shakespeare Characters," takes up, as the title-page states, "chiefly those subordinate;" but the commentators generally have not much to say about them. In the "Merchant," for instance, these two princes have seldom been noticed, and the few slight criticisms upon them seem to me "far out." Henry Morley, for instance, takes Morocco to represent "the love of money and what money can buy" (I quote from memory, and may not give his exact words), while Arragon represents the pride of rank. The latter statement is obviously true, but the former is absolutely without support in the text. Koenig (as quoted by Furness) observes that Morocco declares his "love" for Portia, but thinks that "what he calls love is nothing but a desire to possess Portia for her wealth and her fair reputation,—a purely superficial affection, not an honest love down deep in the heart;" and "Portia's assurance that he stood as fair as any other of her suitors conveys to us, who know what her feelings towards those others are, a keen satire, which becomes extremely comic when Morocco thanks her for it." Now, to me nothing can be clearer than that Morocco has an honest love for Portia, while Arragon has not. We might expect that, in a pair of scenes necessarily so much alike as these in which the two princes try their luck with the caskets, the dramatist would endeavor to give variety in this way, which is the only one natural or possible; and we might expect, also, that Shakespeare would make Portia recognize the difference in the two suitors, and that this would inevitably affect her treatment of them. This is precisely what we find on a careful reading of the scenes. Morocco is permitted to appear twice,—a significant fact in itself. In the first scene he apparently meets Portia for the first time, and, although he has come to Belmont as a mere adventurer for the golden fleece, he falls in love with the lady at sight, and avows it at once. She cannot help pitying him, and tells him, with gentle courtesy, that she is not free to choose a husband, but that, if she were, he would stand as fair a chance as any suitor who has yet come to try the fortune of the caskets. He is the only one of these who has really loved her. Bassanio has *not* come, and she has no reason to expect him. There is no "satire" in what she says, and it is only the German critic who

is "comic" in misunderstanding it. Morocco, with the intuition of a lover, detects the sympathetic touch in her words, and thanks her for it. There is a lover's delicacy in the expression of his gratitude: "*even for that* I thank you." It is not much in the way of encouragement, but, in his "poverty of grace," he thankfully takes what he can get, and only very timidly intimates his hope for more hereafter. He begs that he may go to his trial at once, though, blind Fortune being the arbiter, he may miss the prize "and die with grieving." Portia tells him that he must take his chance, reminding him that if he chooses wrong he can court no other lady. "Nor will not!" is the prompt and expressive response. If he fails, he will be the "cursed'st among men," with no heart for further wooing. When he stands before the caskets, he hastily rejects the lead, because it "threatens," but tarries long in consideration of the silver, which promises "as much as he deserves." His own desert, he thinks, "may not extend so far as to the lady." There spoke the true lover; but, like a true lover, he takes heart again, and dares to hope he may deserve her. His birth and breeding and fortune equal hers, "but *more than these*," he adds, "*in love* I do deserve,"—and that is no utterance of "a purely superficial affection," as our German friend calls it. But before making his choice he will look at the "saying graved in gold." "What many men desire! Why, that's the lady!" And to the end of the speech the one theme is "the lady." Alas! it is his exalted idea of her that leads to the fatal decision. It were damnation to imagine her heavenly picture shut up in the base lead; nor can she, who is ten times undervalued to tried gold, be immured in the inferior silver. Nothing worse than gold can be the setting of so rich a gem; the "angel" (whereon he puns in pretty lover-like fashion) can repose only in a golden bed. But it is a carrion death, not fair Portia's counterfeit, that he finds in the deluding gold. He must depart, but he has too grieved a heart to take a tedious leave. "A gentle riddance," is the kindly comment of the lady when he is gone.

Enter now the Prince of Arragon, who loves himself better than he loves the lady,—whose fortune, nevertheless, he fain would have. He goes to the trial in business-like fashion, first making sure that

the conditions are clearly understood. The gold is not for him, because he scorns to choose what many men desire; but the silver appeals to his self-sufficiency. He will "assume desert," and demands the key of the casket. "Too long a pause for that which you find there," Portia cannot help saying, disgusted as she is with the arrogant fool. Capell made this speech an *aside*, and Furness agrees with him, because, if addressed to Arragon, it has "the sound of twitting him," which he thinks is not quite in character. But it is quite in keeping with what she says to him afterwards. He considers himself ill-treated. When he finds the portrait of the blinking idiot, he says,—

"How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and *my deservings*!
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? Are *my deserts* no greater?"

Still "my deserts," as throughout his soliloquy before the caskets, and not a word about "the lady," who was the entire burden of Morocco's musings. What could be more cutting than Portia's quiet reply?—

"To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures."

Eccles has an amusingly stupid comment here (quoted by Furness): "There is surely an obscurity in this reply. She seems to consider him as having *offended* by the injudicious choice he had made; he ought not, therefore, to assume the character of a *judge* in deciding upon his own merits, which, indirectly, he may be said to do by this indignant inquiry." His offence is in having made a fool of himself; and, being a fool, he cannot see himself as others see him. Portia intimates pretty plainly what *her* judgment would be; and, in his impotent wrath at the issue of his mercenary wooing, he unwittingly passes a similar sentence upon himself in his next speech:

"With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two."

How much unlike the parting of the heart-stricken if not heart-

broken Morocco! "Thus hath the candle singed the moth!" is Portia's contemptuous comment as he goes; but, though the Folio prints "moath," I cannot believe, with Capell and Furness, that it is "evidently a merry rhyme to the *oath* and *wroath* of Arragon."

[I have given so much space to Morocco and Arragon that comments on several other points in the play which I intended to notice will have to be omitted.]

W. J. Rolfe.

BROWNING QUERY.

WILL some reader of POET-LORE explain the allusion in the last four lines of Browning's "Through the Metidja to Abd-el-Kadr?" Who is the "Bride" in these lines?

"Satisfied
When the Prophet and the Bride
Stop veins I'd have subside
As I ride, as I ride!"

Albert S. Cook.

YALE UNIVERSITY.

THE STAGE.

SARDOU'S "CLEOPATRA."

M. SARDOU'S "CLEOPATRA," like all the pieces that he has written during the past fifteen years, had awakened a great amount of interest in advance. There was a strong curiosity among the reading and the theatre-going public to see how this erudite author and skilful playwright would treat a subject that has tempted so many dramatists, including the greatest one of all, our immortal Shakespeare. Unfortunately, this curiosity has been deceived to a certain extent: the result does not come up to expectation. And yet this disappointment might have been foreseen if we had reflected that M. Sardou was making a play for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, and that his first care would necessarily be to arrange his scenes to suit

the special talent of his principal interpreter; next, that he would be obliged to furnish an opportunity for the scene-painter, costumer, and machinist to show their art and dexterity. Yes, with "Cleopatra," M. Sardou has added one more play to the already long list that he has patterned expressly to show off the extraordinary address of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's talent, but where the highest side of the dramatist's art is wanting.

Opinion is divided as to whether Cleopatra is a good subject for a drama, and one that enables an author completely to satisfy all the aspirations and realize all the dreams of a spectator. Shakespeare, perhaps, has accomplished this task, although his "Antony and Cleopatra" cannot be considered as one of his best plays. Still, if M. Sardou had set out to write a historical drama, in the strictest sense of the word, he would have been able to take his elements in the history of the loves of Antony and Cleopatra, and, without making the Egyptian queen the central figure, show the struggle for supremacy between Octavius and Antony and the effect upon the latter of his fatal passion for Cleopatra. But this plan would not have been to the liking of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who would decline to play in a piece where her part was not the principal and absorbing one. Consequently the French dramatist has been obliged to confine his task to making a portrait of the Egyptian queen and placing this portrait in as sumptuous a frame as possible. The interest in M. Sardou's piece is, therefore, from a literary point of view at least, in seeing how he has sketched the features of his heroine.

There are several fashions of comprehending the character of Cleopatra. The Romans called her a monster and a prostitute, but modern writers have treated her more leniently, some considering her as coldly ambitious and without love (this, by the way, was the great Corneille's judgment), others as a wily politician, and others still, as simply the heroine of the most dramatic love-romance of antiquity. Perhaps the most original idea is the one recently sustained by M. Révilloud, curator of Egyptian antiquities at the Louvre. This *savant* thinks that Cleopatra as a woman is not commendable, but as queen she is more interesting, in spite of the harm that she did

to Egypt. But where she shows her great quality is as a mother, thinking unceasingly of her son Cæsarion, and dreaming amid all the riotousness of her life of making him play a leading part one day. In Antony, submitted to her magic power, Cleopatra saw only the future protector of Cæsarion, and if she intoxicated the Roman soldier with her love it is because she thought, by reason of her empire over him, of what she could make him accomplish in the interest of her son. Thus, according to M. Révilloud, Cleopatra's immense ambition was an ambition for Cæsarion. M. Sardou has not troubled himself about all these different versions, nor sought, like Shakespære, to comprehend the complex creature, to divine her irresolutions, her caprices, and to give a philosophical explanation of history. He simply presents us "a woman still in all her radiant and triumphant beauty, an exquisite musician, voluptuous dancer, poet, and even philosopher at times. Gravity succeeds rapidly to a childish roguishness. She speaks all languages. Charming in her frankness and possessing all the feminine graces, all the poisons are united in this simple woman, the Queen of Egypt." At the beginning of the piece the author represents Cleopatra as a woman sure of her beauty and power of seduction; then, once she has ensnared Antony, she grows ambitious, and, dreaming of becoming his wife, urges him to go and conquer greater glory by destroying the power of Octavius; the third evolution shows us a Cleopatra passionately in love, despairing at the absence of her master; afterwards we see her in the tortures of jealousy when she learns of Antony's marriage with Octavia; and finally, having reconquered her lover, fleeing from Actium and drawing him after her so as to prevent him from returning to his wife.

Although M. Sardou's drama is not an adaptation of the English play, it is evident that Shakespeare's drama has furnished him with several ideas, while the most effective scene has been taken from the work of the great English poet. The piece opens with the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra at Tarsus, in Cilicia, where, following the picturesque expression reported by Plutarch, "Venus had come to revel with Bacchus." In the second scene Antony and Cleopatra are at Thebes, leading the "inimitable life" of pleasure and debauch;

news comes of Fulvia's death and the success of Pompey. Cleopatra tears Antony from her arms and sends him to Italy. The third act is the celebrated scene of the messengers, with its successive movements of hope, anger, promises, and threats of Cleopatra, and is, with slight modifications, copied from Shakespeare. The fourth scene represents the eve of the battle of Actium. Cleopatra has penetrated by stratagem into Antony's palace and conceals herself behind a curtain, where she listens to an interview between Antony and his new wife, Octavia. After the departure of Octavia, Cleopatra comes out from her hiding-place and reconquers her empire over Antony. In the fifth scene, Antony has returned to Alexandria after the defeat of Actium and, lamenting his cowardice, upbraids Cleopatra, who admits that she betrayed him for fear that if he were victorious he would return to Rome and Octavia. The last scene represents a room in the palace at Alexandria, where Antony is stabbed, while asleep, by one of Octavius's soldiers, and, mortally wounded, falls dead at the feet of his mistress. Cleopatra, hearing that Octavius intends to lead her to Rome, decides to die. She takes the legendary aspic from a basket of figs that a peasant has brought to her and places it in her bosom, after looking in a glass to see if she is still beautiful. Then, as she is dying, she falls upon the body of her lover and exclaims, "One more kiss, the last, and adieu!"

"Cleopatra" is not one of M. Sardou's best-constructed plays: there are too many long recitals in it, and the action drags so much that when the *dénouement* comes the spectators are weary. Consequently, the death-scene of Cleopatra, which was intended to be very effective, failed to produce profound emotion. So much had been said in advance about the aspic that the audience exerted all its efforts to see the little viper, and had no time to watch how Cleopatra died or hear what she said. The great defect of the piece is, I repeat, that it was written entirely and exclusively for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. For her it is a triumph. Once we accept her mannerisms, which increase with her age, we are obliged to acknowledge that she has never shown more power than in this latest creation. The only other *rôle* worth mentioning is that of Antony,

which has not been written with the same care as that of *Cleopatra*; M. Sardou represents the Roman soldier as a libertine and hero, a slave to his passions, and a man of war with vast conceptions. This part is played by M. Philippe Garnier with more force than discernment. As a spectacle, "*Cleopatra*" is all that the most exacting amateur of realism and splendor could imagine. Decorators and costumers have done their best to reconstitute the antique world, and have succeeded in presenting some marvellous historical pictures.

In this work M. Sardou has had a collaborator, M. Émile Moreau, a young man, who has already had two or three important pieces played with varying success. It was M. Moreau who first wrote the drama, which was afterwards shown to M. Sardou, at Mme. Bernhardt's request. M. Sardou consented to make the necessary retouches and prepare the piece for the stage. Without knowing the facts, I imagine that "*Cleopatra*," as presented to the public, differs considerably from the first draft written by M. Moreau. It is substantially Sardou's "*Cleopatra*" that we have seen.

Charles Seymour.

PARIS, October 28, 1890.

PAPERS OF THE WOODLAND SHAKE- SPEARE CLUB.

PORTIA *vs.* THE LAWYERS.



IF there were no other reason for wishing that the Baconian controversy had never come into man's thought, there is a forcible one in this fact, that the attempt to prove Shakespeare always a good lawyer has been the means of marring for some of us an otherwise unequivocal enjoyment of one of the most captivating dramas ever put upon the stage. Without question, we are all desirous that justice should be administered, even in a play, impartially and legally, but we are equally well aware that the technical constructions and precedents of law do not

always mean justice. Many times there is something tangible, though not always definable,—clearly the result of time and circumstance in the individual beyond the law or seeming right,—namely, the soul's morality or personal understanding of the right. We find this in Portia's plea, which is exhaustive of every entreaty for mercy before touching upon the ground of justice. It matters little to us that she used a lawyer's privilege thereafter, in biased advocacy of the cause of her husband's friend. That only proves to us that she was a good lawyer, and that lawyers of the sixteenth century were much like those of to-day. Shakespeare undoubtedly knew that there was nothing legal about the drawing up of the bond between Antonio and Shylock, but that it was a matter that never troubled him is alike certain. He wrote to meet some pressing demand of the stage, and almost without exception used some story already extant as a foundation for his play. He saw or heard of Ser Giovanni's pretty tale, and, with few alterations, adopted it, with another taken from the "*Gesta Romanorum*." The law of the play, such as it is, is just as he found it. This combination made a collection of characters and situations which, when joined by his consummate dramatic skill, made what he meant it should make, a sparkling, racy drama, that has drawn crowded houses from that day to this.

All humanity ought to be grateful that Shakespeare kept Portia from too much knowledge of the drowsy technicalities of the law. Just think of a half-dozen "*stays of proceedings to amend the complaint*" introduced at the most interesting point of the play! They would not have been tolerated then any more than now, nor added profit to the purse of the manager. Such "improvements" in the drama would produce an effect something like the buzzing remarks of a crotchety man in the next seat, who growls continuously at a crack in the scenery while Salvini is rendering Othello or Booth personifying Hamlet.

Suppose "maxims of equity" do say, "crimes cannot be presumed." In all reason I ask, is this a presumptive case or contrary to a just understanding of Shylock's real feelings? is it a matter of great uncertainty that he would have taken the pound of flesh?

You who have seen Barry Sullivan whetting his scimitar-shaped knife, his long skinny fingers working like claws, his eyes fairly glaring on Antonio, would scarcely doubt *his* intention of using it as he utters :

“ Ay, his breast !
So says the bond.”

Portia's presumption ! lawyers might call it ; but, nevertheless, it was backed by the strongest circumstantial evidence, of which every member of the court was a corroborating witness. Contempt of court ! Yes, there is any amount of it in the play ; but just think of the stupidity of the scene upon the stage, unrelieved by any diversion from the usual routine of a court-room ! It is not so much what Portia did as the way she did it, the rushing together of decisions, without the lavish use of legal red tape, that our pettifogging friends so sharply criticise, and all justly, too, if one forgets entirely that the “ Merchant of Venice ” was written as a drama, and not as a legal document. Luckily for Portia's reputation for tolerance, it was Antonio that ruled a change of religion for Shylock. Summary justice it sounds to nineteenth-century ears, and quite contrary to law, if one reads aright another of those maxims of equity used from time immemorial. This states “ that a man's religion, if there be nothing injurious to one's neighbors in its rites and ceremonies, is as much a possession as anything else he may own.” But was this request of Antonio's so arbitrary, so opposed to the practice of the beneficent rulers of that day ? For answer, look at Catherine de Medici's legalized persuasions in religious matters, as shown in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Were not the fires of Mary's and Elizabeth's martyrs still smoking in Shakespeare's own land ? That the decision against Shylock's religion was not allowable, unless rendered in an ecclesiastical instead of a civil court, is a very slender thread to hang even a legal quibble on, with the precedent of the actual, opposed fact existing round them everywhere. Why, it is this very adherence to the prejudices and foibles of human nature, this conformity of Portia's bent of mind with the history of the day, this making of Antonio a good Christian of the sixteenth century, that marks

Shakespeare's immeasurable genius. The Roman Church had taught, and practised from the time of the Crusades, that Jews were to be classed as heretics and infidels. Recall their persecution in Austria, in France, in Spain, their ruthless destruction in Jerusalem. Even Italy, though her vast commercial enterprises demanded their invaluable services, set apart special places for their occupancy. England had forbidden them to settle within her borders for four centuries, and not until after the Restoration was the ban removed. Without parallel in the history of the world is this persecution of a people to whom all mankind has reason to be grateful for the preservation of learning.

Look at the treatment of the Jew by another popular playwright of the same age. Contrast Marlowe's Jew, Barrabas, and Shylock. Hear the one, convicted from his own mouth, and then see how truly literal and authentic is Shakespeare's picture,—

“Be moved at nothing, see thou pity none,
But to thyself smile, when the Christians moan.
.
.
.
I filled the jail with bankrupts in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals;
And every moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.”

Look at the inhuman monster Marlowe has thus drawn, then note how charily, in the same hour, Shakespeare panders to the public prejudice. How faithfully he copies nature in making out of his Jew a man of dignity, of passions, and affections, capable of revenge like the Christian, far above the average man in strength of endurance and intellect, yet a true Jew in his slavish love of gain, the faculty that only thrived by ages of spoliation and persecution, and the one all Christians like Antonio scorn to share! We must remember what Furness tells us, “that Shakespeare wrote dramas, and in dramas the characters must be true to themselves, so only can they be real, living, breathing creatures.” Would this have been a true picture of the age without tingeing Portia's character with a touch of persecuting power? Portia, gentle and whole-

souled, winning and wise, resolute and dignified, free absolutely from a prejudice which had been stalking rampant in the world for ages, which did not sheathe its open aggressiveness until within the memory of most of us,—such a Portia would not have been the living picture of humanity that is ours in “The Merchant of Venice.” Such a one, perfect beyond the possibility of reality, would have taken something from the Poet, who still teaches us the heights and depths of human nature. We do not fear much, after all, for Portia, or the play of the “Merchant of Venice,” even though a “flaw in the title” were found in every line. They who would eradicate “poetic license” from the drama, or fancy’s embellishment of grindstone facts, are like the man who, in going no further than bare justice, stops where a virtue begins. To my mind Shakespeare only shows his unparalleled dramatic skill and wise forethought for the success of the play—at the time it was written—in throwing his poetic license, through Portia, in favor of Antonio rather than the Jew.

S. E. Peart.

SOCIETIES.

The Philadelphia Browning Society began its present session Thursday, November 6. At this meeting the readings were from Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning; the papers were on “The Development of the Symbolism in ‘The Lotus Land of Homer,’ Theocritus, Idyl xiii., Moschus, v., Tennyson’s ‘Lotus-Eaters,’ and Browning’s ‘Over the Sea our Galleys went,’” by Miss Anna Robertson Brown,—which is given in full in the present number of POET-LORE,—and “Traces of Shelley in Browning,” by Dr. D. G. Brinton, which, on account of Dr. Brinton’s unavoidable absence, was read by Prof. A. H. Smyth. Dr. Brinton spoke of the rather widely prevalent belief that the study of Shelley exerted a considerable influence on the poetic genius of Browning as a belief that would disappear in the mind of any one who made a patient comparison between the two authors. Speaking of “Alastor” and “Pauline,” he said he could see only a superficial resemblance between them, although he had heard it stated by Browning scholars that the hero

of "Pauline" was meant to be Shelley himself. If this were so, then Browning had a much lower opinion of Shelley's true nature than we should expect.

"'Alastor' was written at a time when Shelley's health was precarious and when his physician had informed him that he had but a short time to live. It is the last will and testament of a poet to the human race. It is full of the suggestions of great deeds left incomplete, of infinite ambition withering under the icy breath of death. The hero of 'Pauline,' on the other hand, pours into the ears of his mistress the morbid moanings of an ill-spent youth, weak in will, void of strong purpose, the inspiration gone. There is no glimpse of those deep vistas of regret for life that stretch infinite before us in 'Alastor.' Yet one cannot deny that there are resemblances apparent in the two poems. Take the following well-known reference in 'Pauline:'

'Sun-treader, life and light be thine forever,
Thou art gone from us; years go by and spring
Gladdens and the young earth is beautiful,
Yet thy songs come not; other bards arise,
But none like thee,'

and compare it with these lines from 'Alastor:'

'Thou hast fled,
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,
The child of grace and genius. Heartless things
Are done and said, and the world, and many worms
And beasts and men live on; and mighty earth
From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,
In vesper low, or joyous orison,
Lifts still its mighty voice; but thou art fled.'"

Dr. Brinton then pointed out the singular resemblance between the description of Andromeda in "Pauline" and that in the "Revolt of Islam:"

"With her dark eyes earnest and still, and hair
Lifted and spread by the salt sweeping breeze,
And one red beam, all the storm leaves in heaven,
Resting upon her face and eyes and hair,
As she awaits the snake on the wet beach
By the dark rock, and the white wave just breaking
At her feet."

"She rose, and on the gale,
Loosening her star-bright robe and shadowy hair,
Poured forth her voice . . .
But to the snake those accents sweet were known,
His native tongue and hers, nor did he beat
The hoar spray idly then, but winding on
Through the green shadows of the waves that meet
Near to the shore, did pause beside her snowy feet."

"The problem of death and its strange analogy to sleep is treated by both poets :

' But my soul saddens, when I look beyond.
I cannot be immortal, nor taste all.
O God! Where does this tend, these struggling aims?
What would I have? What is this "sleep" which seems
To bound all? Can there be a "waking point,"
Of crowning life?' ('Pauline.')

' Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep; that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live.' ('Ode to Mont Blanc.')

"A very ancient view, this of life being in reality the sleep, and death the awakening; not to mention the philosophic theories of the Brahmanic sages, that our present condition is that of *soma*,—that is, of delusion or trance,—and that death is the awakening into the real as distinguished from the phenomenal world, I may recall the funeral chants of the Aztecs of Mexico. They apostrophized the departed one in some such strains as these :

"O beloved sister or father, now at last has come the time of thy awakening; no longer dost thou wander in the darkling dreams of earth; thou hast awakened into the glories of real existence, and art not dead, but rather hast first entered into true life in the golden abodes of the gods, in the gorgeously-colored realms of Tlaloc.'

"Thus it is that the same longings and the same solutions of the impenetrable problem of life and death present themselves to the semi-savage mind as to that of the greatest bards of our own civilization.

"In his happier moments Shelley felt a profound faith in the destinies of the universe and of the individual soul. Thus he writes in a passage of 'Queen Mab':

' Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue
The gradual paths of an aspiring change;
For birth and death and life, and that strange state
Before the naked soul has found its home,
All tend to perfect happiness, and urge
The restless wheels of being on their way.'

"It is somewhat unusual to come across such pronounced optimism in Shelley. It would be easy to quote scores of lines in Browning to this effect, but I content myself with a few; as this from 'Gerard de Lairese':

' By proved potency that still
Makes perfect, be assured that, come what come will,
What once lived never dies—what here attains
To a beginning has no end, still gains
And never loses aught.'

"Yet I cannot refrain from paralleling this passage with a verse out of that magnificent poem of Shelley's, 'Hellas,' in which he paints such a marvellous picture of ancient Greece and her influence on all later culture :

'But they are still immortal
Who, through birth's orient portal
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go.
New shapes they still may weave,
New gods, new laws receive.
Bright or dim are they as the shapes they last
On death's bare ribs had cast.'

"This is strongly in the line of the reflections of Paracelsus where he says,—

'Lo, in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendor, ever on before
In that eternal circle life pursues.'

"This is also the sublime confidence which Shelley expresses in these lines from 'Queen Mab':

'Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom
That leads to azure isles and beaming skies
And happy regions of eternal hope.
'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour
The transient gulf-dream of a startling sleep.'

"The sharpest contrast between the two poets is where they discuss the terrible problem of the existence of pain and evil in the world. With Shelley, this was enough to drive him to atheism. Shelley refused to receive either of the two answers by which the religious mind preserves its position, to wit: either, first, that on this question blind faith must take the place of reasoning; or, second, that pain and evil are but misunderstood good, and necessary factors in eternal progress, inseparable from the God-given freedom of the will. As you all know, the latter is Browning's opinion.

"To Browning, as to Shelley, the only clue in this maze of misery which will guide us to a happier state of things is *love*. Shelley's opinion is shown in a few lines from 'The Revolt of Islam':

'O love, who to the hearts of wandering men
Art as the calm to ocean's weary waves!
Justice, or truth, or joy! Thou only can
From slavery and religion's labyrinth-caves
Guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves.'"

The discussion was opened by Mr. Harrison S. Morris, who in-

stanced the allegiance to Shelley's ideas expressed by Browning in his Shelley Essay as in opposition to Dr. Brinton's conclusion, that "Browning's admiration was for Shelley the artist, Shelley the master of sweet words and noble images, not for Shelley the thinker or the teacher." The president of the New Century Club, Mrs. J. P. Mumford, followed, setting forth in a few words a suggestive view of the personal mood that perhaps dictated such melancholy as breathes in Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters." It is the moment, perhaps, of weariness after toil,—such moments as come to all of us; and it may be, as it was with Paracelsus, that it is the expression of fatigue after toil to be followed by the new mood in which "Paracelsus attains."

The music given during the programme was a duet for piano and violin ("Pensées Fugitives," *Heller* and *Ernst*), by Mr. and Mrs. Martinus van Gelder, and the first performance of a vocal duet from Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" (a cantata composed by Dr. H. A. Clarke), sung by Miss A. J. Charlton and Miss K. Koons. Mrs. Mumford introduced the guests of the evening,—Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, President of the Federation of Woman's Clubs, and Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, President of Sorosis,—and the meeting was brought to a delightful close by Mrs. Clymer's musical and spirited recitation of Browning's "Count Gismond."

NOTES AND NEWS.

"O THIS learning, what a thing it is!" In her recent account in the *Century* of the work of women in literature, Miss Cone quotes Colonel T. W. Higginson as expressing surprise and disappointment that woman's advance in literature is not greater since the establishment of her collegiate education; and Miss Cone thereupon takes the trouble to apologize for this strangely meagre fruitage of high and mighty academical nurseries, seemingly supposing it wellnigh unaccountable without concluding that there are some defects of the natural woman (self-consciousness and conscientiousness are instanced, by the way) still clinging to that brand-new phenomenon, the college-bred creature. This surprise, disappointment, and

apology, all seem to take it for granted that high achievement in literature is to be expected as the result of school training, and that the extraordinary privilege and property of a "reg'lar course" is to turn out notable literary products. How curious indeed it is, and passing understanding, that this is not strictly consequential! There must indeed be some reason why it is not surprising that athletic lads and philanthropic lasses with diplomas don't set the world on fire with intellectual deeds, and that you can't count on a George Sand, a George Eliot, a Mary Somerville, an Elizabeth Barrett, or an Emma Lazarus issuing from college portals, any more than you can on the artificial production of a Shakespeare, a Molière, a Burns, a Keats, a Whitman, or a Browning. Now, it is just possible to suppose that "A.M." does not necessarily mean anything more than "A.M.;" that its further concomitants in human potency of any sort depend somewhat more upon the wearer of the degree in her bearing under independent professional conditions, rarely entered upon, and not yet open very wide and free to her, than upon that crown of routine in leading-strings,—a degree.

PERHAPS college education does not educate. It may be that the "education" signalized by a degree is not only a mere introduction with some chances against its being the right introduction, but a mere introduction with many chances for its being the wrong introduction to that true education of the natural capabilities which is found in professional work. There is a certain dryness of definition about the usual college teaching of literature that is fitted to drive earnest persons to any passing interest, any contemporaneous social or scientific and practical subject, rather than further bother about books. Such comment and "criticism" as commonly comes to the fore in literature classes devotes itself more to the formalisms of rhetoric and philology than to a genuine appreciation of the spirit and subject-matter the form works out from; busies itself more with what it considers the proper ranking of poets in due order as highest, high, less high, and low, than with that sympathetic study of the literary material of various times and minds which leads to the perception and the enjoyment of relative values and of the contribution

each poet makes to the larger development of literature as a growing expression of life.

In a word, perhaps nothing is so dispiriting and balking, not to say thwarting, to the latent capacity for literary work, of woman especially,—since she has not yet lost her respect for the maxims of the supposedly superior professor, nor her depreciation of her native powers on account of their lack of his superior educational advantages,—than that old-fogyism in literature whose stronghold is still in the colleges.

As to the paucity of literary achievement imputed to woman, considering that we have already had an Emma Lazarus to put with Emerson and Whitman in the front rank of genuinely original American writers, having a flavor that distinguishes her, with them, from other able but more weakly imitative American poets,—considering that we have already had an Emma Lazarus, we need not feel any disappointment whatever about manifestations of womanly power in literature. And as to whether college-bred or not, what does it matter? Certain it is that it is the fruit of education of no narrow sort.

—THE ELECTION now past was rich in the enthusiasm it stirred for moral principles, and one of the signs of this rare spirituality in politics was to be found in Mr. Louis Belrose's "Keystone Sonnets." We meant to speak last month of these modern "Corn-law Rhymes," which come to us on a single folded sheet of paper; and lack of space preventing then, we yet speak now, for their significance is not less after the election than before to the observer and well-wisher of moral energy. We give two of these rhymes that speak for the conscience and honor of the people much as the election itself did.

THE KING-MAKER.

Where all is ripe and rotten for the worm,
Who counts a single maggot more or less?
Among our statesmen, should a thief confess,
Would any stop to brand him with the term?

We knew this pot-house Warwick would stand firm,
 And rub their canting noses in the mess;
 He made them with his bribes, and they must bless
 Their maker, while he laughs to see them squirm.

So much we looked for, knowing how the great
 Despise the petty moral who belong
 To such as neither lead nor legislate.

This we knew not,—that crime had grown so strong
 In Pennsylvania, that they rob the State,
 And make her say that stealing is no wrong.

ANSWER, NO!

Is the time ripe? Shall the new lords who set
 Their huckster trade-mark on the men that we
 Still make pretence of choosing, shall they be
 Clothed with the power of the bayonet?

Has the day come when the fat purse may threat
 Vengeance in open Senate, publicly,
 And force the State to call it, by decree,
 Master in title as in fact? Not yet!

They work too fast, these varlets, in their zeal,
 To pay the dues of service that they owe;
 They strive to rob when they can only steal;

With all our coast unarmed against the foe,
 They ask for gold to rend the commonweal,
 These bargain-counter statesmen. Answer, no!

— IN THE story of *Hina*, the Hawaiian Helen, there is a curious incident which seems to form a connecting link between the widespread legends of "The Moving Wood" and the wooden horse of Troy. The outline of the story is almost identical with that of the Greek story. However, *Kaupeepee*, the lover of *Hina*, reminds us more of Hector than of Paris, and although it was undoubtedly wrong of him to carry off *Hina*, we cannot help sympathizing with him, especially when, just before the siege, he calls his warriors together and says to them,—

"Warriors and friends, for years you have shared in the dangers of *Kaupeepee* and have never disobeyed him. Listen now to his

words and heed them well. A mighty army is about to surround Haupū by land and sea; it already blackens the shores, and will soon be thundering at our gates. The fight will be long and desperate, and may end in defeat or death to all of us. I cannot order, cannot even ask, you to seek such peril for my sake. The gates are open; let all leave with my good-will whose lives are precious to them." For a moment not a warrior of the one thousand present moved. All stood staring at their chief and wondering that he should doubt. Then a confused hum of voices, rising louder and louder, swelled into a united shout of "Close the gates!" And Kaupeepē was answered. The siege of Haupū lasted for several days, and it was finally taken by the following means: The besieging forces constructed a wall of timbers twenty feet in length, firmly corded together and supported by braces; against it the missiles of the besieged fell harmless, and behind it the besiegers worked in safety. Section by section and foot by foot this moving line of timber was advanced. At last, in the middle of a dark and stormy night, the final assault was made. Noiselessly the wooden wall was advanced against the wall of stone. Just at break of day they came together; the besiegers rushed up the braces to the top, hurled from the wall those warriors from within who were trying to defend themselves, poured after them a cataract of spears against which the enemy were powerless, the gates were opened, and soon the upper terrace was cleared and five thousand warriors, led by Niheu (a brother of Hina), were sweeping down to complete their work of slaughter. But their victory was not to be easily purchased, for Kaupeepē and several hundred of his warriors were stretched like a wall across the middle terrace; but the unequal conflict could have but one result. Kaupeepē and fifty of his followers left were crowded, fighting step by step, into the lower terrace and finally to the temple, as a last place of defence. There the struggle was brief; the roof of the temple was fired, and as they sprang from the blazing building, a spear penetrated the breast of Kaupeepē. As a last act, he poised his spear to hurl at a helmeted chief who had just struggled to the front. The chief was Niheu. By his dress or face, which bore a resemblance to Hina's, Kaupeepē

must have recognized him. He looked, but his arm did not move. "Not for your sake, but for hers!" exclaimed the dying warrior, dropping his weapon to the earth and falling lifeless.

— THE AUSTRIAN POET, Eduard von Bauernfeld, who died last August in Vienna, in his eighty-ninth year, had translated some of the plays of Shakespeare and two or three novels of Dickens.

— "GEORGE MEREDITH, Novelist and Poet," by Mr. Le Gallienne, containing, also, a bibliography, by Mr. John Lane, of Meredith's works and of criticisms thereupon, is issued in London, by Matthews.

— LETTERS of Hans Christian Andersen and of Dickens ought to be a delicacy of humor fit to tempt the most jaded appetite for literary correspondence; and a volume of Andersen's Letters about to be published, in London, by Messrs. Dean & Son, will include the same Dickens correspondence that Forster regretted he could not get to print in his "Life of Dickens."

— THE STATE is the curse of the individual. How has the national strength of Prussia been purchased? By the sinking of the individual in a political and geographical formula. . . . The State must go! That will be a revolution which will find me on its side. Undermine the idea of the State, set up in its place spontaneous action, and the idea that spiritual relationship is the only thing that makes for unity, and you will start the elements of a liberty which will be something worth possessing.—*Ibsen*.

— MISS ELLEN TERRY, in the English magazine *Treasure Trove*, says: "I remember once, when I was about ten years old, acting Prince Arthur at the Princess's. Mrs. Charles Kean was teaching me my part, which I was doing very badly. I couldn't get up enough emotion when I was going to have my eyes put out, could not realize the situation. I can hear now Mrs. Kean saying, scorn-

fully, 'Do you think you would go on like that if your eyes were really going to be put out? Why, you would make more fuss if you had lost your doll.' But I could not rise to the occasion; and at last Mrs. Kean, kind as she usually was, lost patience with me,—I think she did it 'on purpose,'—and I burst out into a paroxysm of sobbing and crying. 'That's it! Now say the words, and remember how you say them. That's it!' exclaimed Mrs. Kean, delighted. 'Bravo! Keep that up, and you'll do capitally. Just imitate the way you are crying now another time, and you'll have no more trouble.' I was just intelligent enough to catch her meaning, and I have ever since profited by the advice. My reason for telling this anecdote is that it proves how essential a genuine piece of feeling is as a model to imitate. I don't mean to say, after a run of five hundred nights, that you can feel your part with the same intensity that you did when the piece began to run. But you must have vividly felt your part at first, or else you will play flatly before many nights are over. The truth is, at the end of a long run you are imitating your own emotions which you felt at the beginning of it, and so the real touch is preserved. There is, at the same time, a good deal of mechanism in our art. For instance, I have no more difficulty, by an effort of will, in turning deadly pale before my looking-glass than I have in eating my dinner. No actor has a chance of giving the higher side—the emotional side, that is—a fair chance unless he thoroughly master the scientific, the mechanical side of his art. If an actor wants to gain his audience he must lose himself, and that he can never do unless he is deeply and genuinely stirred. I don't believe any one can act well unless they have a good heart. I hear of this man, or that woman, so and so, to their discredit: I see them act, and when they act well I know report has spoken falsely. No words could convince my understanding. But other qualities are necessary before the art of emotion can make itself felt; and these are imagination, individuality, and industry. After all, as far as the stage is concerned, beauty has not much more power than a favorable criticism; it can attract people,—it can make them, perhaps, come once, but it cannot make them stay."

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